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Summer Fashions Number

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COVER ... *L'Eté* ... *by* ERTÉ

IN THE July issue evening dresses, sports clothes, and hats will be presented. The difficult question of corsets for sports and evening wear will be handled, and the woman who is past her first youth will find some pages of interest to her. High lights from the New York shops will have representation, and special yachting clothes will receive attention. From Paris the mid-season collections will be discussed and the latest sports and garden party models will be drawn.

Zona Gale and Isa Glenn head the list of distinguished authors who will be contributors to the July fiction. The second instalment of "Married Money," the novel of a Boston girl by Harford Powel, Jr., will appear, and Nancy Hoyt's novel, "Bright Intervals", will be continued.

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Two enhancements of gracious restraint. The hat ornament is of rubies and baguettes. Three thousand dollars . . . The bracelet is an exquisite design of diamonds and baguettes. Eleven thousand dollars.

Udall and Ballou

JEWELERS SINCE 1888

5TH AVE. AT 57TH ST., NEW YORK

NEWPORT + PALM BEACH + PARIS OFFICE . . . *48 Rue Lafayette*

PERTINENT FASHION PARAGRAPHS

BY

KATHLEEN HOWARD

TROUSERS again are discussed and worn by women. For tennis they have many advantages, connected with *dessous*, besides being quite fascinating on a young, slim figure. From Paris comes word that Chanel's pantalette frock is actually being worn at smart gatherings.

DO YOU remember, years ago, how we avoided the terrible danger of draughts on our ankles? We wore high shoes and long skirts, and worried enormously at draughts along floors and on trains. Now we love them. The trouser idea so prevalent this season may be likened to this, in its innovation quality. From distaste and prejudice we are passing to accepting them in many forms.

WHAT with capes, trailing fluttering dress points, big hats, curls in the back of the neck, and small, shining feet—one is going to be romantic this summer, as has not been possible in so great a degree for some time past. Youth and simplicity in the morning, typified by short skirts; romance and sophisticated femininity at night, when floating tissues swirl round one's ankles, are the amusing changes offered to women.

ONE of the greatest possible comforts in traveling is to have a smaller edition of all your cosmetic requirements packed in a compact box. You avoid bulk, spilling and groping by this simple expedient.

IT IS not an easy matter to be a perfectly groomed woman. It is an affair of more than just buying good clothes. The woman who claims the title justly, visits her corsetière, her shoemaker, her dressmaker, her milliner, her skin specialist, her chiropodist, her manicurist, her physical trainer and her lingère with regularity. Her jeweler also contributes his bit and, of course, her coiffeur's guidance is eagerly sought.

EYEBROWS must not be neglected these days. While exaggerated shaping is to be deplored they must be cared for, if they are to look their best under the revealing hat brims of the spring and summer.

TINY Basque bérets have been seen in the evening at the theatres of Paris. They are made entirely of black spangles and are extremely chic and practical.

INFORMALITY seems to be the note for this summer's dressing. Comfort is stressed, and common sense. This does not mean negligence, but a sophisticated, astute blending of chic and serviceable qualities, a happy, apparently accidental air of being "just right".

REALIZING that some types of the masculine mind object to the word "pyjama" for women's wear, with its suggestion of informality and masculinity, Mary Nowitzky has coined the word "Beaja" to apply to that now universally adopted, bifurcated beach garment.

DARK brown stockings have been seen in Paris, worn by very smart women with black gowns, in the evening, though they are not yet universally accepted. They are extremely sheer in quality and are also still new for daytime wear. The beiges have forgotten pink entirely, and the blue fox tones are good.

WOMEN, sophisticated women, are endeavoring to look "different" this year. The Famous Forty are turning more and more to very individual, not to say eccentric evening gowns for great occasions. Baron de Meyer, who dines at the greatest houses in Paris, says that women of marked personality are wearing gowns which may even be described as "odd".

The glory of past triumphs and the power to win fresh laurels. The word that stands for reputation based on ability, success and service.

Fit name then for the chocolates that sum up the best skill and tradition of 87 years' fine candy making — Whitman's PRESTIGE CHOCOLATES.

At $2.00 a pound, Prestige Chocolates give value plus the pleasant consciousness that you are getting absolutely the finest thing of its kind. Every piece of chocolate in the package is a Prestige special. When you wish to give a very particular gift — send a Prestige.

Whitman's

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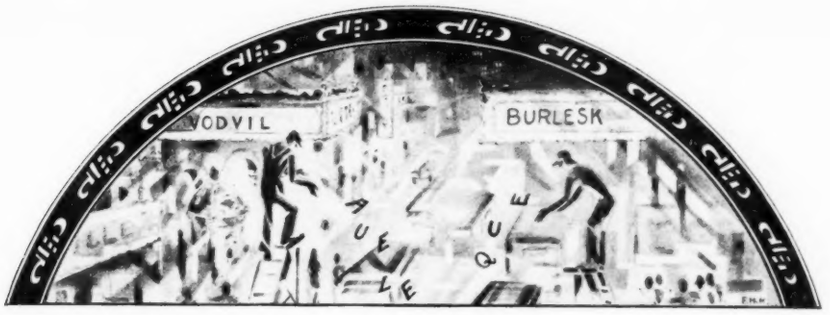


WORDS ARE FLOWERS

IF OUR Congressmen are ever at a loss (which I doubt) to think of a new law to put in our statutes, I can give them an idea.

I wish they would make it a misdemeanor, or, better still, a felony, with a penalty of ten years in jail and $25,000 fine, to misspell any good old Anglo-Saxon word in any electric sign, on any billboard, or on any street-car placard. Likewise all words appropriated from foreign languages.

Stepping down the street the other evening I was dismayed at the number of words I found it difficult to read. It was as though I were in a strange country—Central Europe, let us say; and I was not a little confused when I realized I was not dreaming, but wide awake in the good old U. S. A.

Theatre managers sought to lure me in to see "vodvil" and "burlesk." They did not receive my patronage. I felt that the performance would be as discreditable as the words over the entrance of these palaces of art.

Now, it was inevitable that the cinema should come to be called the movies. One can't help that. But at least it was an honest change of words, with something to be said in its favor. Cinema is a mouthful, and not an easy group of syllables for the man in the street to utter. To the American mind it seems affected. "Movies" is descriptive, and a truly American path of least resistance. A child would know what it means; and after all, our people are children, though some of them are six feet tall.

Before another "palace" I was confounded by a sign which told the world that there would be a good show "tonite." Once, in motoring, I had seen a sign, crudely enough printed, insisting that if one cared to reach a certain town, one should "turn to the rite." And I wondered, as I deciphered it, if a foreigner, happening to turn to the left, and meeting with disaster, would not have a good chance of getting substantial damages from that little township. For after all, he must have learned, in studying our language, that right is spelled "right," and would be justified in contending that any other spelling confused his astonished brain.

There are other abominations all about us. A restaurant, perhaps to save the expense of a larger electric sign, will announce brazenly, "Eats." And "luncheonette"—a dire word—I have seen abbreviated into "lunchette", as ugly a combination of letters as I have come across. "Tas-tee" candy does not seem more tasty to me because the adjective has been distorted out of all resemblance to itself. The type of mind which glories in bringing such illegitimate verbal children into an already troubled world is beyond my comprehension. The day may come, alas! when the opera will be called "op'ra"; and then not a few of us will be glad to leave this planet.

The lowliest French peasant has veneration for his mother tongue. He is not slipshod in his speech, and when he writes he places the correct accents over his letters, and does not omit the apostrophes. The English refuse, even in this hurried age, to leave the "u" out of such words as "honour" and "labour." The purist rebels and winces when words like "thoroughly" are so cut to pieces that the root is not recognizable. And though we may smile when "Cholmondeley" is pronounced "Chumley," let us rejoice that it is still *spelled* as it was generations ago.

Words are flowers. And they should be treated as gently as we treat roses. One hears it said that English is not a beautiful language. That is nonsense. The late David Bispham always contended that ours was a lovely language in which to sing. He fought valiantly for clear enunciation; and he deplored the baritone who made the exquisite words of "The Rosary" a jumble that could not be understood by any listener. Foreign languages have a way of sounding sweeter to us, even when we do not understand them, because Italian, German and French singers care exceedingly for their native tongues, and strive always to preserve the beauty of their syllables. Edna St. Vincent Millay proved that opera could be sung in English. What lovelier lines than these were ever written for the composer of "The King's Henchman"?

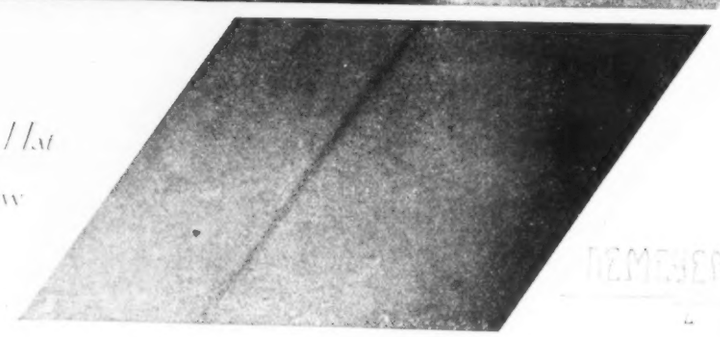
"We shall not meet again,
In any wood or any weather."

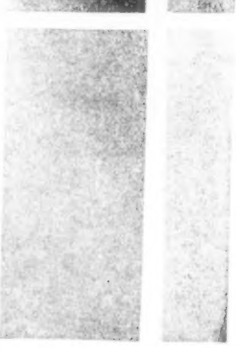
One would scarcely wish to have supper, after hearing such flowerlike words, at a place labeled "Eats."

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

PATOU

A yellow straw Hat
Worn with a yellow
Frock of crêpe
Romain





BY *Baron de Meyer:*

A GREAT LADY DISCUSSES FASHION

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

AMONG the many foreigners settled in Paris, Milady occupies the most privileged position of all.

American by birth, she is identified in Europe with American luxury, expressed, by the way, in the best possible taste.

Legends are being woven around this luxury-loving woman, so entirely devoted to France, whose knowledge of exquisite surroundings suitable for the individual woman has become well-nigh proverbial.

Among the stories told of Milady's childhood days are those of fairy-godmothers assembled at her christening, bestowing valuable gifts. Science of life, eternal youth, and the gentle art of discrimination are but a few I remember hearing about.

Her Paris home, not a stone's throw from the Arc de Triomphe, expresses love of modern comfort combined with the overtones of luxury, cleverly displayed against a background of harmony.

Selected with rare discrimination, most of Milady's furnishings are priceless; chosen, however, for their decorative qualities rather than because of intrinsic value.

Her reception rooms are paneled in ancient oak. Her floors, mellowed by time-honored usage in some famous French château, are only partly hidden by rugs of cream and rusty black. As to hangings and textures, they all show infinite restraint; are, in fact, almost colorless.

Of rare beauty is Milady's chamber. With its ivory colored paneling harmonizes her great ivory satin *lit de parade*, surmounted by its square canopy completed by bunches of snowy white plumes. Lovely is her coverlet, as well *(Continued on page 60)*

JANE RÉGNY

Ecru cotton Drill, rubberized,
Makes a new Yachting Costume

DEMEYER

CHANEL

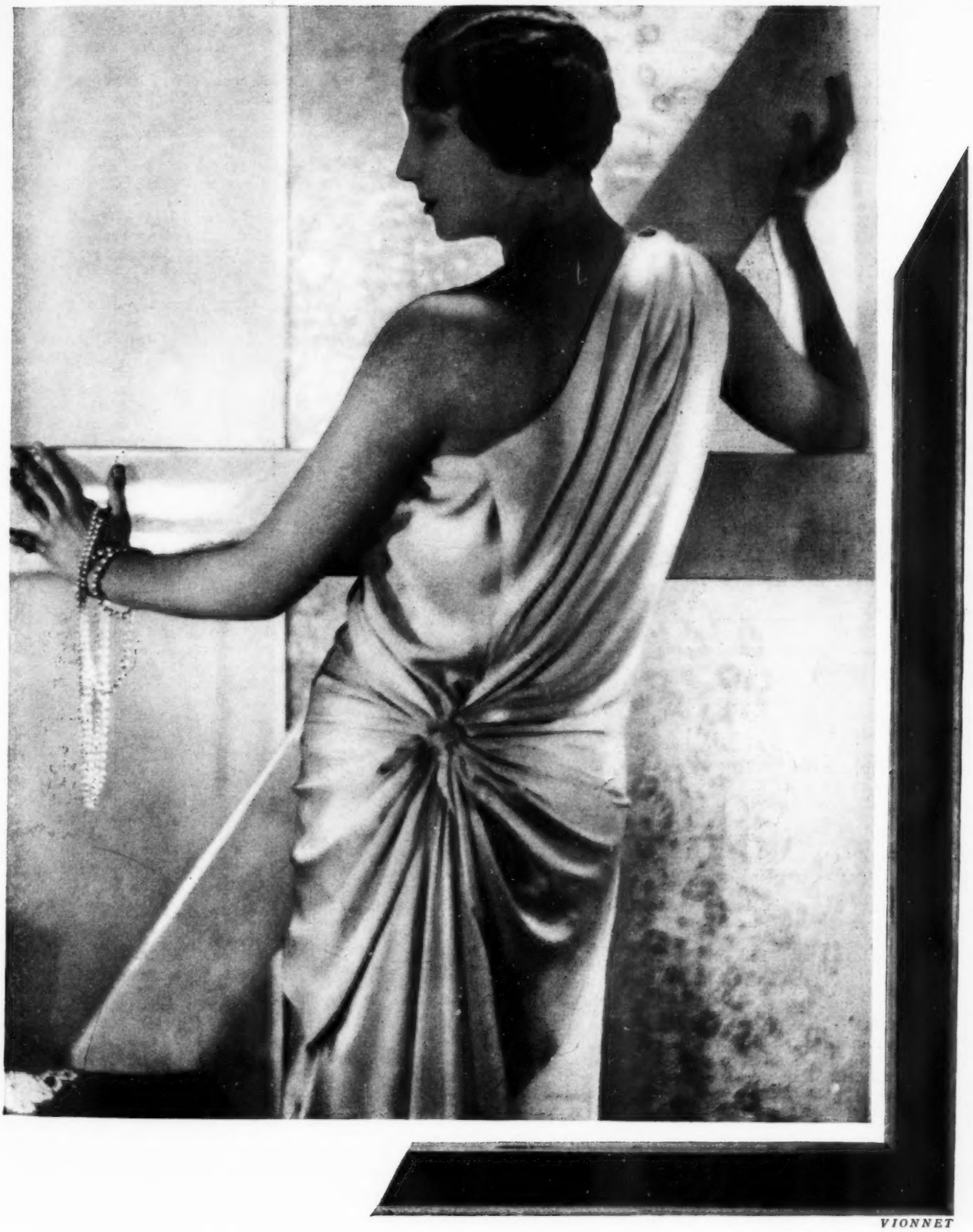
DEMEYER

A jersey Sports Suit in beige
With red Design and high Belt

AUGUSTA BERNARD

DEMESER

White Chiffon floats in Charming Silhouette for Summer evening Wear



VIONNET

DEMEYER

Draped by a great Artist, White Satin offers a new Shoulder-line

as the bed hangings of delicately quilted cream satin.

Even more individual is Milady's bath and dressing-room. Were it not for the white marble bath and its solid silver plumbing, it might, because of its many mirrored walls, be called Milady's *Galerie de Glaces!*

Her dressing-table, her bureau and book-cases are all rare specimens of modern cabinet-makers' art, as are some very special cases designed to hold Milady's most valued treasures, reminiscences of war-time days on the front, medals and orders, the rewards of heroic deeds; *La croix de Guerre*, the Legion of Honor.

In this holiest of holies, Milady's importance takes on its fullest proportions! From here she rules Sartorial Paris as its arbiter of fashion; dressmakers, modistes, French *fournisseurs* in general implore to be permitted to call on Milady. This favor is granted on four days of the week: at 10:00 a. m., at 10:30, at 11:00 and at 11:30, no one ever having been known to have been kept waiting.

First thing, on reaching Paris from America, my Cousin Alice had said: "I must meet Milady, have her advice, her views, her opinion."

"Ask for an interview."

The secretary's message had been "0:30 to-morrow morning. Milady's only free time, after her physical culture and before an appointment at 10."

"A most inconvenient hour," was all Alice had volunteered, though she, of course, had made up her mind to go.

"Excuse my receiving you in my dressing-room," Milady, on our arrival next morning, had graciously said; "I never leave my private suite before noon."

To which Alice, visibly impressed by Milady's trim figure, her velvet knickers, her short suède gloves, had found nothing civil to reply, most likely overcome by shyness.

AGNÈS *Baron de Meyer*

Madame Schiaparelli wears Agnès' two-piece turban in white shantung. The band is tied around the cap in a bow at the nape of the neck.

MILADY: Do not let us waste time, dear young lady. Don't be shy. What is it you wish to know?

ALICE: My cousin, Baron de Meyer, always favors the newest tone in new fashions.

MILADY: Of course, he does! It's part of his job.

ALICE: What I therefore want you to tell me is, shall I, or shall I not, order clothes which, because new even in Paris, are likely to look extreme at home? The workings of a Paris fashion brain are sure to differ from my friends' home-town mentality.

MILADY: There seems to me no need for our compatriots to acquire any new mentality in order to appreciate your clothes. They should accept the new note in new fashions, provided you have chosen with discrimination and tact. What, however, they may require might well be a set of new glasses, for the Mode seen through time-honored, but dulled spectacles, may easily spell disillusion and premature age.

ALICE: I somehow should not care for my friends at home to imagine that most of my time over here was spent getting clothes.

MILADY: And why not? It is but the poor women in the world who say that anyone interested in fashions must necessarily be frivolous!

ALICE: Oh! I had never thought of that.

MILADY: What else do you want me to tell you?

ALICE: For one thing, if you approve of the new clinging bodices. Somehow, what is termed the normal waist-line, doesn't seem to suit me at all.

MILADY: I am surprised to hear you say so. Young, and built as you are, there seems to be no reason for your not looking charming, with a waist-line either high or low. Strange—all women start by believing they are not built to suit what they eventually wear as a matter of course.

ALICE: Might it possibly be a matter of tradition?

MILADY: On principle, traditions are excellent, provided they have not outlived themselves. May I point out to you, young woman, that formality in dress is among the traditions which have?

ALICE: Is this meant for me? Is black satin too formal?

MILADY: It certainly is at this early hour of the day. Remember, elaborate looking clothes are quite out of date.

ALICE: I imagined black satin, for a sensible gown—

MILADY (Interrupting): Far more important than good sense in matters of dress is to preserve good taste.

ALICE: I generally dress very simply.

MILADY: Excellent; simplicity being, as you know, the keynote to elegance. The mere fact of dressing plainly, however, is of less importance than full comprehension of the term itself. Its meaning is, never to hesitate, when dressing simply, to buy what is most expensive, as women who avoid what is costly merely succeed in looking shabby. As a matter of fact, only the uninitiated should mistake simplicity for what it is now.

ALICE: Alas, too much sophisticated Paris simplicity is not always appreciated at home.

MILADY: And yet, the kind of simplification of style your friends seem to complain of, means complication of cut to Paris technicians. To the élite it, of course, conveys luxury.

ALICE: Modern simplicity, in its last analysis, therefore—

MILADY: —means perfect cut and design. Costly details with nothing conspicuous, yet with nothing lacking. Bear in mind, dear young lady, that the subdued overtones of luxurious simplicity have a way of singing out far louder than the high-pitched voices of blatant splendor.

Let me, therefore, before we part, give you a message for our countrywomen across the Atlantic. My subject shall be: "The Gentle Art of Dressing" (nowadays almost a science). Tell them that perfect expression, in clothes, requires discrimination, restraint and tact, as well as leisure.

Much time given to sartorial problems, combined with a fair amount of worldly goods.

Absolute knowledge of what constitutes the most suitable attire, for every moment of both day and night, and greatest consideration to be given to one's background.

To which should be added the importance of being seen wearing the right gown at the right moment (as great an achievement as finding the right man to fill the right place!).

This is my summing up: That to single out the right thing is but the beginning. The assurance that this very thing is adapted to one's type, the next step, is a gift which few women possess. Because of it, many women have fine clothes, but only a very small number are really elegant.

Then come the finishing touches, details. A small art in itself.

This requires study of one's person; time spent enhancing natural beauty, as well as correcting natural defects.

HERE an interruption from the Secretary, entering with note-book and pencil.

"Madame Vera waiting, Milady."

"Show her in. Sorry, Baron de Meyer, it's my first appoint-

ment: ten o'clock. There are no fittings this morning, merely new models presented for me to select from. Stay on, should you have nothing better to do. You don't disturb me at all."

Both Alice and I promise to be as silent as mice. Madame Vera is shown in.

"*Bonjour*, Milady. I've brought the white cape Milady asked for, finest unborn baby-lamb on the market, as supple as a glove."

Madame Vera affirms that, in anticipation of Milady's decision, seven identical white baby-lamb capes have almost been settled upon, the ladies having said, "We'll order the cape if Milady does."

"Very well, have it started at once, provided you promise not to deliver it to anyone else until a month after I've worn mine. The garment, by then, will no more be new. I shall, most likely, have ceased to wear it.

"Line it with nut-brown crêpe de Chine, dotted with white. Use the same material for a scarf-like collar, which I myself shall tie into a big bow at the throat.

"To wear beneath this white cape, I want a very simple havana marocain gown, the color to match the shade of the scarf.

"The bodice is to be sleeveless, cut very low in front, almost into a half circle, the decolleté to be edged with a flat cream net frill.

"I must have my skirt very clinging in the back but flaring in front, godets cut circular, on the bias, *en forme*."

(Alice whispers, "Isn't she marvelous? Knows just what she wants." I whisper back, "Silence! You've promised to be dumb!")

"May I show Milady a new draped white satin evening gown, the drapery all drawn from both front and back into slanting folds, converging into one central knot on the left hip?"

Madame Vera presents the gown on the mannequin who accompanies her.

Milady, however, does not approve of the model. She says: "Gowns cut with no apparent seams at all are hardly ever, in spite of their scientific cut, particularly becoming.

"Beautiful in repose, such garments get all out of shape when in motion. Designed by an artist, they are only wearable when transformed by a clever fitter, with practical notions.

"Besides, slanting décolletés do not suit me at all. One shoulder entirely bare is much too extreme for me.

"I consider eccentricity in dress to be woman's last resource to disguise her absence of chic. A method I so far refuse to revert to.

"Do you remember, Madame Vera, last week when you called we spoke of a white satin dress with long sleeves, the duplicate of the black satin one you recently made me?"

Madame Vera says she has brought the original model.

IT IS a slender looking black satin gown with long, tight sleeves, with the scarf cut all in one with the bodice. This hangs over the left shoulder. The hem of the skirt is even, except in the front, which is cut immensely full, and hangs down apronwise, in low hanging points.

The mannequin showing the gown has her low waist-line indicated by a narrow band of black satin.

To this Milady strongly objects, tells Madame Vera that while wearing this very model a few days ago she caught sight of herself in a mirror.

"My silhouette looked old fashioned, so, finding an old back leather belt handy, I placed it in its normal position. To my surprise, my image reflected unmistakable chic."

Madame Vera says that a black satin princess gown and a black leather sports belt, worn high above the hip-bone, is undoubtedly an unexpected combination. Decidedly new.

Milady has settled on having her own black satin gown copied in white.

"I intend wearing it with a gold belt, a one-and-a-half-inch wide band of embroidery, gold beads, gold threads and gold spangles.

"In white satin, high-necked and with long sleeves, which I shall wear with a close-fitting hat tied on in the nape of the neck, and some jewels, I mean to look far smarter at casinos this summer than in full evening dress.

"To complete my white ensemble, I require a knee-length wrap of some splendid looking metal texture.

"Send me some samples of patterned gold tissue, to harmonize with red fox.

"I shall want a wide band of fox at the hem and big cuffs, but no collar at all, the neck merely to be finished off by a plain scarf of gold."

Madame Vera wants to know if Milady might be interested in spangles.

"We are at present showing tailored looking ensembles, consisting of coat, skirt and jumper, the three pieces made of a fish-scale spangled texture. These models are being made in all colors. Does Milady care to be shown some of these costumes next time I call on her?"

"On principle," says Milady, "I feel like saying no, for spangles are certainly vulgar. However, I say this on principle only, for who, more than I, has adored the spangled smoking?

"Do you remember the lovely pink jacket you made me, to wear with a cloudy black net skirt? Even though two seasons old and impossible to be worn again, I've so far not been able to part with it.

"Therefore, who knows if, in time, I shall not decide to give the spangled *robe de sport pour le soir* its chance?"

Madame Vera says she has been told of the new spangled *béret basque*. She thinks it sounds most unbecoming.

"Yes," Milady says, "it does sound dreadful. I have myself called it an atrocity, yet I admit to having ordered three of these bérets in different shades. Who knows if some day, with a special costume on a particularly dull day away from Paris the spangled *béret basque* may not prove amusing."

THE secretary reappears: "May I remind Milady, Madame Adrienne is due at 10:30?"

"By appointment, of course."

Milady, having graciously dismissed Madame Vera, greets Madame Adrienne with effusion.

She introduces her to Alice and myself, calling her *grande artiste*.

"How perfectly stunning, the hat you are wearing. Let me have a good look at it. It appears to be quite a novelty."

Madame Adrienne tells us: "It is, to start with, a tight-fitting cap of white shantung, which covers the hair entirely. There is a separate band of the same texture placed over the forehead and tied into a bow at the nape of the neck."

Milady calls this a real Adrienne invention. "The two-piece hat."

"One of my favorite theories," she says, "has always been that to be well hatted is far more important than to be well dressed. Alas, we women are fully aware of there being no compromise with a face."

"Madame Adrienne's creation," Milady says, "is a pure gem, not merely smart, but becoming into the bargain. A rare combination to be found nowadays in one single hat."

Madame Adrienne has brought a similar *chapeau* for Milady to try on herself. "Suited for casino wear in the evening. Much the same shape as my own, only carried out in coral velvet."

Into the bow, at the nape of the neck, clever Madame Adrienne has pinned a small bunch of ospreys. Being an expert in color harmonies, she has selected a deep shade of Nattier blue for the aigrette.

Milady seems delighted. "Marvelous," she calls out. "A model to be copied in all shades. I shall be faithful to it all through the season.

"To my mind the only sensible method of being well hatted is to select one shape, have it, if necessary, repeated in twelve different colors, and never wear another. Far better than ordering twelve different models, most of them unsuccessful, doomed to be shelved."

Madame Adrienne tells us that every one of her hats is, of course, made to order and can only fit the one head in the world it is meant for. In the same way, she says, as a custom-made shoe fits but one foot only.

"I always wonder why people take chances of losing their hat, more than losing their slipper.

"May I show Milady a charming new shape, with a brim?"

Milady replies that the mere sound of the word "brim" enchants her.

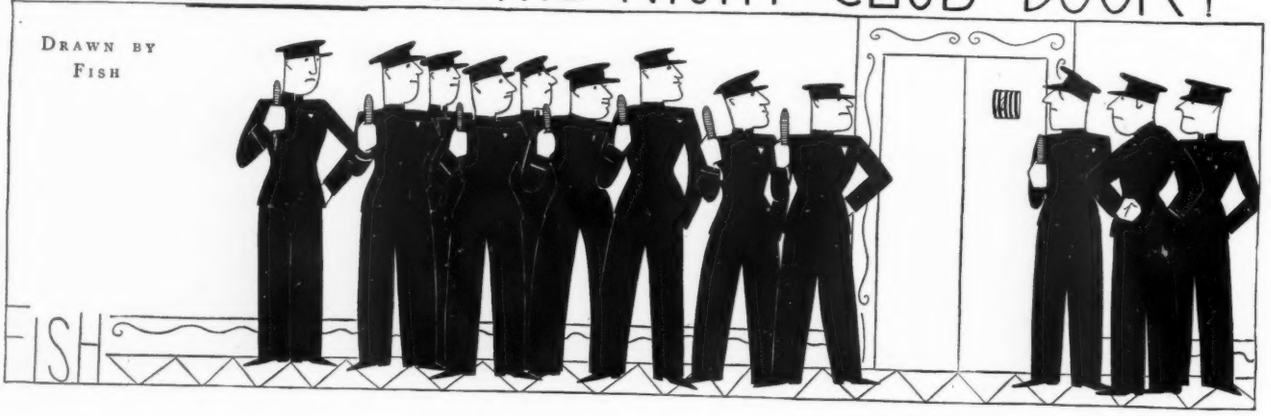
"I am only too anxious to find a smart hat with a shade for my eyes. Alas, for women like myself, past, let us say, twenty-five, brims are real benefactors.

"May I give you my candid opinion, Madame Adrienne, on the kind of brimless hats I know you were the first to invent and we all of us continue to wear? I refer to the tight-fitting hat, cut straight across the forehead, hiding one's hair, which has never been really becoming to anyone.

"It was undoubtedly chic several seasons ago (I said chic, not becoming), but merely because (*Concluded on page 158*)

THE KNOCK AT THE NIGHT CLUB DOOR!

DRAWN BY FISH



A New Novel by Harford Powel, jr.:

"'Yea bo!' called Jerry, 'I want to announce to you that this young lady and I are engaged.'"

MARRIED MONEY

Beginning the Romance of a Boston Girl with Too Many Beacon Street Traditions

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

"I CAN'T bear to see a Bostonian marrying out of Boston. Dear papa always used to say that foreign marriages never turn out happily."

Mrs. Joshua Easeman sighed, and pointed with her umbrella at an aged Pope-Hartford touring car that was rattling its way down the street, with huge clouds of kerosene smoke coming from its exhaust. Seldom is the passing of such a dilapidated car a matter of burning interest to the bystanders. But the street was Beacon, and the city was Boston, and it was no wonder that Mrs. Easeman looked hard at Wee Legg, who drove the car, and at Jerry McCoy, the enormous young man who sat beside her.

Spying her old friend, Colonel Thomas Truman Shackley, across the street, Mrs. Easeman had trotted nimbly over to share her anxieties with him.

Colonel Shackley was walking slowly home from his club, favoring the leg that had been broken by a gray-clad sharpshooter at Antietam. He wore a black slouch hat, a frock coat with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in its buttonhole, gray striped trousers and brown sneakers. His friends and relatives had long since ceased to notice the sneakers, knowing that an elderly New England celebrity who can afford the best bootmaker in the world can also afford to wear any footgear that he chooses.

"That was our dear Wee Legg who has just driven by," said Mrs. Easeman. "It is the fourth afternoon that she has taken that young man driving just at this time. There is something in it, I'm sure."

"Something in what?" asked the Colonel. Despite his eighty-seven years, he offered his arm gallantly to his almost equally venerable friend.

"Wee Legg has never looked twice at any young man," said Mrs. Easeman. "Most of us thought she would follow the example of so many well-bred Boston girls, and remain single. But along comes this enormous young man, Jerry McCoy, and it almost looks as if she were showing him off to us."

"Did you say he's a foreigner?"

"He comes from New Brunswick, New Jersey."

"Then he's not foreign. New Jersey is not far away from Boston."

"Spiritually, it is a million miles away."

Mrs. Easeman nodded her head with such force that all the ostrich tips in her bonnet quivered like ferns in a gale.

"I have never been to New Brunswick," she went on, "and it may still be a delightful old city, full of well-connected people. But I doubt it, True. All the other cities have decayed so sadly. Philadelphia reeks with the smoke of its factories, and all the best families have been driven far out of town. Baltimore is no better, and we all know to what a pass New York has come. Dear papa always foretold its fate. I popped over last week for Addie Brownell's funeral, and the crowds on the streets are like the people we used to shudder at in Cairo and Constantinople. Why don't you write a paper on the degradation of New York?"

"I'm not writing papers for the magazines any more," said Colonel Shackley. "Only a sonnet, from time to time. Here is your house, Martha. Good afternoon, my dear."

"Won't you come in? It's raw and cold, and I will give you tea."

He hesitated, and then followed her into her drawing-room, cluttered with the loot of three centuries.

"I keep good fires going, to drive out the damp," she said. "Dear papa used to say that it isn't safe to put out the furnace, in Boston, until the Fourth of July."

"I've heard him say that," said the Colonel. "But you were speaking about Wee Legg. How time flies! It seems only yesterday I used to flirt with her in her baby carriage, in the Public Gardens. Tell me about this alarming young man of hers. He looks strong and well grown."

"I hear," said Mrs. Easeman, solemnly, "that he has all his clothes made to order, because his feet won't pass through the trousers of ready-made suits. He was a famous athlete at Harvard, True. Wee has never encouraged any young man before—not since she was a bud, four years ago."

"I was at Taormina that winter. Did Roger

Legg give her a ball?" asked Colonel Shackley.

"Only a tea," said Mrs. Easeman, with the ghost of a sniff. "But she was the sweetest and prettiest bud of her year."

"I believe it," said the Colonel. "Her father and mother were popular. Pick may have been a scapegrace, but he had charm. It seems as if a pestilence had carried off the Leggs. All dead now, except Roger. Time flies!"

"I've been going to Legg funerals all my life," agreed the lady. "There is heart trouble in that family, True. Wee's grandfather and great-grandfather were comparatively young men when they died, and dear papa always said that the original Leggs were sickly people who seldom lived to eighty, or even seventy years."

"Tell me more about this young Irishman of Wee's," asked Colonel Shackley. "Maybe he'll put some needed stamina into the family. You were talking about him, Martha, not climbing the Legg family tree."

"But family trees are so fascinating! I can't find out much about the McCoys of New Brunswick. This boy's father is said to be abroad."

Mrs. Easeman took the New York Social Register from her superb knee-hole desk.

"The boy is always called Jerry, but I learn to my surprise that the first name is Jeroboam, and not the common Irish Jeremiah. Doesn't the name Jeroboam suggest Puritan blood, True?"

"Possibly," said the Colonel. "There was an excellent Jeroboam in the Bible, who regained much lost territory, including Damascus."

"How wonderful your mind is! You are never at a loss for a fact or a reference."

SHE smiled at him affectionately, and gave him another cup of her Lapsang Suchong tea.

"The Social Register means nothing, nowadays," she said. "Such incredible people get their names in it! But I'm glad to see that Jeroboam's mother was one of the Neilsons of Stuyvesant Square. If I hadn't discovered that, I should consider it my duty to warn Roger Legg."

"I think," said the Colonel, dryly, "that the glories of Stuyvesant Square have departed. As you say, New York has changed. But people regard the changes as progress. The erection of a tradesman's shop on the site of an Astor or Vanderbilt residence is considered a glory to the community."

"But Boston is still Boston," said Mrs. Easeman.

"Boston," said the Colonel, in the kind tone of an eighteenth-century gentleman explaining something to a little child, "is the American Pompeii. Our effort is to keep things as they used to be. Boston drowses on her hilltop and in her reclaimed swamp, taking a proper antiquarian pride in her rusting railways and rotting wharves. New York is El Dorado. Any longshoreman in New York can aspire to prodigious wealth to-morrow. One day an immigrant comes barefooted down the gangplank; the next day he invites you to his box at the opera. And you go, Martha. You are exceedingly glad to eat his plover and drink his champagne. That is progress. That is the triumph of democracy. In Boston we inherit money and nurse it all our lives. In New York they make money by the barrel, and throw it away by the bucketful. Convince yourself, Martha, that New Yorkers understand the art of living far better than we Bostonians do."

"If you joke like that any more," said Mrs. Easeman, indignantly, "I shall convince myself that you should be under restraint."

Colonel Shackley laughed, and took his hat up from the floor.

"I must fly!" he said, rising stiffly to his feet. "You're a most ineluctable woman, Martha—hard to escape from. Let's hope that Boston will always be Boston, and that Wee will marry some young sobersides who will be worthy of her in every way."

"And not this common young man from New Jersey," said Mrs. Easeman. "I'm deeply worried about Wee. She's so fine, so good. She is just as sweet as if she had stepped down from the frame of a Copley portrait. The modern spirit of extravagance and bad manners hasn't touched her, True. She has been brought up so simply. Her automobile cost less than a hundred dollars, and it uses kerosene and not gasoline."

"While Roger Legg lives, she won't drive a better one," said the Colonel, shrewdly. "Good-by, Martha, my dear."

She detained his hand. "I wish Wee would pick out a Boston man," she said, "like Caleb Spinney, for instance."

"Caleb's my grand-nephew," said the Colonel. "A cut-and-dried young chap who'll never set the Charles River afire. But capable, capable."

"I'm sure Wee will behave properly," said Mrs. Easeman, addressing her visitor's retreating coat-tails. "She's to be trusted. She's not one of the flibberty-gibbet young girls who allow common young men to take liberties. Come soon again, dear True."

TWENTY miles from the scene of this conversation, in a quiet lane near Concord, Wee Legg disentangled herself from Jerry McCoy's arms and said:

"Jerry, I *know* you've broken my favorite rib."

"God, woman, can't you stand a little pain?"

She pressed her nose deeply into his shabby coonskin overcoat, enjoying its mingled odor of tobacco and fur. They were still sitting in the dilapidated touring car, of an almost forgotten make: but it was now buried so deeply in thick

"'I love you, Jerry,' breathed Wee. 'Whither thou goest, I will go, and thy people shall be my people. Come along in.'"

"Mr. Legg and Jerry had the air of conspirators when Wee came in. 'You seem to be hobnobbing,' she said, nervously. 'I told you Jerry was a pleasant young man.'"

bushes and overhanging branches that its battered body could not have been seen by an observer ten feet away.

There was a great clamor of frogs from the marsh in front of them, and beyond the marsh the Concord River meandered in great loops toward the bridge. At the bridge, no doubt, parties of motor trippers were reading in the living stone or monumental bronze about the shot heard round the world. But nobody heard Jerry and Wee, and nobody saw them except a tiny rabbit, born so early in the spring that it looked as if it wanted to be picked up and warmed.

This was the fourth afternoon that Jerry and Wee had explored the roads and lanes around Concord. But things had gone differently this time. At the Battle Green, in Lexington, Wee's right hand had dropped from the steering-wheel, and Jerry had shyly covered it with his left. In front of the Old Manse, the fingers of those two hands had been tightly intertwined. And now, in the cool green privacy of this disused lane, Jerry and Wee were locked in each other's arms.

One imagines, nowadays, that young people are only too well accustomed to such scenes, and that it is their constant habit to embrace each other as violently as sailors grapple with their sweethearts on the benches of the park. Middle-aged persons, inflamed by too much reading of our younger novelists, presume that this love-making is part of the normal routine of life; and we may wish them joy of the presumption. As a matter of fact, neither Jerry nor Wee had ever been through such a scene before.

It left them gasping and dazed. Wee's hands and feet slowly turned to ice. They tried at first, by speaking with their usual flippancy, to make light of this great new wave of emotion, but it would not grow light.

"I love you," Jerry whispered, and there was something in his deep, husky murmur that told her he was speaking true. Womanlike, Wee was bewitched by the joy of the moment. Manlike, Jerry was already beginning to count the cost.

HIS mind, even in the thick of the embrace, wavered from one thought to another. He was earning his own living none too well. What right had he to ask this impoverished girl to marry him? She was not a pauper, of course. She had a car—but what a car! She lived with her old aunt in one of those hideous little brick houses with mansard roofs, on Marlboro Street. She dressed plainly. Could he give her a decent home, good-looking clothes? A more vital thought stabbed him. What about children? Big families are modish in Boston. He almost groaned aloud as he conjured up a vision of a large and ragged brood.

"Jerry," he said to himself, "you've got to sit up and tell this girl you can't see this thing through."

But he didn't. He crushed her with his arms, and she smiled up at him. She had wondered, for a second, if she ought to abandon herself so frankly. It wasn't Puritan. It wasn't Back Bay. But something told her, deep inside, that it *was* aristocratic, and that only a peasant tries to disguise emotion, when the emotion is honorable and fine. She pushed his face away, and looked at him with her black eyes dancing. He had flung off his hat and his hair was standing on end. No matter how disheveled, Jerry McCoy was something to see. She loved his blue eyes, set so far apart, and his square-cut jaw. He looked like what he was—a man covered with all the laurels Harvard reserves for her athletic and well-born sons.

"I love you," she said. "It makes me feel very queer. When you kiss me I feel as if I were being hugged by a grizzly bear; and in between times, I feel as if there were a knife stuck through my *(Continued on page 120)*

VUITTON VUITTON LELONG

THE SMART PARISIENNE EN ROUTE

The porter carries the traveler's luggage for the sleeping-car. An important item is her fitted bag, in sole leather lined with moire. It is about eighty centimeters long, and is made on a new system, all the brushes and bottles being placed in the back, with a shallow tray, that lifts out, in front of them. The things for the night may be placed in the tray, while underneath is room for other articles wanted on arrival. Vuitton.

He also carries her hatbox, a very new type, compact and convenient, from Vuitton. It is thirty centimeters square, just big enough to take two or three hats, placed one inside the other, the brims up. At the sides, one may put a book, a fresh pair of gloves, or a folded scarf. The box is covered in leather of any color one likes, and lined with moire, matching the linings of all the rest of the luggage. A requisite for traveling.

The traveler is dressed by Lelong in a jacket and skirt of dark colored alpaca, an ideal material for summer travel. She wears a sweater blouse of thin wool and silk, woven in one of the new plaids, in three shades. Her hat is a small felt, with the "sou'wester" line, trimmed with a triple ribbon in the three colors of the sweater. Her shoes are lizard pumps, and her bag, from Vuitton, is black antelope and tortoise-shell.

The traveler is wearing a nightgown and dressing-gown designed for her by Worth. They are in pale colored toile de soie, with simple incrusted design in crêpe satin. The dressing-gown is manly in form, and the nightgown is long sleeved. Both are contained in the traveling case, which also has room for monogrammed crêpe de Chine sheets and pillow-cases.

WORTH

Paris, Lyons et Méditerrané

PARIS PREPARES TO TRAVEL

A smart Costume, Ultra-smart Luggage, and Money in her Purse Are the Requisites of the Chic Traveler

BY MARJORIE HOWARD

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

EVERYONE I meet, at present, seems to be just arriving from somewhere, or just departing for somewhere else. All the world is on the move, and distance is annihilated. Summer resorts used to have regular seasons, and people prepared for weeks beforehand to visit them in state pilgrimages. Nowadays, they rush to Monte Carlo at the oddest times, to attend one of Miss Elsa Maxwell's famous dinners, with pre-views of the new ballets by the Diaghileff troupe; over to London for a first night; and even as far as Palermo for a costume ball. There will be three of these affairs in Sicily this spring, one given by the Duca de la Verdura, representing the time of Lady Hamilton's life at Naples: the second by the Baronessa Lo Monaco, and the third, the most important of all, a Second Empire affair, given by the Comte and Comtesse d'Assaro, in their wonderful palace.

Spain is making a determined bid for visitors with two exhibitions, one in Seville, and the other in Barcelona. I hear that many of our greatest dress designers are planning to see the latter, on account of the wonderful collection of Spanish costumes, of all times and classes of society, that are to be shown there. The mode is already tinged with Spanish red and yellow; next winter may see a still stronger Iberian influence, when the creators return full of new-old inspiration from their travels.

Those who are not in too great a hurry travel by preference in their own cars, where they can; but the railroads are providing for the accommodation of the de luxe type of traveler. The smartest thing in sleeping-cars that any country

CHANTAL CHANTAL DŒUILLET-DOUCET DŒUILLET-DOUCET

LINENS AND COTTONS ABOUND AT BIARRITZ

Chantal makes a frock of Rodier's "toile meshra", a crisp linen woven with two threads—in this case rose and white. The yoke is cut with cravatte collar, the skirt circular.

A Chantal pin-tucked frock with belt and scarf of crêpe in several tones. Rodier's "linécla" is used, a square weave of linen and rayon in blue with brilliant surface.

A frock of white linen from Dœuillet-Doucet in pale rose linen trimmed with wide hemstitching. The flaring skirt is cut in sections. There is a jacket of the same linen.

Part of the skirt of this sleeveless white linen is box-plaited; the chemisette finished in bows, with colored linen cardigan in delft blue or bright brown. From Dœuillet-Doucet.

has yet invented is found on the new P.L.M. trains to the Riviera—the latest type of *train bleu*. These cars are called "super-luxe," and are made up of only ten compartments instead of sixteen, each one entirely finished in colored lacquer, one car red, another blue, or green, or beige, or brown. Martin has drawn one of them on page 73.

Coming up from Cannes, recently, I spent the most comfortable night I can ever remember on a train, in a beautiful green and silver compartment, the bed a good four inches wider than that on any other Continental train. Martin's traveler is wearing a Worth night-gown and dressing-gown, designed especially for the sleeper, which fold up and go into the sole-leather case that is drawn on the Last-Minute pages. This case also holds the crêpe de Chine sheets and pillow cases with which really fastidious travelers provide themselves for a night in the train. Nightgown or pajamas, dressing-gown and slippers match the sheets, and the whole is carried most compactly and conveniently in the same container.

The modern traveler is as particular about her luggage as about her costume, and the makers are always thinking out new dodges for her. On the page opposite the sleeping-car scene, Martin has drawn our voyager, wearing a suit from Lelong, made of alpaca, an ideal fabric for summer European travel. Her porter is carrying her sleeping-car equipment, a new fitted suit-case from Vuitton, made of sole-leather, lined with moire in her chosen color. This case is larger than usual for a fitted bag, and has several new features. There is a tray in the top which takes just the things that one wants for the night, without disturbing the rest of the bag, and all the fittings are in a removable section behind it, so that they may be lifted out and stood upon the table, leaving plenty of space under the tray for an extra costume or a coat. Besides her new suit-case, our traveler is provided with Vuitton's newest hat-box, a really small affair at last: thirty centimeters square, just big enough to take two or three hats, placed one inside the other, the brims up. At the sides, one may put a book, a fresh pair

DRECOLL-BEER DRECOLL-BEER REDFERN REDFERN

SMART CLOTHES AT THE GOLF DE CHIBERTA

A frock of Rodier's "rodelic", a cotton-like wool in oyster-white with shiny rayon dot. The plaited chemisette has a standing collar and tie which are new. Drecoll-Beer.

Very complicated in cut is a Drecoll-Beer frock of Rodier's white piqué in which a raised line makes a check. The skirt has a triple scalloped yoke, flatly plaited below.

An ensemble in which a white linen frock is combined with coat of indigo and white printed linen. Both belt and hem-stitched line above give a short-waisted effect. Redfern.

A Redfern ensemble in which a plaited skirt of black etamine is used with a blouse and coat of yellow, dotted and banded with black; a good combination for summer.

of gloves, a scarf, extra handkerchiefs, or any trifle. The box is covered with leather in any color one chooses and lined with moire to match the rest of the luggage.

The suit-case is fitted with tortoise-shell. Vuitton is making a specialty of this delightful material. He makes complete dressing-table sets in it, some of them especially for brides. He suggests, as it is very expensive, that her friends should combine to give her a complete outfit, one buying the brushes, the other the mirror, and so on. I had a long talk about tortoise-shell with Monsieur Singerie of Vuitton's, and I never knew before what an interesting material it is. The best shell comes from the turtles called "Carret," which are found all over the earth near the equator. Their life-habits are most unexpected, but I am not writing a treatise on tortoises. The French method of preparing the shell is much superior to the Italian. It is sawed into shape, scraped and polished and then molded under boiling water. Plunging it into cold water fixes the shape, while joins are made in boiling water, salted to the same density as the ocean in which the turtles are caught. With all possible precaution taken, this work is so delicate that there is a loss of ninety percent. of the raw material, in obtaining a finished product. In Italy, tortoise-shell is still molded in excessive heat, which makes it brittle and destroys some of the color. Vuitton's sets are all made of shell from the same turtle, so that the delicate markings match. The lighter in color the shell, the more rare and valuable it is. It has been highly prized as a *matière de luxe* ever since it was introduced from Japan in the sixteenth century.

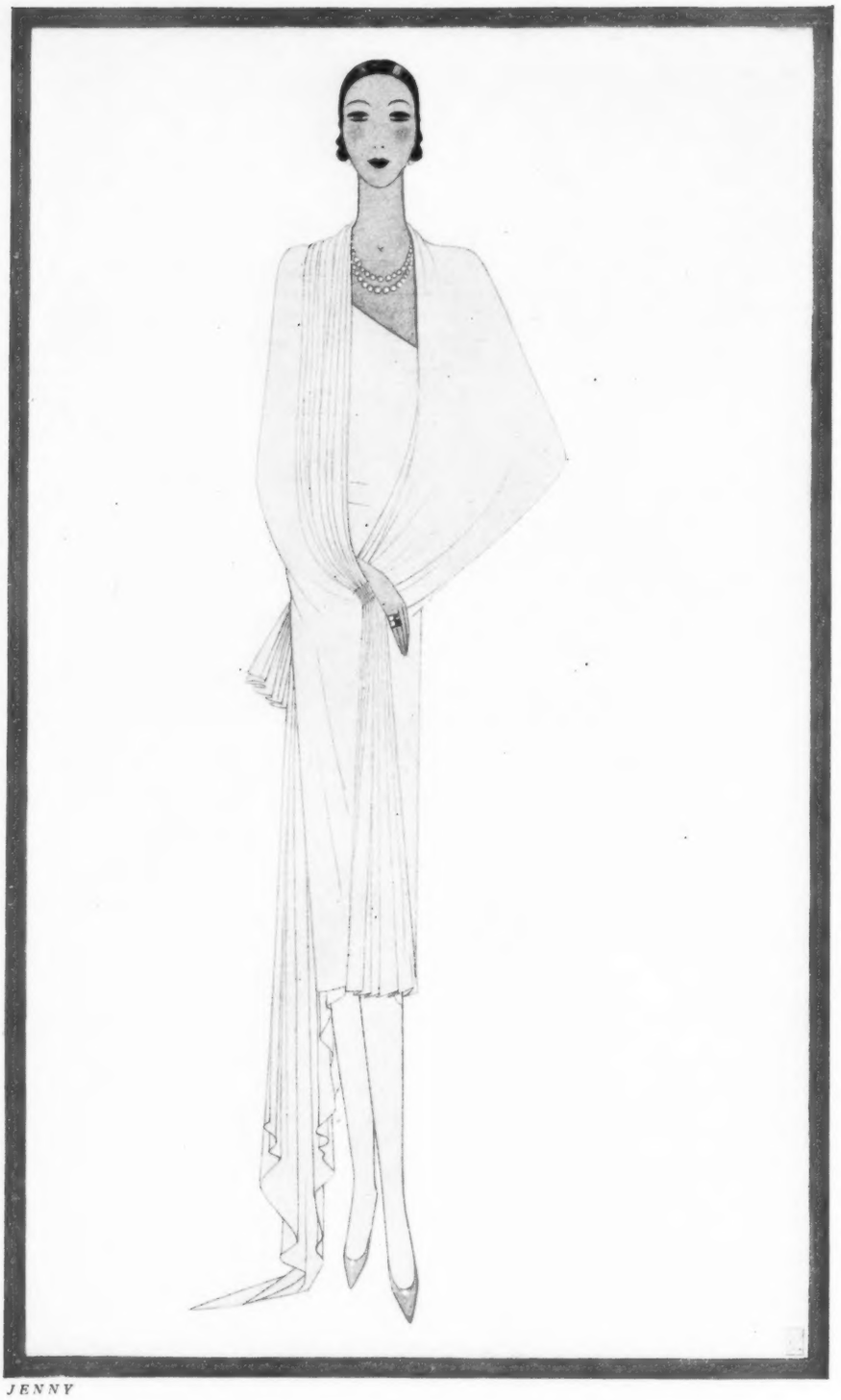
All through the spring and early summer, a fine week-end will send Parisians hurrying to the country, either to friends or to one of the well-known resorts. Our modern fire-worshippers follow the sun with the devotion of an ancient Persian. Deauville has its beach, Le Touquet its golf, while the South of France calls its disciples to its sunny shores, from Biarritz on one side, to Menton on the other. Cannes offers an *(Continued on page 78)*

A gown for a personality is this one of Poiret's, quite different back and front, made of black satin. The front shows a long sheath line, ornamented with bretelle embroidery of silver tube beads outlined in black and red beads. The back has a full gathered panel, touching the slipper, and the beaded bands are crossed in a low V décolleté and finished with an ornament of tube beads which looks like feathers.

POIRET

CHÉRUIT

Chéruit makes an evening gown of marked individuality in a printed taffeta. The color scheme is the new one of yellow, gray, green and a soft deep red, very blurred and indistinct; the design, vague poppies on a gray ground. The skirt is very long in the back, full, and has a deep ruffle. The typical revers of the décolleté and the bow in the back are 1929 points of Madame Wormser's collection.



JENNY

Jenny has an evening ensemble of maize colored crêpe romain. The gown is a draped one, following the lines of the wrap. The wrap is really a cape, with a long scarf rever, held at the waist by shirring. This long scarflike section goes over the right shoulder, crosses the back, and finishes on the left hip with a soft shirred bow and trailing ends.

Jenny also makes this evening ensemble in pale rose crêpe de Chine. The frock is a simple one, contrasting with the magnificence of the coat, which is lavishly trimmed with sable. The coat is unlined and is made with heavy flounces at the side, forming a dipping line. The sleeves have elbow bands of sable, with wide graceful frills below.

JENNY

added attraction in the new "*Casino d'été*", built on the very tip of a promontory, with restaurant, playing rooms, and an immense outdoor swimming pool. Its recent opening was quite a smart occasion.

On pages 74 and 75, Luza has drawn some frocks in linen and cotton, designed especially for Harper's Bazar, with a background of the Golf de Chiberta at Biarritz, one of the few places where one may always count upon seeing smart women. Paris designers are growing really interested in these fabrics. Molyneux showed a little supplementary collection the other day, of which a decided feature was the short-jacket costumes in linen, sometimes plain, in indigo or rose; sometimes in *toile de Jouy*, cream and blue, or cream with rose-red, sometimes combining plain and printed fabrics. If we have a hot summer, over here, such as we had last year, these materials will come into their own. I expect the colored linen jacket to take an important place substituting for the cardigan. It may be plain or printed as you like; personally I incline to plain materials, in becoming, "different" color combinations, this season.

I have some late news from the pre-summer season at Biarritz, which, like all other resorts,

Premet makes an interesting summer evening ensemble in printed satin and printed chiffon of the same design, scattered flowers in red and white on a black ground. The little satin jacket is smocked on the shoulders and at the elbows. It opens to one side. The chiffon gown has a diagonal movement, and a long slim sheath effect to the knees.

PREMET

A gown in chartreuse satin with most of its interest in the back, also from Premet. The line is a modified "tie back", such as might have been worn in the 'seventies. There is a slight break almost at the natural waist, where a crushed belt of the satin passes under the back section. A bow set low in the back of the skirt trails long ends almost to the floor.

PREMET

draws record numbers of visitors on holiday week-ends. The types we call sports clothes were worn all day. People were even seen dining in them at the Bar Basque, which is once again much frequented at the morning *apéritif* hour. The most popular materials were tweeds, or jerseys that are so like tweeds that there is no telling the difference at a little distance. Their main colors were those of men's sports suits, pale grayish-blues, very neutral beiges, or grays.

There is no getting women out of beige; it is still one of the most popular of all colors worn in the country. The cardigan type remains the leader, the jackets somewhat longer than they were last season, with skirts cut circular, sometimes laid in wide box plaits. Quantities of Chanel jerseys, like the beige one with red lines making diamonds, photographed by Baron de Meyer on page 63. Madame de San Carlos wore this in beige with stripes in green and red, and a hat in openwork straw in two-inch diamonds of the same colors.

Almost every woman was wearing a scarf, not the jersey ones that we saw earlier in the season, but of heavy silk or crêpe de Chine. Madame Santos Suarez looked very smart in a gray speckled tweed (*Continued on page 181*)

AGNÈS

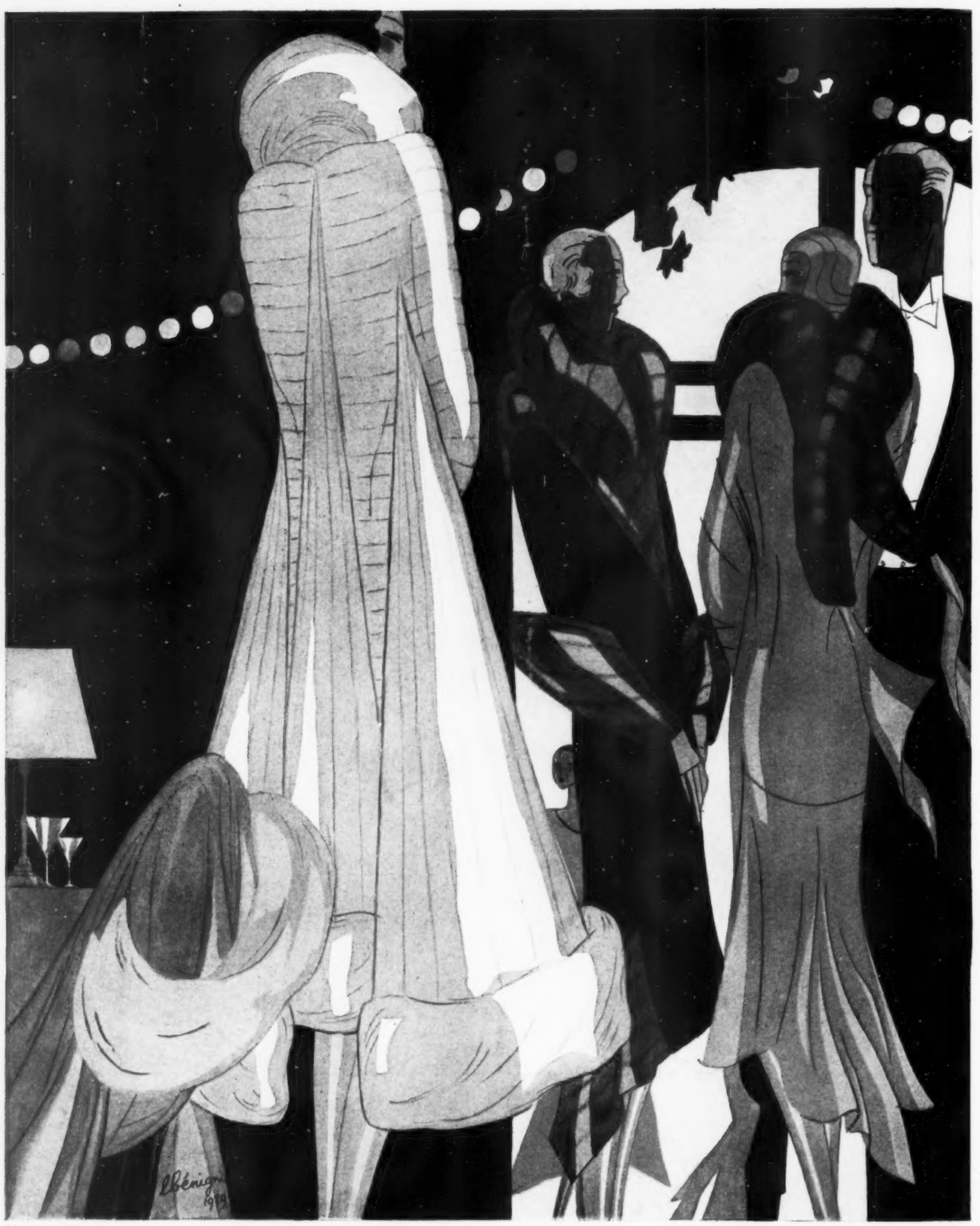
MADAME AGNÈS IN ONE OF HER OWN MODELS

Madame Agnès wears a summer costume in grayed-white and rosy coral color. The point of departure is a string of old hand-cut coral beads, several yards long, worn several times round the neck. With these she wears coral ball earrings, and a ring in coral and polished platinum from Raymond Templier. Her gown, from Louise-boulanger, is in small herring-bone wool jersey, in off-white, slightly grayed. The bag, her own invention, is in the same material, fastened with a coral silk handkerchief, run through large buttonholes. Her hat is in a new open-mesh coral-colored straw, simply trimmed with Rodier braid in coral and white cotton. She wears low-heeled sandals from Greco, in soft grayed-white kid piped with coral color.

REBOUX

MISS HALLIE STILES SELECTS REBOUX

Miss Hallie Stiles, long of the Opéra Comique, wears a costume in a color scheme of cream, light brown and a rather deep red. Her hat, from Reboux, is an interesting model in natural colored leghorn, wide-brimmed, turned directly up in front, where it is held with two tabs of brown and red grosgrain ribbon. The crown is covered with melon-sections of cream, brown and red grosgrain. Her gown is a printed chiffon, a vague leaf pattern in cream and brown, with some red, recalling the hat ribbons. It is interestingly cut, with an asymmetric décolleté, one end finished in a scarf which passes across the back and is twined round the left arm. Her ring is a huge cat's-eye, set in red enamel and platinum in a striking modern design.



MAX-LEROY

Drawn in color by Léon Bénigni

FURS FOR WOMEN OF REGAL BEAUTY

From the house of Max-Leroy comes an ermine cape, trimmed with white fox. Fillets are worked across in the body of the cape, and down in the pointed godets which are set into the back. The lining is white velvet.

The same house makes a slim coat in velvet, here in a red-brown shade, luxuriously trimmed with mink or sable. The hem-line dips in the back, in accordance with the long, trailing skirts of the present mode.

A Max-Leroy cape in pink and gold lamé, a sort of deep old rose with a brownish cast, is trimmed with a big sable collar which is finished in the back with two velvet ends lined with gold. The cape lining is velvet.

Drawn in color by Léon Bénigni — *HEIM*

WRAPS FOR GLAMOUROUS EVENINGS

Heim makes an evening wrap for summer in heavy georgette, cut with three circular flounces on one side, and a dolman effect on the other. The collar is fox in a deep brown shade to contrast with the beige cape.

Another striking Heim model is this draped cape in chiffon velvet, with a small ermine collar. In addition to the color pictured here, the cape is made in many shades of velvet, in white crêpe romain and metal lamé.

In the background is a lovely dolman wrap in white and gold lamé, one thread of each, woven without a design. It is piped and lined with beige satin, and the soft, luxurious collar is of mink. Also from Heim.

By Isabel Leighton:

WE LIVE ONLY ONCE

How a Proud little Girl Discovered that sweet Revenge May become Self-inflicted Punishment

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

ANNE was riding for a fall, but she was doing it in exquisite style—in a fourteen thousand dollar balloon-tired, fore and aft braked, wire-wheeled sports model roadster, booming down the Albany Post Road toward the city. If there was a smarter car in the world, she didn't know about it, but if she had, the Rolls would have been junked—or relegated to the stock of choice bribes by which her kid sister, Babs, was silenced—more often than Anne cared to admit. Babs had rather a gift for sisterly blackmail, and it looked to Anne as if to-day Babs had a pretty clear case against her.

It was just the rottenest luck, Anne decided as she sped along—rather too fast for anybody who has been built up in the last hour with several cocktails—just the rottenest luck that Babs should have dashed out of the wet into the one room among the twenty-seven of which the clubhouse was composed, where Hobey Winthrop was giving a still wetter party, and should have discovered Anne emptying her fourth Baccardi.

Anne wouldn't have cared a whoop ordinarily, but it was undeniably a humiliating business, having your kid sister catch you in the act of breaking your word. Only two days before, in a weak moment, and under parental pressure, true enough, she had promised—well, not exactly promised, but something very like it—to foreswear the grape, and stick to soft stuff. So when Babs romped into the room like the hoyden she was, with a mockingly devilish glint in her wide gray eyes, Anne, for probably the first time in her life, felt that peculiarly disagreeable sense of shame which follows getting caught in a lie. Just at this particular moment, as the thread of blue-gray road dived under the roadster's nose, Anne was feeling rather fed up with herself, a little disconsolate, a little reckless. How was she to redeem that innate sense of sportsmanship which had never before been outraged? Babs could be bought off, no doubt of that, but the still, small voice deep down inside that was already giving indication of being

"It was a humiliating business, having your sister catch you in the act of breaking

fully aroused—that wouldn't be so easy! All she could do at the moment, it seemed, was to push the shiny accelerator a little harder.

She swerved sharply to the right, and narrowly missed a truck that had the right of way. Somehow it made her feel better—like her leave-taking of Hobey. That had pepped her up considerably too, though only Heaven knows why; she had only known that she wanted to get out, and quickly, before she'd cry and make a holy show of herself. She had been abrupt, positively rude to Hobey, but she supposed he'd come back for more. They always do, she mused cynically.

CLANG! tolled a bell from a considerable distance behind her. She continued in the middle of the highway not one whit disturbed. Clang! this time more insistently and at closer range. Sounded like one of those highfalutin taxicabs with their new-fangled fancy horns, she reflected, and continued evenly on her way.

Again that penetrating peal, this time impatiently, angrily. She settled down in her seat and prepared for a battle; she'd give him a race, if that was what he wanted, one that he'd never forget, and as the bell rent the air with still greater persistence she shrugged her shoulders characteristically, and stepped on the gas.

Twenty, thirty, now forty miles an hour, and still her speedometer mounted. Ninety-sixth Street whizzed by only to give way to Eighty-sixth a moment later; and lamp posts seemed suddenly to multiply and pass in maddening numbers. Shops along the way became so many spots of color, and the traffic policeman at Seventy-second Street, who shouted after her with an amazing show of lung power, took on the appearance of an extraordinarily active fly.

She thought she'd just about tired her ambitious competitor of the boulevards, when that selfsame bell, resounding stridently, in aggravating proximity, gave complete evidence to the contrary, and the race was on in real earnest.

Forty-five, forty-seven—what a little gem, how it responded to the smallest pressure of Anne's competent foot. Fifty! The half century mark, and she could do better by a great deal if he forced her hand; but she supposed he'd have sense enough to realize the futility of going on with it, and would slacken into the nice comfortable pace that was prescribed for well behaved taxicabs.

But her conclusions, reliable though they were as a general rule, were woefully wrong in this instance. What went with the swanky bell was still in the running, and it was just beyond belief. She must have a look at this bold, brave fool, who, in his supreme ignorance, dared to test out the quality of her mettle. She turned swiftly—then blanched, as an incoherent jumble of letters seemed suddenly to spread out and spell St. Vincent's Hospital. Someone behind shouted something that she couldn't understand, but he was being very forceful and excited, that was certain! Somehow her heart seemed to jump to her throat, choking her and making her gasp for breath. She quivered, and her internal trembling transmitted itself to the hand that, until a moment ago, had grasped the wheel with reckless assurance.

What had come over her? What was this light-headed, numbing sensation that left her timid and faint? In an instant she knew, and the realization sickened her. She was afraid—how ghastly—she had lost her nerve! Already an escort of motor-cycle police, corralled along the way, had begun to form a vanguard, augmented by a traffic man who was hanging off the running board of a pleasure car that had joined in the pursuit. Her antics had at last borne fruit, and that they'd taste none too sweet she sensed without having to give further thought to the matter. Well, she thought quickly, the only thing to do was to face the music; but it would take some tall talking to convince these numerous purveyors of justice that the proper place for her not to be was the cooler. Well, she'd try anything once! She jammed on her brakes. The asphalt fairly oozed from under her. Slide—skid—crash . . . then blackness, grim and absolute.

"NOW you've done it, you darned little fool!"

Anne opened her eyes and tried to turn her head in the direction from which the sound emanated, only to sink back on a very flat hospital pillow with a moan which was as much of a surprise to her as it was to the surly voice that continued.

"Good!" it went on vindictively. "I hope you've given yourself a good, hard bump."

"Thanks," Anne replied weakly, but not without a trace of *(Continued on page 133)*

your word, since only two days before you had promised to foreswear the grape."

By the Duchess of Sermoneta:

The gallery in the Palazzo Orsini, now Palazzo Sermoneta.

HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRAGIC EMPRESS

The gay Riviera Took to its warm Heart the lovely Exile, Eugénie

Part Three:

TO the ex-Empress of the French, Eugénie, I owe the recollection of many happy days spent under her hospitable roof, either at Farnborough Hill or at Villa Cyrnos, Cap Martin. She was extremely clannish, and loved having her Spanish and Italian relations around her. She knew to her finger-tips how many relations she had and exactly how her family was connected with other families. In fact, she was very shocked when she discovered that I could not exactly define how I happened to be her great-great-niece, except that my Colonna grandmother was an Alvarez de Toledo, and had been a cousin of hers. Next day she presented me with a sheet of note-paper on which she had written out part of the family tree, all in her own neat handwriting, and she told me to learn it by heart. It is too sad to have to confess that I did not do so, and that now I have lost the paper!

I first saw the Empress at Farnborough Hill, when I was still a child, and visited her with my father and sister. We children were petrified with shyness. I remember the delightfully tactful way in which she received us, for, leaving our father to talk to Monsieur Pietri, she passed a hand through both our arms and led us down the gallery to a drawing-room where we were alone, and there, talking gaily, she soon put us at our ease.

We were muffled up in veils, an absurd fashion which existed in those days for little girls. The Empress said: "Now, how are you going to put up your veils for luncheon?"

My sister hurriedly pushed hers up just anyhow, exposing her mouth and the tip of her nose, and the Empress exclaimed: *"Mais non! C'est très laid comme ça, tu caches tes yeux et tes cheveux!"* and she arranged our veils for us herself.

Already then she was quite an old woman, with white hair neatly coiled at the top of her head, regular little features and ears laid back extremely flat. The only trace of vanity remaining from old days was the touch of black at the corner of her eyes and the carefully penciled eyebrows. She invariably wore a black coat and skirt during the daytime, and no jewelry except several plain gold rings all exactly alike, which she wore on the same finger and used often to play with, passing them from one hand to another when she spoke.

With my father she was very intimate. When he had been a very young man he had formed an unfortunate attachment in Rome, and my Spanish grandmother asked her cousin, the Empress, to help her in the matter. It was in the brief, brilliant years of the Second Empire, and young Marcantonio Colonna was sent to Paris where he spent several months at Court under the Empress's care; alternating between the splendors of the Tuileries and the delights of Compiègne where, needless to say, he soon recovered from his ill-chosen love affair.

It was only after my marriage that an annual visit to Farnborough Hill became our custom.

The Empress's hospitality was on a noble scale, for she loved her grand-nephews and grand-nieces to make very long stays, and some of them would bring a friend along as well, who would be welcomed just as charmingly as the relations themselves.

The Empress never kissed her nieces on the cheek, as she said it was not nice for them to be embraced by an old woman, and she greeted us always with a touching little kiss on the shoulder. I have never known any other person of her age who understood and sympathized with youth and the tastes of youth as thoroughly as she did. She led her own quiet life and did not see much of her guests except at luncheon, tea and dinner, when the food was excellent and extraordinarily copious, for the Empress had a good appetite and enjoyed certain dishes, notably a "peach-fed" Spanish ham sent her from the estates of her nephew, the Duke of Alba, which certainly was a dream.

During meals she was interested to know how every one had spent his time. The young people had horses at their disposal, both for riding and driving, plenty of bicycles, lawn-tennis courts and, later, a hockey ground was made for them in the bit of land the Empress bought on the other side of the high road. This charming little property, consisting of a wood with pine trees, a lake and stretches of sandy soil with a profusion of heather, the Empress, with the calm philosophy so characteristic of her, had named Compiègne, as she said it reminded her of the Forest in which she hunted during the days of the Empire.

Among the habitués of Farnborough Hill were the Duke of Alba and his brother, the Duke of Peneranda, both then unmarried; their sister, the delightful Dona Sol, now Duquesa di Santona, who after her marriage used also to come for long stays with her husband and babies; Solange de Lesseps, who charmed the Empress with her pleasant company and afterwards married a nephew of hers, the Conde de Mora; Solange's brother, the handsome Jacques de Lesseps, who lately died in an aeroplane crash in wildest Canada; Prince and Princess Clement Metternich—she was a Spaniard, daughter of the Duque de San Carlos and very beautiful; Comte Clary, who was amusing and artistic, and who died a tragic death a few years ago; my compatriot, Conte Guiseppe Priniolo, whose mother had been a Bonaparte and who belonged to another generation; my uncle, Prospero Colonna, whose gaiety always made him the life of every party. I must not forget dear (*Continued on page 142*)

BROWN BROS.

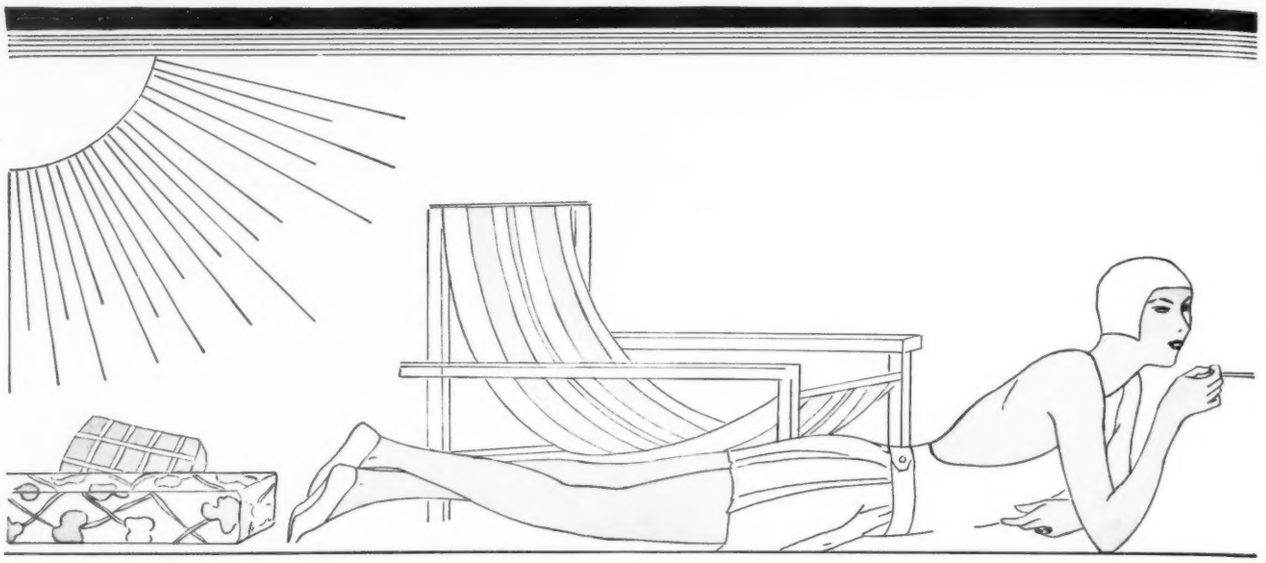
Eugénie, ex-Empress of the French, at whose residences in England and on the Riviera the Duchess of Sermoneta spent many happy days.

EVE GARDETT

The stately beauty of the Duchess of Sermoneta has graced European society for a quarter of a century.

VANDYK

Mrs. William Locke, the English great-grandmother of the Duchess, and mother of Lady Walsingham.



SHALL WE GILD THE LILY?

There is a Technique to a good Tan—whether By fair Means or Faked!

BY REBECCA STICKNEY

ENFIN! There is no doubt about it. If you haven't a tanned look about you, you aren't part of the rage of the moment. This "precious little thing" called Sun Tan has been creeping up on us unawares, particularly as far as we hibernating Northerners are concerned, who stubbornly have been heard muttering to ourselves all along, "Oh, there's nothing in it, really!"

As if there weren't a million little straws to show us the way the wind was blowing!

Each Spring, smart habitués of Palm Beach, Nassau or other points South have returned browner and handsomer, never failing to arouse secret acute pangs of envy and make us all feel positively anemic by contrast. Each year, the Southern season has started earlier and lasted longer, and the interim in town before going to Southampton or Newport for still more sun has become briefer and briefer. This year the two have practically overlapped.

So, suddenly, we scoffers have awakened to the fact that the smartest women here and abroad are brown almost the entire year around, and accordingly we are no longer satisfied with our own pale mien. Nor do we have to be for a moment more than it takes us to go into our favorite beauty salon or visit a shop which carries our pet brand of cosmetics, for such marvelous new artificial tans are to be found there in bottles and jars. It would seem that this is a synthetic age! All the leading beauty specialists have added three to ten bronze preparations to their line, have definitely sponsored and encouraged this movement, and report that from coast to coast the Sun Tan vogue is spreading like wild fire. These new cosmetics have been perfected either to enhance a natural tan or produce a marvelous imitation one.

Sports clothes and bathing-suits are designed with deep décolletés, with an eye to aiding Old Sol, and one's stockings exactly match one's coffee-colored skin. Gloves, jewelry, hats, shoes, bags are all created and displayed with a definite relation to the bronzed hue of the prospective wearer.

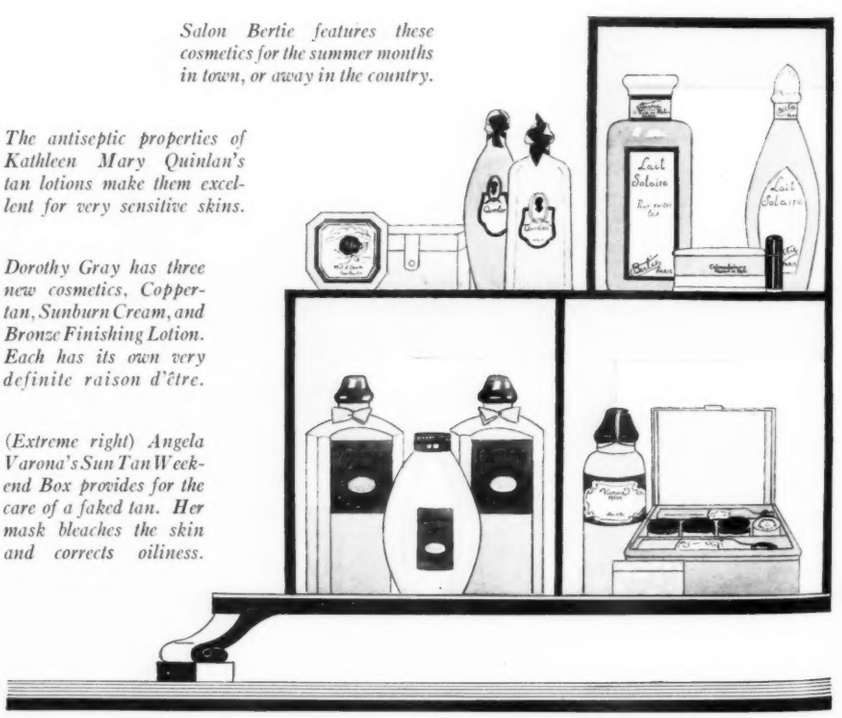
There is a lot of art behind a good brown, whether it is faked or real. The secret of a nice natural tan is keeping your skin thoroughly oiled, and never allowing it to dry out when

Salon Bertie features these cosmetics for the summer months in town, or away in the country.

The antiseptic properties of Kathleen Mary Quinlan's tan lotions make them excellent for very sensitive skins.

Dorothy Gray has three new cosmetics, Coppertan, Sunburn Cream, and Bronze Finishing Lotion. Each has its own very definite raison d'être.

(Extreme right) Angela Varona's Sun Tan Weekend Box provides for the care of a faked tan. Her mask bleaches the skin and corrects oiliness.



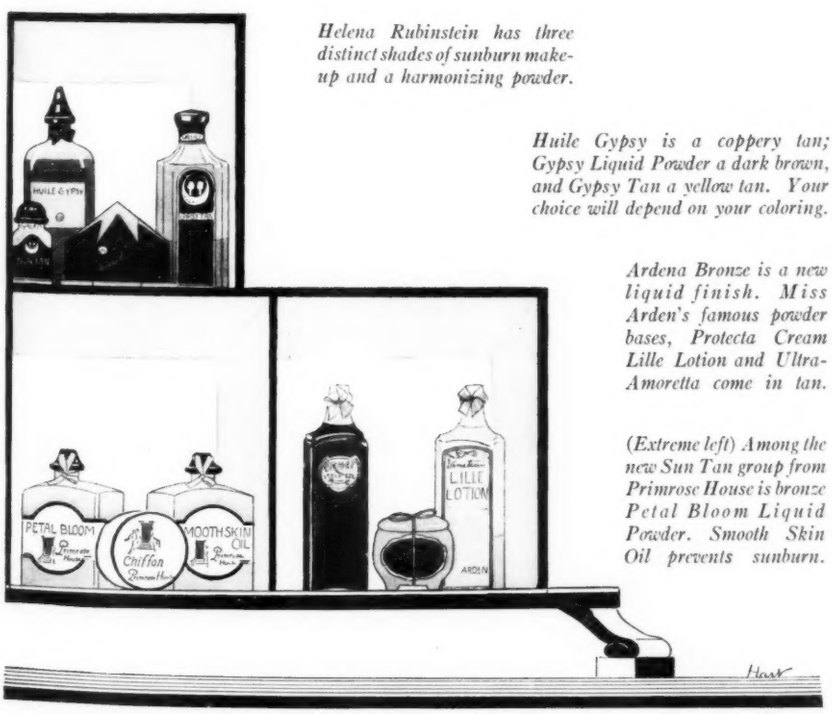
This Country Club Beauty Box from Marie Earle will be welcomed by the active sportswoman. It contains preparations for cleaning and refreshing the skin, and a clever pink rubber apron and headband.

spending long hours toasting in the sun. Way back three years ago, Madame Rubinstein came home from Europe with an oil she had manufactured for clients of hers who sunned themselves for hours on the sands of the Riviera or the Lido. It permitted the skin to bronze gradually without burning an angry red, and was sold in Paris, but not in this country. Patou, the famous couturier, was also among the first to sense a definite fashionable demand for darkened skins among his clientele and accordingly brought out Huile de Patou.

However, some women with very sensitive skins cannot stand long exposure to the sun, no matter how assiduously they apply oil. The net result is over-weathering, which adds unwanted years. These women have to choose between trying to preserve their lily-white skins, which means staying out of the sun and wearing a large hat, scarf and gloves and always using a heavy powder base to ward off stray sunbeams, or acquiring a more healthy outdoor appearance by delving into the mysteries of the new sunburn make-up and becoming skilful manipulators of this art.

After talking with most of the leading beauty specialists here in New York and looking over their preparations carefully, it would seem that they all agree on a few very definite underlying principles which make for a successful Sun Tan make-up. First, the skin must be thoroughly cleansed, toned and nourished night and morning to a condition of perfect smoothness, for the simplicity of brown make-up reveals every imperfection of the skin. (Don't forget that any skin in summer needs plenty of nourishing creams to counteract the inevitable drying up of its natural oil by the wind and sun. The best beauty salons have special cosmetics to care for the skin during these trying months.)

As for the definite technique of this Sun Tan make-up, practically all the preparations on the market should be applied quickly and evenly. Purse up the lips so that no white line remains at the corners or around the mouth; be especially careful around the hair-line of the face and neck and watch out for the hollows in the neck and the lines on each side of the nose and mouth lest they look too dark or cakey. Also, don't forget the ears. Imagine the contrast of two dainty coral shells attached to a frankly swarthy countenance. No, the ears must be tanned as well. The general effect is usually smarter if very little rouge is used on the cheeks, but if it is, it should be vivid. The lips and eyes need a lot of attention—the most brilliant color for the lips, and for the eyes, mascara, and blue or green eye shadow. Put the eye shadow on carefully, just above the lashes of the upper lid and blend lightly up toward the eyebrow. Just try neglecting the eyes—you will look positively jaundiced, and Heaven knows that isn't the desired effect!



Helena Rubinstein has three distinct shades of sunburn make-up and a harmonizing powder.

Huile Gypsy is a coppery tan; Gypsy Liquid Powder a dark brown, and Gypsy Tan a yellow tan. Your choice will depend on your coloring.

Ardena Bronze is a new liquid finish. Miss Arden's famous powder bases, Protecta Cream Lille Lotion and Ultra-Amoretta come in tan.

(Extreme left) Among the new Sun Tan group from Primrose House is bronze Petal Bloom Liquid Powder. Smooth Skin Oil prevents sunburn.

CHEZ ELIZABETH ARDEN

ELIZABETH ARDEN has taken her already famous powder bases, Lille Lotion, Protecta Cream and Ultra-Amoretta and brought them out in a new tan shade. By so doing, she has removed whatever fear a woman might have of hurting her skin by using a different type of make-up. Exactly the same old favorites may be retained, for it is only the color which has been changed. Lille Lotion is a light liquid finish for the normal skin; Ultra-Amoretta, a cream and therefore particularly suitable for dry skins. Protecta Cream is a heavier powder base, excellent for sports and dancing, and as the name indicates, protects the skin from freckles or a natural sunburn or tan. It is splendid for motoring.

The ideal way is to go into the salon for your first make-up, for the whole thing depends on the color you start with. If this is not possible, decide (*Continued on page 152*)

"'If I don't get a bit of fling soon, I'll burst—' said Jeanne."

By Richard Le Gallienne:

THE GIRL WHO WAS THE MOON

And the Man who Reached out and Caught her on a Silver Thread

Illustrations by Austin Eugene Briggs

WE ALL like Pierre Amyot for three reasons, and we envy him for at least two of them. No one could help liking him for himself—that goes without saying—and a man would have to be very happily married, indeed, not to envy him his wife, and very fortunately housed not to envy him his studio as well.

As for his studio, it concentrates pretty well all the advantages of living in Paris, that is, for those who realize that the true Paris is almost entirely to be found on the Left Bank. It is situated in the Luxembourg Quarter, near enough to that incomparable old haunted garden, at once so stately and so natural in its formal avenues and its dewy boskage, to be penetrated with the breath of its verdure.

Close by, also, for those to whom one of the meanings of Paris is good food, are two long-pedigreed restaurants, to which gourmets from all parts of the world come on pilgrimage as to Mecca. The dome of the Sorbonne is in easy reach of the eye for those who think of Paris as the ancient alma mater of learning, and antiquarian book-shops and the friendly arcades of the Odeon Theatre are near at hand for the bookish wanderer; while for those for whom Paris is still, as it has been for centuries, the *Fons et Origo* of all the latest heresies of the mind, and the newest fantastic cults of literature and painting, there are cafés thronged with perfervid students declaiming the last gospels of art, companioned by the latest blossoms on the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, in the form of very wise and sometimes very pretty young women.

And, being at the very top of a tall old building, Pierre's studio commands a sweeping view of the whole of Paris. From some one of its many windows you can supply all its time-stained, tear-stained and blood-stained Past, from Notre Dame to the Louvre and the Conciergerie on to Les Invalides and Napoleon's tomb; and some winding stairs in one corner of the vast shadowy room, filled with books and pictures and bits of sculpture, leads up to a little roof-garden from which you can descry the green far-away country as well. But most curious to contemplate is the network of narrow old streets twisting everyway, and burrowing underneath a vast wilderness of russet tiled roofs, wavy with age and weather, queer chimney-pots and windows stuck everywhere and anyhow, with here and there the tree-tops of some hidden garden, or the domed belfry of some ancient convent: a tumbled haphazard maze of stone and brick and tile, all closely grown, rather than built, together, it might seem, like some continuous coral reef. Looking down on it, one has a feeling that one could walk and climb half over Paris without descending once into the street; and so oddly mortised together are the buildings of all sizes and shapes and so interlocked the streets, that one might wager on doing it with little fear of being the loser.

NATURALLY, one envied Pierre Amyot his studio. It had all the romance of the traditional garret, with none of its drawbacks. It was at once picturesque and comfortable, and combined the attractions of various ideal abodes; the isolation of a lighthouse with a suggestion of monastic peace; there was something, too, of an old-fashioned sailing ship about it, with its great old oaken beams like bulkheads, its aerial freshness and the murmur of the tides of human life below, and it was so near the stars that an astrologer could have asked for no more secluded observatory. Generally it was a place where one would expect dreams to come drifting in of their own accord. To live in it, one could hardly have escaped being a poet, and it was only necessary to throw out the nets of one's receptive reverie to draw out of space some fluttering wildness, some shiny, mysterious thing.

No wonder, then, that Pierre Amyot was a poet. And to live in such a place, with such a wife! Yes, indeed, such a wife! How had Pierre come by her? Where had he found her? His friends had often asked that, looking with envy at the mysterious girlish woman, lithe and long as a mermaid, with her oval green-gold eyes, her leaf-like helmet of bronze hair, her slim nut-shaped face, with its firm pointed chin, and large, mobile, amused and rather mocking mouth. She was said to be American, and there was a boyish freedom about her figure, and a certain challenging independence of manner suggesting ranches, wide plains, and high-spirited western ponies, that bore out the suggestion, but, at the same time, she not only talked French as if it were her own language, but she had that world-wise, self-contained, rather cold, rather skeptical, very expert look which particularly characterizes the French wife.

THE very embodiment of common sense, almost harshly unsentimental, there were times when a look would come stealing over her face which suggested suppressed romance and hidden wings. Her love for her husband was notorious. She was said to take as much care of the big, good-natured, careless fellow, as if he were a baby, and it was known that she looked after all his affairs like a business manager. But her affection seldom stepped out in public. An amused irony was her usual attitude toward him, as indeed it appeared to be toward life generally. Yet, when a friend had need of her, Jeanne was found to be the kindest and simplest of human beings. All agreed that she was an enigma, a very charming one, and not the least attractive thing about her was that

she seemed never to give a thought to herself, to be entirely without vanity. It is not surprising that men envied Pierre his wife, and wondered where he had found her.

One evening a friend put the question to him pointblank. The spring moonlight was flooding the strange old city and the perfume of lilacs floated up from the Luxembourg Gardens as a group of us sat over our coffee and cigarettes in the little roof-garden.

Pierre laughed his big chuckling laugh for reply.

"Shall I tell them, Jeanne," he said, turning to his wife, "where I first saw you?"

Jeanne shrugged.

"As you please," she said, "but I cannot imagine them wanting to hear such a foolish story. They will only think us both crazy."

"We know that anyway, Jeanne," said someone, "and one more proof will do no harm."

JEANNE shrugged again, but our collective curiosity was too strong for her, and her husband, taking courage from it, rose with massive grace from his chair, and, motioning with his pipe, led us to a corner of the roof where the moonlight fell sharply, as on a dial, on one angle of a cluster of old brick chimneys, crowning a ridge of roofs immediately beneath the wall of his little garden. Triangular shadows, cut sharply as with a knife, made diagrams of ink and silver all about us, at once mathematical and apparitional. The roofs were merely a fantastic pattern of black and white, a pattern very hard and precise, as in a world without atmosphere, and yet with a sort of frozen dreaminess about it.

"Do you see the moonlight there on that chimney?" said Pierre, pointing with his beautiful, strong hand. "Just exactly where it falls. Well, it was a night like this, only later in the year, August, and the moonlight was warmer, more gold than silver. It was near midnight, and I had been sitting dreaming, down-stairs, over a book, and I thought I would take a look at the night before turning in. Then, as I came out here, the moonlight caught my eye, falling on that chimney exactly as it is falling now, but there was something strange about it that I confess startled me."

"In spite of your well-known reputation for courage," interrupted a voice. It was Jeanne's!

"It was moonlight," continued Pierre, laughing good-naturedly at his wife's interruption, "that seemed to have eyes, and, as I looked closer, seemed to have arms—and the eyes seemed to be frightened—Jeanne!—and the arms to be clinging rather desperately to the chimney . . . and the eyes looked at me a long time, and I looked at the eyes . . . and, well, as we drank absinthe in those days, I thought, that perhaps something had gone wrong with my nervous system, and that I had better . . ."

"Take another," once more interrupted the mocking voice that was Jeanne's.

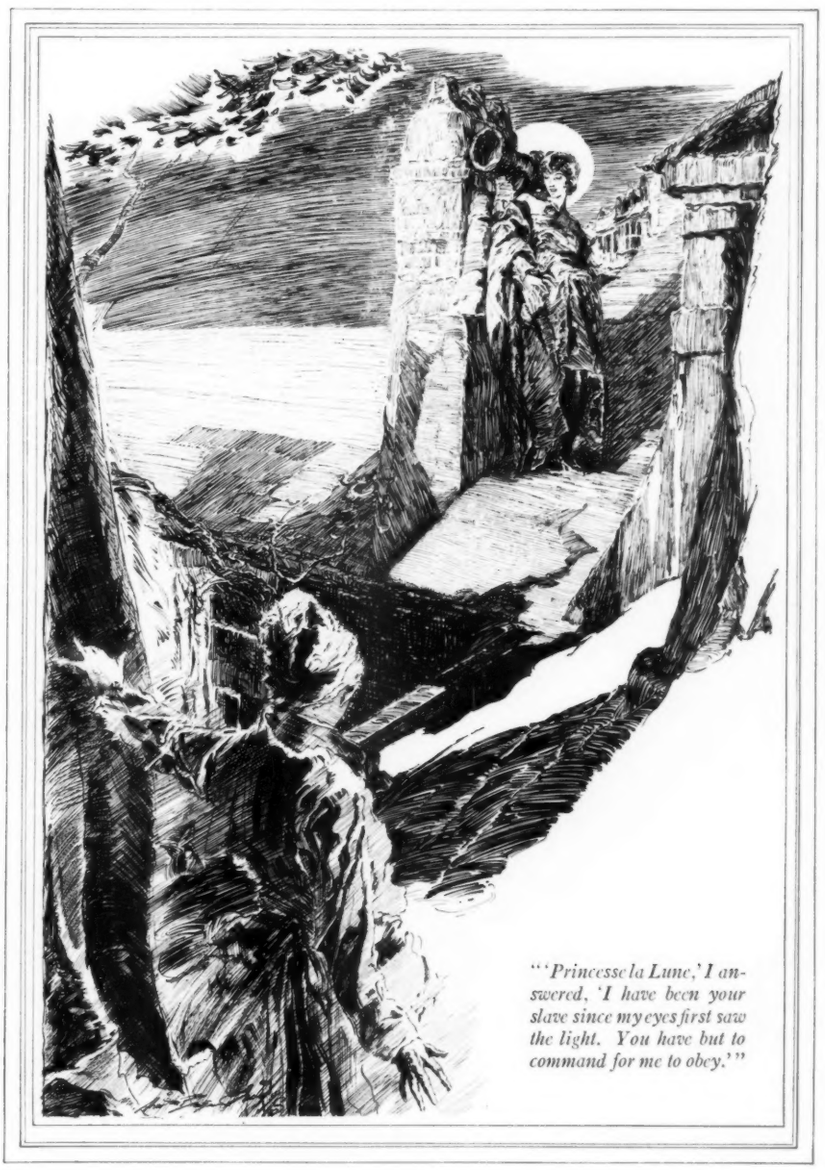
"BUT as I continued looking," went on Pierre, entirely unperturbed, "two pearls fell from the eyes I was looking at, and I said to myself, but evidently loud enough to be heard, for the night was very still, 'I must be the only man in the world who has ever seen the moon shed tears.' And, as I said that, the moon with its big tear-filled eyes and its arms around the chimney, found a voice too, and the voice —Jeanne!—was exactly as I had always dreamed the voice of the moon would be. It said—and as it spoke, there was something very like laughter in it, and I thought, 'Did any other man but myself ever hear the moon laugh?'—well, it said, 'Is the age of chivalry dead? Is it possible that a Frenchman can see a woman hanging like grim death to a chimney-stack, without immediately risking his life to bring her first aid?'

"'Princesse la Lune,' I answered, 'I have been your slave since my eyes first saw the light. You have but to command for me to obey.' Then the moonshine—for as yet I could not believe my eyes or my ears—answered, as she still clung to the chimney-stack, 'Will you help me with this?' And the moonbeam that was her arm slung up to me a little satchel, which I took and placed just where I am standing now; and then spoke again, 'I am a maiden in distress, and I rely upon your honor as a French gentleman . . .' With that, her arms abandoned the chimney-stack, and I suddenly found myself wound round and blinded with moonlight. In other words, Jeanne was in my arms, just where I am standing now, and as she looked up at me, her eyes were filled with laughter, and she drew closer to me with a little shiver . . ."

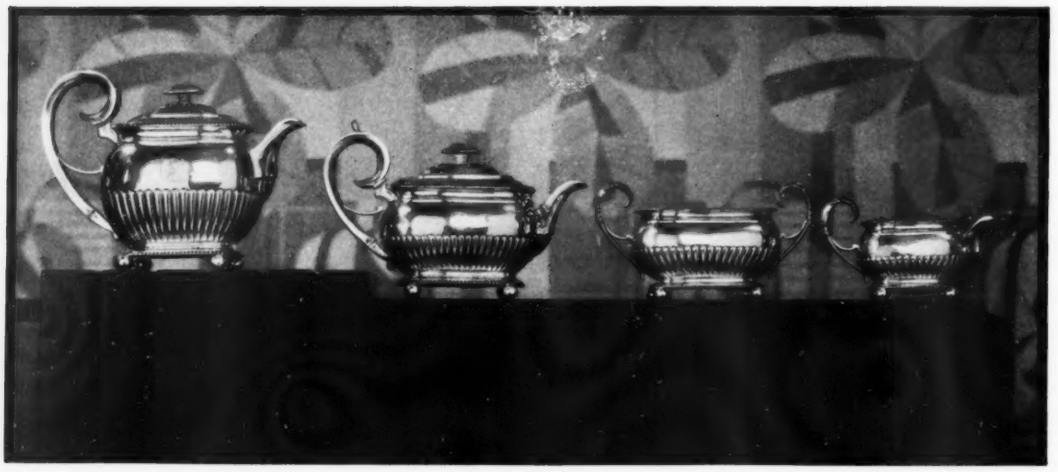
"Absolutely untrue," interrupted the voice of Jeanne once more.

"With a little shiver," Pierre repeated, "and she said, and I am sure no one ever heard the moon say just that before, 'You don't happen to have a cup of coffee in your outfit, do you?' And she shivered again, and laughed as well, and with that I took up her satchel and her too, and carried them both down to the fireplace, where I happened to have a fire of logs going for company, and I laid her down, with a rug over her, while I made the coffee, and I slipped into it a little tasse of old cognac—for, as I said to her, it must be very cold up there in the sky, and she must be very tired after her journey. It did not take her long to recover. The color came back to her cheeks, and by kissing her hands I realized that her blood was all warm and rosy again. Then suddenly she sat up, and said: 'You are very kind. I like you. I am glad I ran away. I believe we shall be good friends. Now tell me, is it too late to take me to the Moulin Rouge?'"

At this unexpected, not to say unconventional climax, we all applauded. Pierre was well known among us (*Continued on page 157*)



"'Princesse la Lune,' I answered, 'I have been your slave since my eyes first saw the light. You have but to command for me to obey.'"



JUNE . . WEDDINGS . . AND SILVER . . NOW AND FOREVER

Photographed by Ralph Steiner in the Harper's Bazar Galleries

Silverware is like art, all things to all men. At the top of the page is an example of antique silver from Caldwell of Philadelphia. It is an authentic George III. tea and coffee set, hall-marked London 1808. Georgian silver is for modern silversmithing the great accepted classic model.

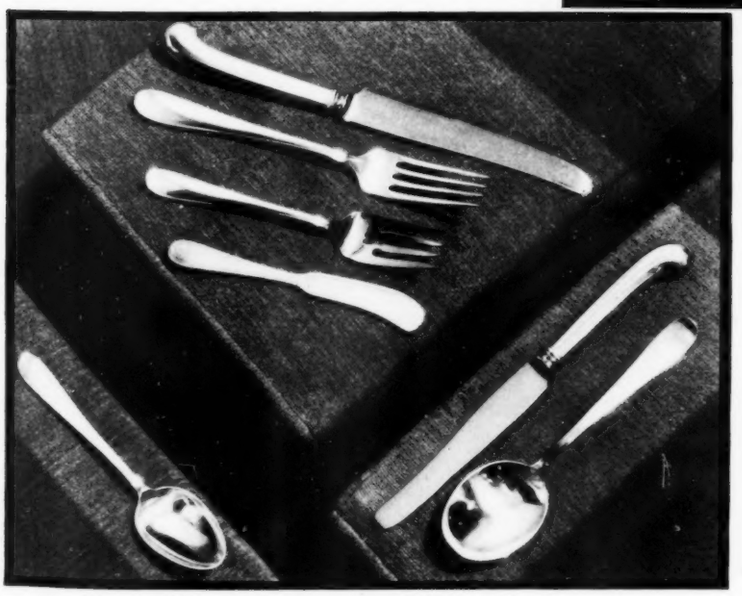
On the other hand, the silver designer of to-day is very conscious of the modern movement. Above appears the newest pattern of Rogers, Lunt & Bowlen, suave and gracious in outline, and practical in use. It is produced in a number of dishes adapted for most of the serving purposes.

Vigorous and daring is the design based upon a series of inverted conic sections and named the Ritz pattern by Towle. The high-lights and shadows created by the play of illumination add a dramatic sense of ornament to the table. This also comes in a variety of sizes and shapes.

In their new Rhythm pattern, just appearing in the shops, Wallace has created a silver ensemble. Coffee sets and sandwich trays appear in a design matching the pattern of knives, forks, and spoons.

Two very modern designs are shown from Reed and Barton. The tea and coffee set may be contrasted with the Georgian original shown opposite. The compote dish, candlesticks, and various serving trays and dishes are in a radically modern design deriving its inspiration from the structural steel of the skyscraper.

For other silverware, turn to page 118.



Modernism in table silver frequently takes the unexpected form of reverting to type, to the days when table silver started, when knives had pistol handles. The collection at the left, one of the newest, is based on profiles popular with our great-great-grandparents. It is named after the charming wife of President Madison. From Gorham.

White organdie makes this robe de style from Milgrim, with its very bouffant skirt in petal shaped panels of uneven length. A spray of cherries crosses the shoulder, and small bunches of the same fruit are used at intervals on the skirt.

Maggy Rouff originates an interesting frock of black organdie and puts a quaint black-edged fichu of beige lace about the shoulders. The very full skirt dips in two quite definite points toward the back. Imported by B. Altman.

Three shades of green organdie in dégradé effect are used by Joseph in this summery frock. Interest centers at the back, with the V neck outlined in organdie flowers and two long moire ribbon streamers depending from the center.

COTTON'S CRISP CHIC

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

THE story of cotton's growth in popularity may be told in one long crescendo of delight of which the end is not yet. Every year this home product of ours grows in beauty of quality and practicality and commands more and more admiration and, one may well say—affection. For it is easy to find romantic associations with the words "calico," "organdie," "bandanna," "gingham" and "dotted swiss" in one's recollection. These names call up to our minds pictures of young heroines of stories and poems, of plantations, sunbonnets and summer curtains swaying in country breezes.

But cotton is not only romantic—it is practical in the extreme, and inexpensive also. This year cottons seem to be more charming than ever and more important.

A pink sudanette sleeveless dress, with a square neck and box-plaited skirt, has a little matching béret. From Best. Piqué is used for the sleeveless dress and jacket at the right. The handkerchief is black and white plaid. From B. Altman.

Schiaparelli makes a charming tennis frock in a heavy white cotton material with wide black lacings in the blouse and skirt. The jumper and trousers are made in one piece, and the straight wrap-around skirt is separate. Bonwit Teller.

A very simple white piqué frock, suitable for tennis, comes from Abercrombie and Fitch. The bodice is tight fitting and plaited godets in the skirt afford ample fulness for activity. The smart narrow belt is of bright red patent leather.

There are the sheer voiles, light yet strong, suitable for afternoon frocks and young girls' dresses; there are delightful organdies in charming shades; there are piqués, superb in quality and weave, with white ribs of creamy softness.

Piqué velveteen is to be found in several interesting shades; velveteen is sponsored by Paris and by America; percales, calicos are printed in amusing old-time patterns and adapt themselves to the short jackets, both quilted and unquilted, which are so useful and quaint.

At Bergdorf Goodman's I saw short and three-quarter length coats of cotton, with the hand-blocked patterns outlined by hand-run quilting, which were as gay and smart as any Frenchwoman's quilted petticoat of the eighteenth century.

Embroidered cottons are webbed over their surfaces in lacy designs of gleaming threads, or heavily worked in eyelet patterns.

Artists are paying particular attention to cotton designs, some of the hand-blocked ones being particularly lovely. Even the plain broadcloths are growing in beauty and were much seen at Palm Beach, in cardigan ensembles. Now the designers have added a béret of matching fabric to the top of one's head, and beach sandals of heavy striped or plaid canvas, with or without heels, so that one *(Concluded on page 158)*

OLD IVORY TAFFETA BLENDS WITH DEEP CREAM ALENÇON

Deep tones of écru give this lovely bridal frock the feeling of an heirloom. A circular skirt of faille taffeta is accompanied by a bodice and peplum of Alençon lace. ***Hattie Carnegie.***

Hair of shoulder length is made into a coiffure of charming simplicity by use of a very loose circuline permanent wave. Nestlé.

Short hair parted on the side and softly waved back from the brow is chic for the woman with iron-gray hair. Angela Varona.

For hair in the process of growing, Pierre makes a very neat roll at the nape of the neck, leaving short hair at the sides.

Another picturesque coiffure for the growing hair has a small knot coiled low at the back of the neck. Created by Charles Bock.

Like a coronet is this coiffure created by Miss Emma with tiny ringlets across the top of the head.

A very loose wave close to the head is often becoming to the woman with short white hair. Arnold.

Drawn by Florence Blecker

A CHIC COIFFURE FOR EVERY TYPE OF HEAD

At the top center, Charles of the Ritz achieves a flattering effect with an indefinite wave and ends which are curled about the face.

Constantine creates a very modern bob, off the face and brushed down flat, relieved by a series of soft curls framing the face.

For the growing-out bob, Emile makes large waves on the head and holds the tightly curled ends in a loose, becoming chignon.

To furnish a more formal type of head-dress, lower center, Paul makes a transformation with a roll across the back of the neck.

Manuel solves the problem of the woman with white hair, who may achieve softness with loose waves and an undulating contour.

Senegas evolves a youthful coiffure for shoulder length hair, tucked behind the ears with curled ends gathered in a knot.

Drawn by Florence Blecker

HAIR OF ANY LENGTH MAY BE SMARTLY COIFFED

At the top center is a coiffure for the very young person, with tiny ringlets brushed out and made into a fluff. Louis Parme.

A few curls at the side of the head and a fringe across the brow lend a softening effect to hair combed off the ears. R. Louis.

For the short bob, J. Schaeffer creates a loose soft wave which is combed away from the forehead and lies very close to the head.

The original coiffure, at the lower center, has a long strand brushed over from one side and caught with a comb. Paul Lussi.

For the jeune fille with shoulder-length hair George Kremer creates a charming coiffure with a softly waved fringe and low knot.

A classic effect is achieved by curling up the ends of a long bob, making a close fitting roll at the back of the neck. Cluzelle.

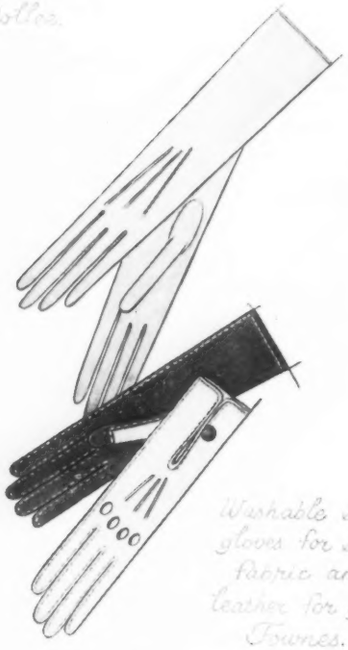
Drawn by Florence Blecker

MODERN HEADS ADOPT A SCULPTURED LINE

Red baku hat from Rollos.

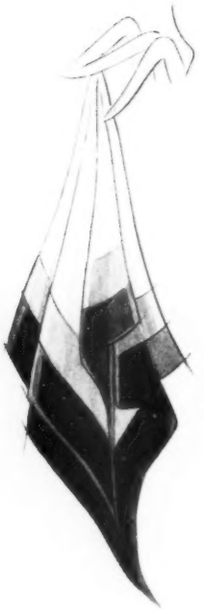
Zipper vanity bag, antique embroidery. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Marie Christiane hat of black baku; Paris-Même coat Franklin Simon.



Washable suède gloves for street; fabric and leather for golf. Fownes.

Black and white plaid straw hat from Marie Christiane; dull crystal jewelry Saks-Fifth Avenue.



Hand-made chiffon handkerchief, white, red and black Wanamaker.

Chiffon monogrammed handkerchief. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

From the New York Shops

White flannel tennis trousers; white silk shirt. Lord and Taylor.

Reboux pirate leghorn hat. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Coarse Italian straw garden hat, blue corn-flowers. Kurzman.

Agnès hat, brown tulle, ostrich feather fantasy. Wanamaker.

Batiste crêpe. Elizabeth ruffle, hand-tucked, hemstitched. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Cotton pelle toile, openwork collar, short sleeves. Franklin Simon.

Carman E. Tilley

A feather-weight wool sweater, imported by Bonwit Teller, of such gossamer texture that it will tuck in a handbag. This one of white has zigzag stripes in pale tones of the same three colors which edge the white silk skirt and scarf; yellow, red, black.

Eldridge Manning imports a Patou ensemble of tweed woven jersey from Rodier in a black and white herring-bone stripe. The black and white coat and the white jumper show their kinship by bands of the one on the other. A red inset encircles the neck.

An excellent example of the smart coat-dress for summer is this one from Franklin Simon, developed in a heavy quality of banana-colored shantung. The scarf collar, surplice closing, brown leather belt, and smoked pearl buttons are all good details.

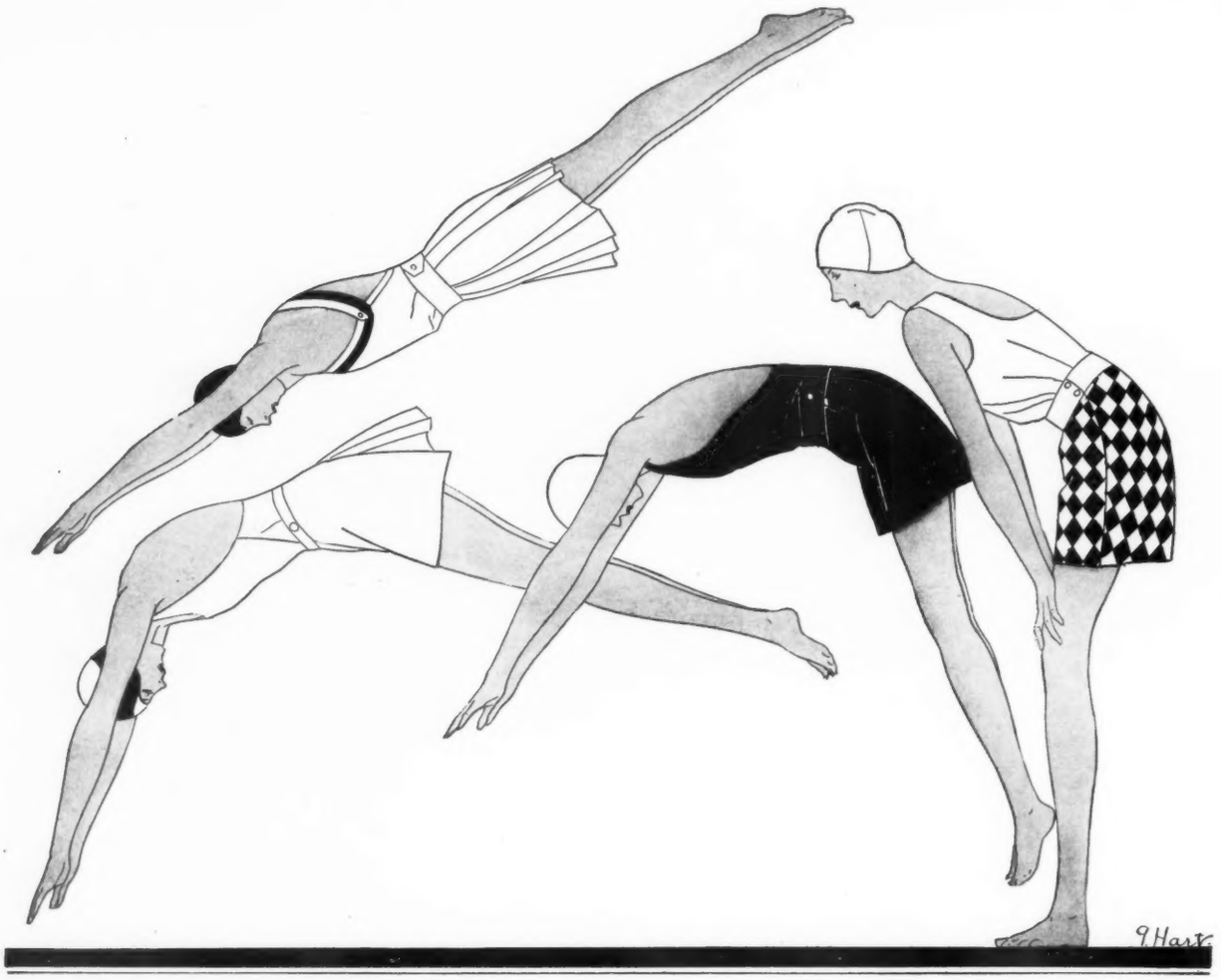
COATS OF THREE LENGTHS

Fine hand work lends distinction to this midsummer ensemble for daytime wear, imported by Kurzman. The sleeveless frock of white crêpe is ornamented with hemstitched tucks and is complemented by a short, loose jacket of peach-colored crêpe.

In this useful type of quilted jacket Bergdorf Goodman employs Rodier's lovely tuslikasha in a faded French blue with white dots, banded in a deeper shade of blue. The frock is a sleeveless one of white cotton poplin, with skirt of tucked godets.

Admirable for steamer or seashore wear is a Vionnet coat from H. Jaeckel and Sons. Fashioned of extremely light-weight imported wool in a putty color, the typical diagonal seams of Vionnet give slenderizing lines. Collar and cuffs of Russian lynx.

SUN-TANNED BACKS FLASH ON SUMMER BATHERS



To the left is a three-piece bathing ensemble from Lord and Taylor of light-weight jersey in white, trimmed with bandings of gray and black. The shorts are plaited and fastened with an overlapped Patou closing. The same suit appears in action on the upper diving figure, showing the crossed bands in the back. Beach cap in contrasting shades from Agnès.

The single figure at the right wears a Jane Régny suit of orange jersey banded with brown, from Saks-Fifth Avenue. The coat closes in a diagonal line, held by a buttoned belt at the natural waist-line. A single pocket at the right is outlined with brown. The lower diving figure at the left shows the same suit cut very low in the back without a coat.

An excellent example of the low-back suit for actual swimming or sun-baths is one of tan woolen jersey from Saks-Fifth Avenue, shown on the dark clad diving figure above. The low-back type of swimming suit will undoubtedly be the choice of the real bathing enthusiast this summer, inducing the sun-burned back of perfect line and symmetry.

An unusually striking ensemble for the bona-fide swimmer is this one of blue and white linen from Franklin Simon. The jumper and coat are of a pale blue, and a blue and white check linen in bold design is used for trimming on the coat and for the shorts which button at the side. The same outfit appears at the left on the opposite page.

BEACH WEAR IS STRIKING IN COLOR AND DESIGN

From Best and Co. is this bathing ensemble at the left, a copy of Lelong. Of white jersey, the jumper and coat are both ornamented with skyscraper design in yellow and orange. The long coat is made double for warmth and has an attached scarf collar. The knitted turban is from Agnès.

The figure at the right wears a Schiaparelli suit from Saks-Fifth Avenue. The black alpaca water frock is banded with beige. The coat of black crêpe has a fan plaiting set in the side. The jumper has an inside brassière. Coat and suit shown above in reversed colors.

Above, the figure with anchors and nautical devices is a Drecoll-Beer jersey ensemble from Bonwit Teller. The coat is of navy blue with brass buttons and a light blue linen sailor collar. The navy blue shorts lace up the front and button onto a jumper of white, with red-banded V neck.

Mary Nowitzky designs for Kurzman this characteristic and charming beach ensemble which she calls "Beaja". Cerise tricot makes the bathing-suit, beige piqué the trousers, the whole topped by a coat of beige and cerise plaid taffeta. The wide piqué hat has a wide sou'wester back.

The upper figure at the right is a Mary Nowitzky design from B. Altman. The knee-length coat is of mixed tweed, the jumper of red flat crêpe. The black wool reps shorts button gob fashion with a square flap. The smart black satin bathing bag is rubber lined. Fisherman hat of jersey.

THE SMART WEEK-END WARDROBE

BY FRANCES ALEXANDER WELLMAN

SUCCESSFUL clothes are achieved rather like a battle. The plan of attack is usually the most important thing. You know the kind of woman who, for a week-end, brings only a large bag, a smaller hat-box and her fitted bag, and yet always seems to have the right thing to wear, while another woman with twice as much luggage never looks smart.

Let us begin at the beginning. What about your luggage? If it does not all match, it must at least harmonize. Every chic woman must establish a color scheme for her traveling things. These should also include all smaller accessories. A large bag for clothes is essential because then dresses and coats do not have to be folded into a small space. With the present little felt hats, a hat-box is sometimes not necessary in winter, but for straw hats, a small hat-box is, at the moment, almost essential for a week-end visit.

And now for the bottle problem. Many women of to-day have what is called a bottle bag; otherwise a well equipped, fitted bag can have four or six bottles, and that should be enough.

To-day, there are such enchanting, practical things for traveling. For instance, cushions of black or brown silk or leather that contain a tiny silk pillow and coverlet—the whole cushion to be used in train or motor on the trip, the contents on the visit. Also, if you are going on an overnight trip for your week-end, the so-called traveling set is marvelous. A large, but not ungainly pillow, with a zipper fastener contains a pair of crêpe de Chine sheets, two crêpe pillow slips to match, a comforter, a nightgown or pyjamas of crêpe de Chine and a wrapper, the last usually of the dark color of the outer pillow and lined with the lighter shade of the sheets, a pair of folding slippers, and a hair scarf; also a small cushion.

Among the loveliest and most practical things for week-ends are sets of sachets and bags. These are particularly suitable, if you do not take your own maid with you, because then they may be unpacked and still each type of thing kept together. They are often made up in two-colored taffetas monogrammed, and the number of cases and bags depends on the woman's own particular requirements. For instance, there can be a large sachet for lingerie, a handkerchief case, a glove case, and perhaps an extra case for scarfs and belts, or one very large case with several compartments; a washing bag, and soiled clothes bag, both lined with rubber, a hot water bag and cover, and several other things, if desired.

Now about the clothes themselves. The best ensemble for the journey is one that includes a light, warm, wool coat, one that may be used for motoring while on the visit.

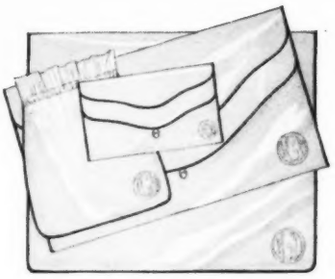
If you are a woman with a large wardrobe and many different color schemes, one of the wisest rules is to select only one scheme for each week-end. In other words, take your beige, rose, flesh, peach, crême, and dresses of such related colors at one time. On another occasion you could include clothes of blue, gray, blue violet, and always white. Or perhaps orange, red, yellow and sand, and such warmer shades, if these are more becoming to you. There are so many smart combinations of colors this season, your pocketbook need be the only limit of your wardrobe.

A single color scheme should also hold true of your evening ensembles. If you

A brocade cape of dull gold and two tones of green, one light and one of the deepest olive, also charming in velvet. A Vionnet model. H. Jaeckel & Sons.

From Bergdorf Goodman comes this Louiseboulanger chiffon evening dress. The bodice is molded to the figure, and the skirt gathered in cartridge folds.

This leather bag comes in many colors. Its particular feature is a lock and key. Mae and Hattie Green.



Four pieces of a traveling set of sachets and bags, in rose taffeta piped and monogrammed in blue. The colors are, of course, optional. From Mrs. George Howard.

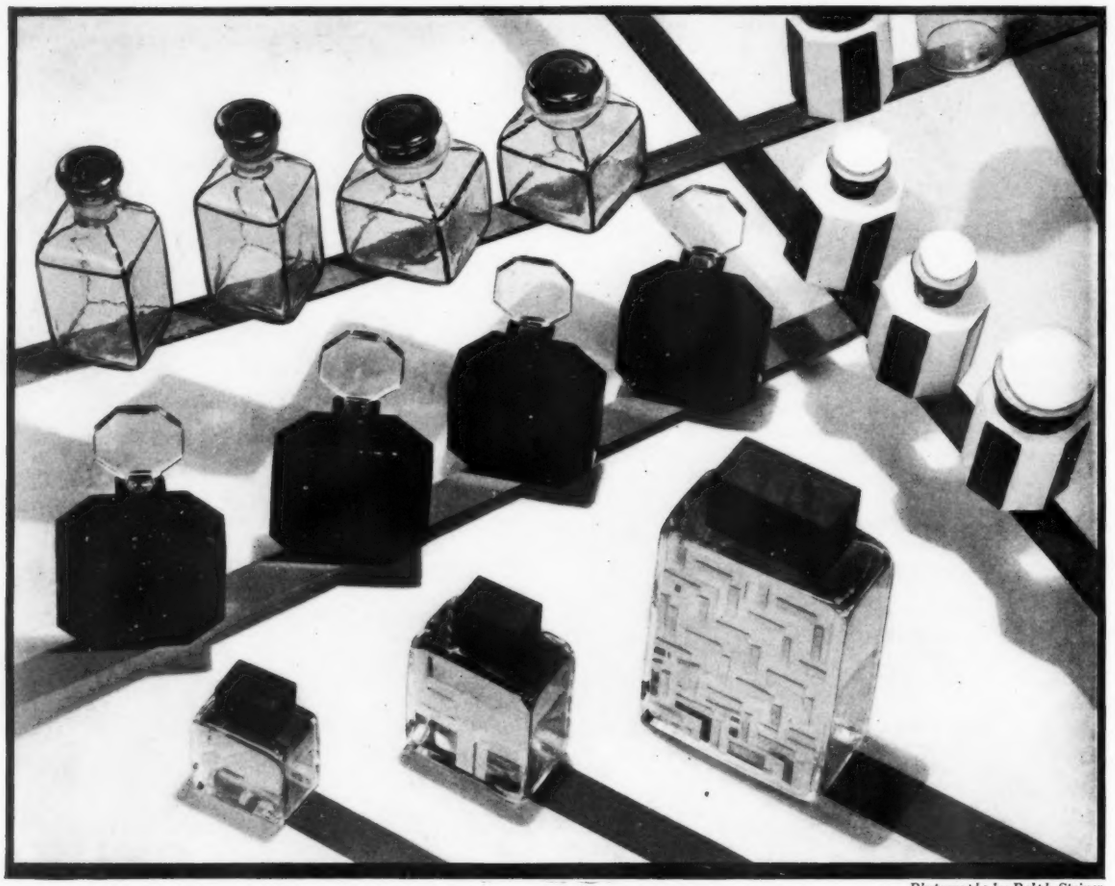
(Left) Wool skirt and coat of soft, grayed azure blue cloth, the skirt wide and practical. The sweater blouse is of jersey shaded from blue to gray. An Agnès turban of woven blue tricot. (Right) A printed crêpe dress, of deep blue, with a small design of lighter blue and dull rose. Matching blue crêpe panties are a practical feature. This lovely double ensemble, including the hats and fur, is from Frances Clyne.

A rosy beige plaited crêpe sports dress. The accompanying sweater is of brown wool, a Vionnet model. Powder-blue sleeveless crêpe de Chine afternoon dress with matching velveteen coat from Chanel. A light dress and warm coat are excellent for summer because they are good for either hot or cold days. Both ensembles from Hattie Carnegie.

take two dresses, select those with which the same jewels may be worn. It does not matter if your choice lies between rubies and emeralds, jade or coral, or even imitation jewelry, but in any case you should not clutter your luggage.

Flowered chiffon this year is very smart and is a delightful material to select for one evening gown, because it does not muss easily; better still is flowered marquisette, for it wrinkles even less. Flowered marquisette gowns are rather hard to find. I saw one particularly charming one at Billie Kaye's. It was a Patou model, snugly fitted, with long pointed ends falling to the floor. The design and colors of the material were large roses with green leaves on a creamy ground. Both these fabrics are flattering, light and never too dressy. Lace is another excellent suggestion; it packs better than any other material. If you are taking two evening dresses, we suggest one rather light in color, the other of a more neutral tone. For certain "homey" week-ends, a tea-gown or pair of fancy pyjamas may be adequate for dinner. If you are going to a smart resort, you will have to take an evening coat, but it must not be too fragile and should have a little warmth, as one can never count on the weather. Another good reason for keeping both evening ensembles harmonious is that the one wrap will then go equally well with both gowns.

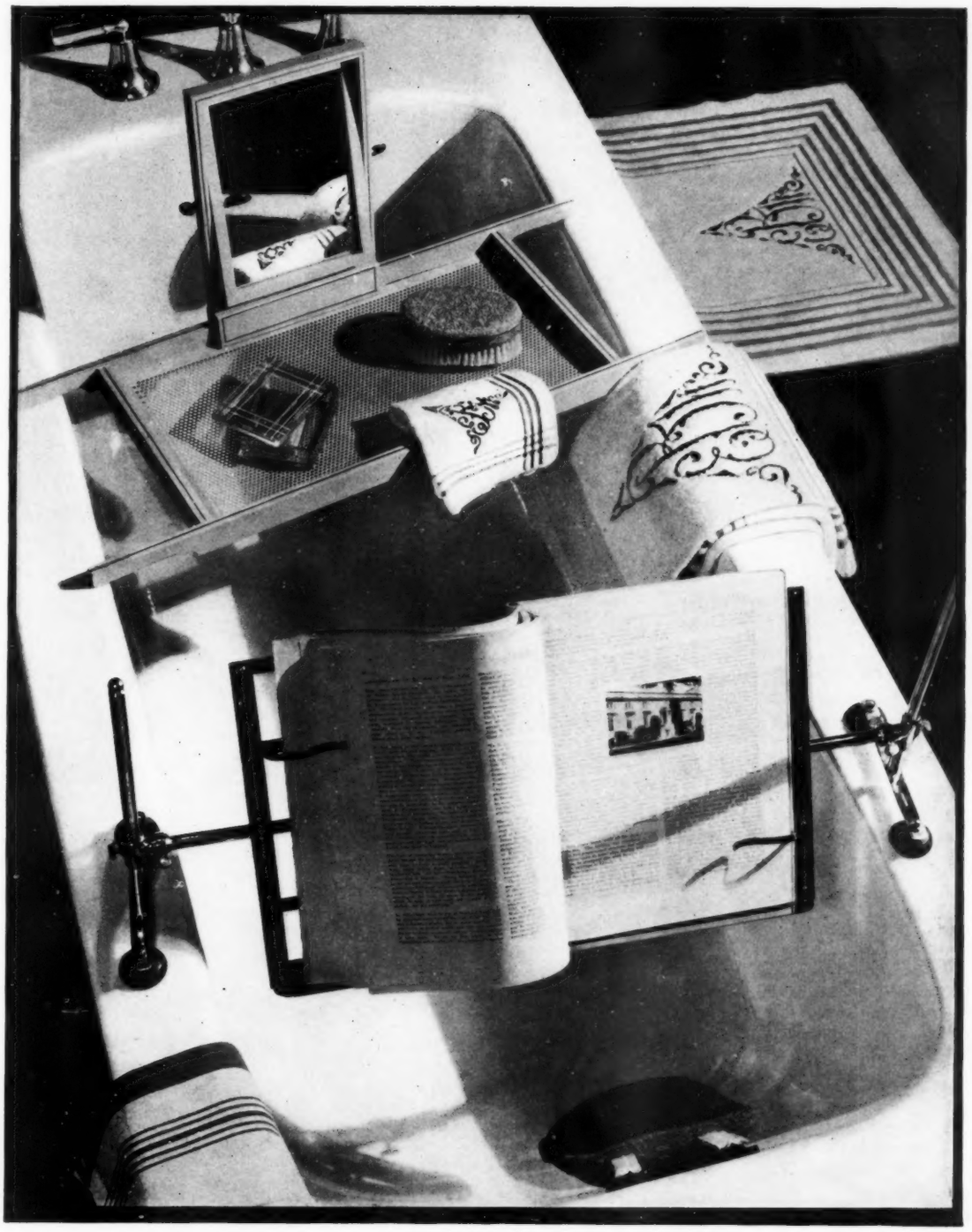
The traveling five-piece double ensemble from Frances Clyne, sketched on this page is marvelous for town, country, motoring, flying, yachting, luncheons, teas, traveling, warm weather or cool weather. In fact really everything but evening or active sports. It consists of a grayed azure blue wool coat (*Concluded on page 154*)



Photographs by Ralph Steiner

A set of very pale sea-green glass bottles, edged with a fine red line and with red glass stoppers, make an effective decoration for any bathroom. From The Bath Shop. Heavy black glass is used for the stunning bottles from Saks-Fifth Avenue which are octagonal shaped, with plain glass stoppers of the same design. Also from Saks-Fifth Avenue are the very modern bottles with geometric designs etched into the glass. The rectangular stoppers are made of wood. A set of black and white bottles is attractive for the white tile bathroom. R. H. Macy.

From B. Altman comes this minute dressing-table with swivel mirror attached and matching stool. They are made in white wood and colored porceloid. Also from B. Altman are the bottles and powder-box, which are of very thin glass with fine black lines and black stoppers. The monogrammed hamper comes in various color combinations. From The Bath Shop. The unsightly hot-water bottle can be concealed attractively in a colored moire case with a zipper fastening. The Bath Shop. The towels are striped in yellow and white. From B. Altman.



A most ingenious invention for the bathtub is this perforated metal tray with a painted wooden frame and mirror. From Mrs. George Howard. The striped glass soap-dish and the large brush with a sponge back are from The Bath Shop. The bath mat, towels and wash cloth, from Mosse, are striped and monogrammed in dark green. Reading in the bathtub is made easy and delightful by a metal rack which is held firmly in place with rubber suction pads. This same method is used for fastening the little sponge pillow to the end of the bathtub. The rack and pillow are from The Bath Shop. All the bathroom fixtures from Crane.

ACCESSORIES FOR THE BATH ARE LUXURIOUS AND MANIFOLD

A Novel by Nancy Hoyt:

BRIGHT INTERVALS

Wherein the Romance of a Girl with a Gypsy heart and a New England Minister's Son goes Gaily On

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

Résumé of the Story so far:

LYDIA was the child of a dour Scotchman, Donald Graeme, and the exquisite Athene, who had been one of the famous trio of Stephanyi sisters. Since Donald disliked girl children, and Athene, because of her disappointment in Donald, could find no interest in brunettes, Lydia had been reared by her grandfather, Andrew Stephanyi, head of the firm of jewelers which bore his name. At twenty, Lydia mournfully feared that the watering-place where she and her grandfather lived would be her life-long fate. She thought of her mother and two aunts: Athene, the poet, Alix, the dancer; and Lissa, the singer—at twenty they had all been famous.

Then had come an extraordinary meeting with Camellia Tarleton, dazzling favorite of the London theatre, the result of which was a journey of escape to London. There Lydia found herself easily taken up by the amazing circle of people that revolved about Camellia. She attended the opening of Camellia's new show, and after the performance was swept along, with the rest of the actress's retinue, to a party at Ronald Grant's.

It was in Ronald Grant's drawing-room that Lydia first saw John William Norton, of New England. He stepped in from the balcony and they danced together—as if they always had been meant to dance together. And just as surely as Lydia knew that she loved him, she knew that he loved her.

Bill was secretly upset by Lydia's family. He contrasted the hectic plans for their wedding with the well-ordered way these things were done in New England. However, he was self-controlled and very much in love. The days passed quickly and, before either of them realized it, they were in the end coupé of the Golden Arrow, heaped with new pigskin luggage, and off on their great adventure.

Bill's firm decided to keep him a year in Paris, and they found an adorable flat on the Quai Bourbon. Sometimes the flat, glowing with sunset light and full of Lydia's songs and the *bonne's* religious chanting over the soup pot, seemed to Bill a pleasant earthly paradise. They had plenty of money, between Bill's job and Lydia's allowance, for living well, with enough left over for thrilling nights out together once in a while. Then they would dine at the smartest restaurants, in their best regalia, with mutual pride in one another's charm.

One night in the Caveau Muscovite, a newcomer seated himself opposite Lydia and stared at her fiercely, announcing that he believed she was his daughter. Lydia was attracted by this curious parent, while Bill was horrified. He proved to be charming, and when Bill discovered a mutual interest in racing cars, he was completely won over. They parted at midnight, having arranged to go out with him in his new car the next day.

"He's not really a veterinary, Lydia?" Bill asked, a trifle uneasily.

"Bill, my great oaf," Lydia retorted, "he's the most famous surgeon in Scotland!"

Which only proved to John William that of all crazy families, this one he was connected with was the craziest.

Part Four:

THEY had six weeks of heaven when spring came back to Paris, refreshing it, touching it up like a lady coming back to her vacant house, providing fresh chintzes and curtains. For surely spring belongs to Paris, even if she is in such demand in other places that she is obliged reluctantly to move on.

By this time Bill was used to Lydia's vagaries, particularly her marked preference for swooping around Paris to paying calls on other American wives. He was in fact so used to finding her in the flat, waiting for him, with nothing more to relate than her usual nonsense about the tobacconist's new twins or a domestic difficulty caused by the Persian kitten who was now quite old enough to know better, that he felt faintly aggrieved when some rare occasion found her gone. There was a sinking hollowness, a flatness about a home-coming unattended by the usual explosion of Lydia and cat at the front door.

Sometimes they went to the races on Sunday, or to tracks not far from the city, where Bill knew quite a number of the competitors, young men with quick white smiles flashing in faces thickly coated with dust, some short, *commun* little swarthy fellows with bright, dark eyes who cracked jokes in French slang which had

"Lydia sat on a trunk and prayed. She prayed that God should make her seem pleasant to Bill's people: prayed that she should show no ribaldry or levity unpleasing to them."

"For the first time Lydia examined the young woman talking to her husband. Imagine worrying about such a girl who, as a golf partner, might suit, but as a charmer failed lamentably!"

to be explained hours later to her in the bedroom with a carefully lowered voice to avoid shocking Berthe. There was a blond Breton Count who looked like an Englishman, talked French with an English accent, though he spoke no English, and was the only man as good-looking as Bill, Lydia had ever seen. All these dashing creatures, rather like Martians in their whitey-brown overalls and helmets, were charming to Lydia whether their manners were of the Jockey Club or the corner *bistro*.

Lydia enjoyed her life so vividly that she considered it a little stupid the way other people made messes of theirs. This complacent attitude was much encouraged by being an appreciated Eve in an Eden populated by Adam and his men acquaintances who, if they knew Lilith, kept her fairly well hidden.

She awoke one May morning about six. The blue of dawn had been melted by gold sparkles of sunlight which splattered through the transparent green of the new leaves. The branches, alight with this tender green fire, almost brushed the windows when an early morning wind rushed through the trees, fluttering the leaves until a rustling and sighing like waves on a beach came from them, a symphonic background to the seven song-birds who had found the Quai Bourbon a sympathetic home site. The wild and startling hoot of the first river steamer squealed suddenly as it went under the bridge, ducking its funnel like a polite gentleman's top-hat. But so accustomed had they grown to this discordant alarm clock that, glancing over at Bill, she saw that he had not moved from the infantile abandon of sleep which cradled him. Through the wide open window a delicious mixture of clear fresh smells poured in, a bouquet surpassing Coty or Houbigant, for besides the sweetness of early morning, perfumed with sticky new linden leaves, hyacinths and recently-watered pavements, there were more human smells of hot bread and fresh coffee.

Bill lay sleeping on the extreme edge of the huge double bed where he always rolled fearing to rob Lydia of her fair share, shorn of his masculine independence, his carven composure made suddenly defenceless and heart-breakingly vulnerable by sleep. His thin, well-cut mouth was tenderly open, small as a child's, and the hollowed nervous temples were contradicted by tired eyelids with sweeping pale lashes whose length no one would ever have dared guess at during waking hours. He always flung up one arm in a wrinkly white pyjama sleeve, as if to ward off various nightmare terrors. Lydia got up cautiously to push him back a little farther from the dangerous edge his slim body balanced on and he woke up, lazily smiling with a confidence of happiness that neither New England, Harvard, aviation nor New York had ever been able to give him.

Presently Berthe came in with the tray, and not till they saw her peevish countenance blotched with tears did they realize that this was their last day in the *cadre* which had held their happiness like a shining unset jewel.

Instinctively they clutched each other, frightened of the future, frightened of everything except the view out of the window and the big, rumpled bed (*Continued on page 160*)

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Last-Minute Sketches from Paris

Printed chiffon—black ground with design in rose and green worn by Comtesse de Castellane.

Patou

Chantal

Printed chiffon—two grays, white and pale blue. Rose design. Worn by Comtesse de Robilant.

Dark blue crêpe de Chine with crenellated collar and cuffs in white linen. Worn by Lady Carlisle.

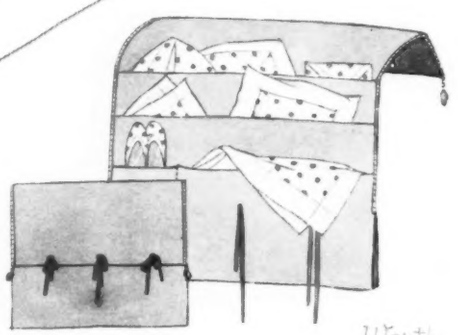
Worth

Worn by Mrs. Frelinghuysen in black reps with pointed incrustations of the same material.

Chantal

Reboux

Black straw worn with painted satin scarf in black, white and beige from Mannati.



Worth

Sleeping-car case of heavy brown calf, with sheets, pillow cases, pyjama and dressing-gown in pink crêpe de Chine.

Chéruit

Light navy woolen with buttoned cape. Worn by Baroness de Meyer.

Agnès

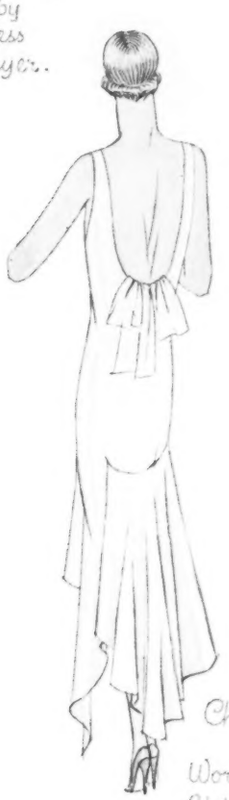
Felt hat in navy trimmed with scarf in three blues Scarf in four blues from Mannati.

Patou

Black crêpe roman, worn by Comtesse de la Rochefoucault.

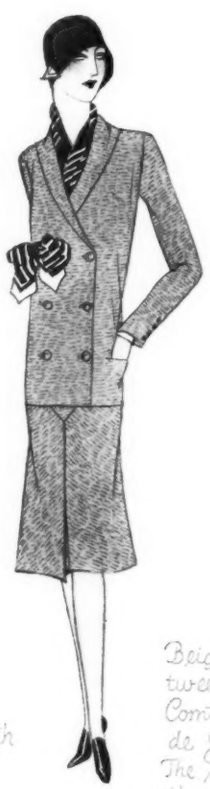
Chanel

Black lace gown with lace pantalettes, worn by Marquise de San Carlos.



Chéruit

Worn by Lady Abdy. Heavy white satin with characteristic Chéruit bow in the back.



Worth

Beige and brown tweed, worn by Comtesse Pierre de Jumilhac The scarf is drawn through a slit in the jacket.

Lelong

Scarf and bag in red beige, two yellows and black tussore Worn with beige frock.

A Story by Robert Emmet Sherwood:

"Bill suddenly discovered that he had been addressed by Miss Jane Pell. 'Hello, Bill,' she said, and he was relieved to observe that Wally Fenning still attended her."

COMMENCEMENT

And how That festive Day Taught one young Man The sad Truth about Women

Illustration by R. M. Crosby

CYNICISM is born in the heart shortly after the Christmas vacation of freshman year. It develops from a suspicion into an overpowering passion in sophomore year. During junior year, it is subjected to mature scrutiny, and weighed and analyzed. When senior year comes around, it has assumed the proportions of a complete and enduring philosophy.

A senior in college may be somewhat deficient in Math. 5, Economics 28, Fine Arts 2a and Semitic 12; he may confront the necessity, after commencement, of spending two boring months in summer school in order to make up the points necessary for the acquisition of his degree; he may, indeed, be so hopelessly far behind in his studies that he has given up all thought of ever adding the initials A. B. to his name. But whatever his scholastic standing, one thing is sure: he knows all there is to know about life. Four years in college have enabled him to solve a riddle that the Sphinx has been pondering for fifty centuries, more or less.

It should be said of William Emerson Ames, of the class of 1928, that he was not exactly like other seniors. While he was commendably typical in his dress, his mode of speech and his tastes in musical comedy, he was exceptional in that he felt that his knowledge was not quite complete. He had one more small thing to learn—one minor cavity in the mosaic of his wisdom to be filled. That missing segment of information had something to do with women.

On the eve of commencement, he sat in his room, reviewing with tolerant amusement the events of the past four years. Nothing had as yet been packed, although he was to leave that old town (perhaps forever, he thought) the day after to-morrow. The numerous pictures that he had collected in four years' time still hung on the walls; he would get the janitor to crate them and ship them, later. On one side of the room was a tremendous panoramic view of the stadium, taken just before the kick-off of that memorable 17-0 victory over the traditional rivals, 'way back in the fall of 1925. Bill had bought this, at considerable expense, as a patriotic duty. On the other side of the room was a duplicate of the same panoramic view, which belonged to Bill's roommate, Gus Falconer, who had also been stuck for it by the official college photographer. Gus had played in that game for a few minutes. Bill had watched it from the cheering section (you could just see him, with the aid of a magnifying glass, in the massive group photograph) and had lost his hat over the goal posts afterward.

That had been sophomore year. Bill indulged in a smile of patronizing reminiscence as he recalled it. What a child he had been then! And how cock-sure! He had thought then that he knew it all. What a goofy idea! Why—he had never really known *anything* before his senior year, and then the whole, entire mass of knowledge had come on him with a rush.

(*Continued on page 168*)

How the hostess gives charm to her table!

Look for the
Red-and-White Label

— and nourishing too!

In the subtle art of entertaining, Campbell's famous French chefs are valued lieutenants. Especially when the hostess delegates to them the blending of a Pea Soup which will give the exact note of dainty charm.

* * *

Delicate and exquisite in flavor, yet splendidly nourishing as such a soup should always be, Campbell's Pea Soup is a favored social selection.

Puree of the sweetest little peas is enriched with nutritious creamery butter and seasoned to an irresistible perfection in Campbell's Pea Soup.

* * *

Prepared with milk or cream instead of water, Campbell's makes the most delicious Cream of Pea Soup imaginable. And there are 20 other Campbell's Soups listed on the label for your selection. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Delman Sways the Mode

THE CLASSIC SHOE FOR SUMMER

Delman's "DEAUVILLE" a smart creation for summer days—combines white suede with brown calf and adopts the new high cuban heel. It is a model whose simplicity makes it appropriate for many costumes. Like all Delman shoes, it is made entirely by hand in Delman's own workrooms——$26.00

Exclusive Delman Agencies in principal cities

Delman Shoe Salon

558 Madison Ave · New York Southampton · Washington

A corner of "Lélu's Clinique de Beauté" at Saks-Fifth Avenue.

THE COSMETIC URGE

By REBECCA STICKNEY

JEAN STUART Cosmetics, Inc., is a new name on the market but one which is attracting widespread attention. We all know that the package doesn't count at all in comparison with its contents, yet here is a case where the packaging is so beautiful and strikingly effective in its cobalt blue-and-silver or crystal-and-silver simplicity, that were the jars and bottles to hold nothing, we would exclaim over them *en passant*. When they are found to contain really excellent creams and lotions, the combination is irresistible.

The idea behind this line originated in Scotland where the bonnie lassies use oatmeal, either dry or mixed with water on their skin, much as we use soap. The apparent result is the famous pink and white Scotch complexion. This same oatmeal is the basis of all the Jean Stuart preparations and consequently there is a wonderfully clean, wholesome feeling in using them. The treatment sets of preparations are briefly: For normal or dry skins, Almond Cleansing Cream, Almond Skin Food, Finishing Cream, Muscle Oil, Astringent and Powder; for oily skins, Almond Lemon Cleansing Cream, Almond Lemon Skin Food, Finishing Cream, Muscle Oil, Astringent and Powder. Besides these fundamental preparations there is a wide line of special products, some of the most excellent being Freckle Cream, Pore Cream, Acne Lotion, and Honey Almond Lotion for the hands.

Jean Stuart Romany Tan, formulated at Nice, is not featured as a Sun Tan preparation, but as a color which is to be part of that concern's permanent make-up. It is believed that there are some types that find this shade more becoming to them than any other make-up and should wear it accordingly the year around. You can't tell until you have experimented. One coat of Jean Stuart Romany Tan Lotion gives a warm glow to the skin; a second application, a deeper bronze tint. To go with this are special powder, rouge and lipstick, the last two with an orange cast, and, finally, special cream for removing this tan make-up easily.

OCCASIONALLY, one hears the remark, "Oh, I like the effect of these artificial tans, but I haven't time to bother with them." Armand Bronze Powder, which is called "Glory of the Sun", should be the solution to this state of mind, for its cold cream base makes it possible to apply directly to the skin without a separate foundation. Simply spread the powder evenly over the surface of the skin, rubbing it in well, and brushing off the extra grains. Presto change! You've acquired a sun-tanned look about you in the time it usually takes to powder your face. This effect will not come off, except with the good old standbys, soap and water. Coty has also created special powders to blend with tawny skins; Coty tan, a liquid powder, and a new loose powder.

DENNEY AND DENNEY, that old reliable firm, which enjoys the prestige of thirty years in the cosmetic field, have a delightful preparation for summer in their Herbal Oil Blend Cream. This is a blend of anti-wrinkle, muscle and tissue oils, and is marvelous for the unusually dry skin. So many women nowadays are troubled with this condition and this Herbal Oil seems to take hold of the skin and remedy this deficiency in short order. Denney and Denney are also among the number of those catering to the vogue of Sun Tan preparations and have two powders in the brown shade, a liquid powder base and a loose powder for finishing.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE have been fortunate to secure the expert services and advice of Madame Carrier-Belleuse, who divides her time between New York and her Paris salon on the rue Saint Honoré. She specializes in the art of make-up and studies each client carefully, blending rouge, powders, lipstick and eyeshadow with meticulous attention. Then your individual requirements are jotted down in a large prescription book, and all that is necessary ever again is to call and have your prescription refilled.

Some of the new Jean Stuart cosmetics showing the complete Romany Tan group.

CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

OBTAINABLE ONLY AT PLUMMER'S—Exact reproduction of OLD CHINESE FAMILLE ROSE SERVICE, first produced for the French market. Now being MADE BY THE FAMOUS ADAMS FACTORY IN ENGLAND. HAND-PAINTED ON ITS CELIDON BACKGROUND IS A TESSILATED ROSE COLOR BORDER AND FLOWERS IN GAY NATURAL COLORS. Dinner plates $15 per doz. Teacups and Saucers $15 per doz. All open stock.

FOR THE DEFINITION OF "EXCLUSIVE"—SEE WEBSTER'S OR PLUMMER'S

WEBSTER went in for lexicography and made good. Plummer's saw more promise in China and Glass and is getting on nicely. Yet you can go to either one for the meaning of "exclusive" and be happy with what you find. For here at Plummer's are beautiful patterns in China that cannot be bought at any other store in America! They are "exclusive" with Plummer's! The purpose, of course, is to enable patrons to avoid duplication in the gifts they make and the services they place upon their own festive boards. Incidentally, Plummer's is a five-floor shop given over to perhaps the most beautiful array of china, glass, earthenware and pottery ever brought under one roof.

Wm. H. PLUMMER & Co. Ltd.
IMPORTERS OF
Modern and Antique China and Glass
7 & 9 East 35th Street, New York
Near Fifth Avenue

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
954 Chapel Street

HARTFORD, CONN.
56 Pratt Street

Modern reproduction of a tea and coffee set inspired by originals done by the famous Boston patriot-silversmith, Paul Revere. From International Silver Co.

JUNE . . WEDDINGS . . AND SILVER

By CURTIS PATTERSON

SILVER is the most permanent of gifts. Silver, moreover, is a thing most married couples are very reluctant to buy for themselves. There are so many other outlets for the family income, things more practical, more immediately necessary, from spare tires to electric ice-boxes.

Silverware on the American market falls into three groups, the antique, reproductions from the antique, and contemporary design, either conservative or radical. It is by no means essential, but is just as well to make a decision before the first silver is purchased. Are you going modern, or are you not? A certain underlying harmony in your various pieces of silver is helpful to unharassed enjoyment.

Decorators are emphasizing the importance of silver as a unit in any well-considered decorative scheme. The theory is: eighteenth-century designs for the eighteenth-century dining or living-room. Colonial for the early American. Florid baroque designs for the Spanish, or Italian, or Palm Beach background. Modern in extreme patterns for the extremely modern. Silverware can be all things for all tastes.

The giving of flatware is felt to be the prerogative, or duty, whichever you prefer, of the immediate family. But the former sacredness of the dozen or half-dozen is no longer recognized. Chests of table silver are now available in units of four and eight, on the sensible theory that young married couples are not likely to throw big dinner parties. And a wide array of fours is better than a limited assortment of dozens.

The intelligent bride-to-be usually takes advantage of the ensemble habit of most silversmiths. She picks a flatware design in which there are also various other things ornamental or useful, from elaborate tea and coffee services, worth as much as an automobile, down to small occasional what-have-you's, hardly more expensive than a box of candy. Then she tactfully arranges that knowledge of her choice percolate through her family, friends, and circle of acquaintances. Father and mother give a chest of knives and forks and so on. Friends, chums, and acquaintances, those of them who think presents in terms of silver, add other pieces in the same pattern. Result, the bride's table in gala is a blaze of scintillating harmony.

The most exciting patterns in silverware, as in all the current decorative arts, are done in the modern manner. There are two schools in contemporary production, the conservative and the radical. One shows respect for craftsmanship, the other the desire to emphasize the machine-made quality of life to-day.

The conservative school found their work on past accomplishment. They derive their design from the late eighteenth, the early nineteenth century, the Adam and Directoire. William Morris is the god of their idolatry. Ruskin was his prophet. Hand workmanship is their fetish. Outline is consciously graceful, easy flowing, like a lily pad swaying in the backwater of a river, or a grape-vine tendril in the spring. Art nouveau, cleansed of its original absurdities and brought up to the moment. It is not in the least a copy; it is a new inspiration.

The modern tea and coffee service shown from Reed and Barton, is a good example, as is the Rhythm pattern from Wallace. The romanesque silverware from Rogers, Lunt and Bowlen is according to the Scandinavian version of the same theory.

The radical school says we are living in a machine age and we should never forget it. For suavity and grace read strength, drama, movement. The dynamo, structural steel, engineering forms, outlines reminiscent of a problem in geometry, are preferable to the casual grace of a plant form. More suited to a city civilization of the year of 1929. Reed and Barton have developed a pattern obviously modeled upon the steel skeleton frame of the sky-scraper. Towle have, in their Ritz pattern, used series of concentric conic sections which look like an illustration from a book on spherical trigonometry. Which is an amusement of civil engineers—of the men who make dynamos.

Have your choice. Do you want your silver a snappy sports model roadster, or a sober family limousine with Meadows in maroon livery? Modern, both.

Beautiful Mrs. Allan A. Ryan Jr. was Miss Janet Newbold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fleming Newbold of Washington, D. C. She was recently married to the grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan.

Beauty of ivory skin and amber eyes

MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN JR.

FÊTED as loveliest debutante in Washington last season, this spring she is its loveliest bride—Miss Janet Newbold, whose wedding to the grandson of the famous financier, the late Thomas Fortune Ryan, was a brilliant society event.

Young Mrs. Ryan is enchantingly beautiful with wide set amber eyes, soft amber hair and wonderful smooth pale skin like ivory. She dresses simply but charmingly, and she is very feminine, shy and sweet and gently bred.

Two years before her debut she was sent to school in Paris. She learned to speak a perfect French, to wear her frocks with inimitable chic, to guard the beauty of her delicate complexion. For the lovely young French girls were already using the famous Two Creams to keep their skin exquisite.

"I envied them!" confesses Mrs. Ryan. "One night I was going to a party. I stole into a classmate's room and helped myself to her Pond's Creams.

"How happy I was that evening! My cheeks were smooth as satin and pink as roses. Ever since, I've been devoted to Pond's Two Creams.

(left) Her evening gowns are simple in line, of flat crepe or satin in amber shades like her hair and eyes.

Her sports suit is brown and chartreuse

Mrs. Ryan is fond of white for summer

"And now Pond's two new products delight me," adds Mrs. Ryan, speaking of the dainty Cleansing Tissues to remove cold cream and the fragrant Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and tone the skin.

"All four are wonderful," she sums it up, "to keep your skin at its loveliest!"

Use Pond's four preparations daily as follows:

First—for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening, and always after exposure. Wait a few moments to let the fine oils penetrate every pore.

Then—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, wipe away cream and dirt.

Next—dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin. It closes the pores and banishes oiliness.

Last—smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and powder base.

(right) Pond's four famous products—Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PRODUCTS

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122 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

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BRAND CHATILLON

JEWELERS *and* SILVERSMITHS

announce

the appointment of

GERTRUDE CHASE

as

Shopping Counsellor

to their patrons

Miss Chase will give her personal attention to those desiring assistance in their choosing of jewelry and silverware.

If you are unable to visit Brand-Chatillon, write Miss Chase, telling her the nature of the articles you desire and the amount you wish to spend. She will immediately advise you regarding the character, suitability and price of the pieces you have in mind and, when instructed, make your purchases for you.

We suggest that you communicate with Gertrude Chase, Brand-Chatillon, Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Avenue, New York, for counsel when making the following selections:

WEDDING GIFTS — COMMENCEMENT GIFTS
GIFTS *for the* BRIDE — BIRTHDAY GIFTS
GIFTS *for* BRIDESMAIDS — ANNIVERSARY GIFTS
GIFTS *for* GROOMSMEN — CHILDREN'S GIFTS
WEDDING STATIONERY — BRIDGE PRIZES
SPORTS TROPHIES

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 71*)

heart, so I can't breathe. I thought love was a gentle and friendly sort of thing."

"Gentle and friendly!"

"Those words don't quite seem to fit," admitted Wee.

"I knew more about love than you did," he said. "But I thought it made people sad and depressed and gave them such awful stomach-aches they couldn't face their food. You ought to have seen the lunch I ate to-day! I feel as strong as a bear."

"A grizzly bear," said Wee. "That's what I'm going to call you. You're such a shaggy old thing."

"Shaggy!" Jerry's tone was aggrieved. "I'm the very picture of a snappy young banker and bond peddler. I get all my clothes in New York and have my hair cut there, when possible. I study the movies, and try to combine the virility of John Gilbert with the well-oiled surface of Adolfe Menjou. And you call me a shaggy old thing!"

"Grizzly!" she repeated, stroking the furry back of his wrist.

"All right for you," said Jerry. "What am I going to call you?"

"My name is Wee."

"No, it isn't. That's a nickname that was wished on you in the nursery, and you're a big girl now. I've looked you up in the Social Register to see if you're sufficiently fashionable to marry the heir to all the McCoys, and your name is C. Lowell Legg. What does the C stand for?"

"That," said Wee, "is one of the things you shall never know."

"But I can't marry a girl and not know what her first name is. It isn't done."

"Well, it's going to be done," said Wee. She laughed, and then she felt Jerry's arms around her, and had no breath to laugh more. They clung together. The baby rabbit stared at them in placid incomprehension from the lane.

Jerry's mind was not wavering now. A comforting word had come into it. Why had fate allowed him to work for four years in Boston, in the bond department of Carr & Daland? There had been other offers; a chance to go to China for a great oil company, a chance to enter the "banking school" of the Federal Union Trust Company in New York, even the ghost of a hint that he would be welcomed by the lordliest bank of all. He had put all these aside, and had gone to work for Mr. Elliott Daland, his father's friend. Kismet! If he hadn't made that strange choice, if he hadn't met Wee Legg from time to time at dinners and dances, the dark road of destiny would never have led him into this.

INTO this! He looked at Wee's small, sleek head. What a patrician nose she had, as straight as if it had been ruled with a draughtsman's pen. He looked at her tiny ear, set so flatly against her head, and he caressed her cold, slim-fingered hand, buried in the flesh of his own great paw. He felt that great waves of charm spread outward, all around her. She had lived with old people; she needed sympathy and love from a man of her own age. And what a return she would make for it! His doubts died. He knew he was gaining strength from this subtle fusing of their personalities, their souls. She was one of those dream-girls a man meets so often in legends, so seldom in life; a girl who can bring out all the fire and energy in a man, all the inner powers that will bring the world to his feet.

"We are wonderfully alone, in this lane," said Wee.

"Haven't you ever been wonderfully alone before?"

"Not with a man. Yes, I have—once. With Caleb Spinney, your boss at Carr & Daland. We were lost all day in the fog off Marblehead. It was even more private than this lane."

"How old were you?"

"Seventeen," said Wee. "He was teaching me to sail."

"Caleb is sufficiently chaperoned by his face," remarked Jerry, without jealousy.

"By his character, too," said Wee. "He is the most thoroughly good young man I know."

"Do you like good young men?"

"In their place."

"This isn't their place."

"Did I call *you* good?"

She laughed, and then lay quietly in his arms till the sun sank. At last she sat up, full of energy.

"It's time to make a few plans," she said.

"They're all made," said Jerry. "Early this afternoon I mentioned marriage and you thought well of it. All we need is a floral arch, and the wedding march, and a few drunken reprobates for ushers, and some absolutely beautiful girls for bridesmaids. I wish I didn't have to go through life with a woman who uses an alias."

"Your own name is extremely queer. Who gave it to you?"

"My sponsors in baptism, wherein I was made a child of God—" began Jerry, glibly.

"And my sponsors gave me my name," sighed Wee. "Uncle Roger, and Uncle Jonas, who is dead, and Aunt Abigail, who is dead, too. There are two historic names for girls in the Legg family. One is Free Love, and the other is mine."

"If it's anything like the fine old Puritan handle you've just mentioned, I'd prefer you kept it dark."

"I'm going to," said Wee.

HE KISSED her, more softly this time. His own name was dreadful enough, but it could be pleasantly shortened to Jerry. That was genial; it made friends. Could the usual Puritan names have genial diminutives? Praise-God Barebones. Cotton Mather. Try to make clubby little nicknames out of those!

"Grizzly," she said, "when you mentioned marriage, you said you had loved me for a long time."

"Since earliest youth," said Jerry. "You see, I've always had an ideal girl in my mind, and it was just a question of catching up with her. Somebody about five feet three inches, with hair as black as ink, and extremely pretty—in fact, the prettiest girl who ever lived."

"You like making catalogues, don't you?" said Wee. "Later, you'll have time to remember that you wanted somebody with six toes on her left foot. Just now, you must help me make plans."

"What sort of plans?"

"For the future," said Wee. Her voice was firm. "You have been kind enough to propose to me—"

"Kind enough? I absolutely couldn't help it."

"It was sweet of you," she said seriously. "I'm not like you. I didn't make up an imaginary somebody to love. I have loved *you* such a long time."

"You have loved *me?*"

"For years and years." She nodded her head four times. "It began at the Nuttages' ball, the year I came out. You were introduced to me, and you said you liked my pink frock."

For the first time that day, he looked at her frock, and it was pink.

"This isn't the same one," said Wee. "But I've worn pink ever since. Jerry, I used to go to football games just to see you play. And I went to New London three times on yachts belonging to people who bore me, just to see you row. And all that time you were so awfully cold to me. You would scarcely speak."

"I like that!" exclaimed Jerry. "What could I do, during the races? Bow to you, as we rowed past your yacht?"

"You beat Yale by three lengths in your senior year," said Wee. "You could easily have spared a few seconds for a bow."

"And Yale trimmed us by six lengths the year before," said Jerry. "It couldn't have made things any worse if I'd kissed my hand to you, and called out yoo-hoo!"

"It would have made me much happier if you had."

"You're ridiculous," Jerry said. "I'd much rather kiss you than my hand. Let's spend every afternoon this way, and never mind your old plans."

"I see you need constant management," said Wee. "I'll begin by taking you out of here."

(*Continued on page 122*)

A LETTER FROM ELIZABETH ARDEN

There are no *Beauty secrets*

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC
Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream.
85c, $2, $3.75, $9.

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM
Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.

ARDENA VELVA CREAM
A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face as it smooths without fattening.
$1, $2, $3, $6.

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RICHELIEU PEARLS

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 120*)

SHE backed the aged touring car expertly out of the lane, and drove it carefully down an almost equally bumpy road toward the highway.

"There are all kinds of things that must be done," she said. "There are many people we must tell about this, before the formal announcement in the *Herald* and *Transcript*. My own family is rather complicated, in a way. A lot of people are tremendously interested, Jerry. I suppose you didn't know we were being looked at this afternoon."

"By a bunny," Jerry said. "A little baby rabbit—and he's welcome."

"Ah, not here," said Wee. "On Beacon Street. Jerry, you'd be surprised if I told you that at least fifty people noticed us, and have surely been talking about us. Boston simply adores a love affair. Old Mrs. Easeman and Colonel Shackley—and Mrs. Ammi Nuttage, in her bow-window. She's stone deaf, but she knows everything. And Molly Doggett, and Cousin Lizzie Skillings, and ever so many others."

"They can go and bite themselves to death," said Jerry. "What does it prove, anyway?"

"That we are becoming News—News with a capital N."

"Well, we're engaged, aren't we?"

"Certainly *not*."

"Disgraceful!" said Jerry. "I thought all this petting was entirely legitimate, but if you've only been trifling with me, I'll speak severely to your Aunt Caroline."

"We aren't engaged," said Wee. "We have what is known as an understanding. Until you have seen Uncle Roger, we can't tell anybody."

"Can't we?" asked Jerry, looking around in the dusk.

A squint-eyed farm boy came shuffling toward them down the lane, with a string of very dead, very dusty fish in his hand.

"Yea, bo!" called Jerry, with an ear-splitting whistle. "I want to announce to you that this young lady and I are engaged."

THE farm boy gave Jerry an unclean look.

"Give 'er a squeeze," he advised, and spat copiously on the running-board of the car.

"Now that we've been so nicely congratulated," said Wee, "suppose we find a place to eat."

"Would it be proper to take a lady who isn't engaged to dine at the Concord Inn?"

"Absolutely not," said Wee. "And we can't go to my house, because we have only one servant and she is rather old. I told her not to expect me. So we'll just find a roadside place, somewhere."

"Disgusting," groaned Jerry. "I'd like to take you to Ciro's, or Sherry's, or Pierre's. The idea of taking my fiancée to a hot-dog stand is—"

"Is entirely suitable," said Wee. "I don't want much to eat, but I'd like some hot coffee. What would you like?"

"Champagne," said Jerry. "Did you ever see a jeroboam of champagne? It's a double magnum, and I'd like to drink your health in it—at one gulp."

"Listen, my dear," said Wee. "You are sweet and generous, but you mustn't have these extravagant ideas. We will have to be very simple. You aren't going to waste your money on me. I see a place that looks clean."

The motherly woman in charge of the stand put her simple foods on the table, and quacked around them like a maternal duck while they ate.

"Not such a bad supper at that," said Jerry, at last. "To think that we'll have supper together every night of our lives! Wee, let me drive."

He settled himself behind the steering wheel, and started the engine with difficulty. There was a special valve that turned on gasoline for the start, and then switched to kerosene, cheaper by four cents a gallon.

"One of Uncle Roger's ideas," said Wee.

"Ingenious," said Jerry, coaxing the balky car out on the highway, where it jogged along like an elderly horse.

"Don't humor it," said Wee. "We've got twenty miles to go. Go on, Jerry, step on the gas."

"I can't. This car burns kerosene."

Wee gave a laugh that sounded perilously like a sob.

"It does," she said. "And I've joked about it all these years as if it had been—a joke!"

"Never mind. Tell me about the ghastly details of getting engaged."

BUT Wee was silent for some time, nestling against Jerry's arm as he drove. The east wind blew in their faces, and he looked back in the tonneau for a rug in which to wrap her. There was none. Her coat seemed thin, and he stopped the car, took off his fur coat, and buttoned it over her shoulders like a cape. She protested a little, but she felt like a baby in his arms.

"The principal difficulty," she said at last, "will be Uncle Roger. He manages everything for Aunt Caroline and me. He doesn't live with us, but he is my guardian and takes care of all business matters. I know he will insist on seeing you alone."

"I'll beard him," said Jerry. "I'd beard anyone for you."

"He hasn't got a beard."

"You surprise me," Jerry said. "You've been so many different girls this afternoon. You've been a correct young Boston girl, bowing to Mrs. Joshua Easeman on Beacon Street. You've been a sternly practical young matron, advising me to buy you a hot dog instead of a partridge. You've been a low comedian, turning my most sacred remarks into loathsome jokes. And you've been—"

"What else have I been, darling?"

"You've been Helen of Troy," said Jerry, softly. "You've been Iseult and Marguerite and Heloise; you've been all the dream girls ever conceived by the heart of man."

"I like you best when you are serious," said Wee. "But this isn't the place for it. We are now rushing along a dangerous road full of second-hand cars with second-hand drivers. Please put your mind on your driving, Jerry."

"You made one failure, my lass," said Jerry.

"What do you mean?"

"The nickname Grizzly hasn't stuck. You forgot all about it before we had supper. Let's be truly original, and call each other by our right names, even after we're married. I know one perfectly sickening couple who call each other Pups and Poodle."

"And I know one," said Wee, dreamily, "who call each other Woof Dog and Pudd'n Pie. Jerry, you wanted to know my real name. My real name's one of the things I can't stand."

Jerry put his foot down hard on the accelerator, and succeeded after a race lasting three minutes in passing a truck.

"There are many things you won't have to stand," he said. "I'm here to take care of you now. Tell me about this uncle of yours. If he's rotten to you, I'll make him jump in the Charles."

"He isn't rotten to me. He's just rather old, and set in his ways. But he's very thoughtful. In fact, some people might think him a little *too* thoughtful about money. Some Boston men are like that."

"You bet," said Jerry. "I've tried to sell bonds to them."

"Every Monday morning, at ten sharp, I go to his office," continued Wee. "He looks over my accounts, and approves or rejects any expenses I have in mind."

"He does, does he?"

"There were five brothers," said Wee. "Uncle Roger, Uncle Lothrop, Uncle Griswold, Uncle Jonas, and my father, who was Pickman Legg. They all died years ago, except Uncle Roger, so he is the trustee for the estate, and he often says that five men's work has fallen on him. I'm the only member of the younger generation. Uncle Roger has arranged for my upbringing from the start. He's really a wonderful housekeeper. He knows the wholesale prices of all foods,

(*Continued on page 125*)

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MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 122*)

and tells me when to buy, and when not. He noticed this car in a collision, and bought it on the spot. By using fish at the right time, instead of meat, I can—"

JERRY put his weight on the rusty steering gear, and twisted the car through the traffic in Harvard Square, while Wee went on with her description of Uncle Roger. He had never set foot in a taxicab. He had resigned from all his clubs, except the League of American Wheelmen. Jerry formed a mental picture of him—a reserved, proud old aristocrat, doling out the last crumbs of the family estate, and succeeding through bitter economy in keeping a patched mansard roof over the heads of his sister-in-law and niece on Marlboro Street.

Such an uncle, beyond question, would welcome a young man who would strive hard to provide for his girl. Perhaps Uncle Roger was a genial old fellow, who missed the cheery good fellowship of his clubs. Those business meetings with Wee, on Monday mornings, sounded rather dreary—those meetings in which he counseled her to choose haddock and not beefsteak. But she was the light of his life, of course. Jerry looked forward to entering the family circle; a young man can bring so much warmth into an old one's life.

"Do you spend much time with your uncle?" he asked.

"He likes to be alone," said Wee. "Aunt Caroline and I dine with him once a year."

There was a pause after that—a long one.

"I told you Uncle Roger would be difficult," said Wee. "Aunt Caroline is a dear. She is not very well, because she is seventy-three and has phlebitis, but she's a dear. She comes from Providence. She says she likes you because you have a demon in your eye."

"I wonder if Uncle Roger will notice the same attraction."

"He won't," said Wee. "He has always thought I needed some extra discipline because of my father. My father was the black sheep of the family. He ran away from the Legg home when he was sixteen, did you know?"

"I didn't know," said Jerry, impressed. "Where did he run to?"

"To Shanghai. Perhaps our piratical blood was too much for him. It's a great joke, you know, about the first Legg having been a pirate, but Uncle Roger doesn't appreciate it. Then, when he came back from Shanghai, he ran away again—to Costa Rica, to grow coffee."

"Didn't he go to college?"

"Only for a year. Then the family decided he would have to sow his wild coffee in his own way. He discovered that bananas are more profitable than coffee, and he interested some people in them, and came back with a little money. Then he married mother—she was Ellen Parnham, of Brookline—and they had just four years together. They spent them mostly at Newport and abroad. In fact, they died at Monte Carlo, and Aunt Carrie went over and brought me back. I suppose they were interested in me as the last of the line."

"They had a right to be. Thank you for telling me so much."

"I have some pictures taken at Newport. Father drove horses very well, and he had a coach. Uncle Roger is still talking about that coach; I can't tell you how he hates it. He says that Newport life is suitable only for spendthrifts and debauchees. He also says that my father's love for the gaming tables shortened his life. I can't begin to tell you all the things he says."

SHE sighed, and he patted her arm, thinking how small and pathetic she looked in his enormous coat. Perhaps this strangely sportive father of hers, this devotee of coaching and roulette, was not a Legg at all. Perhaps he had been left on the Legg front steps in a basket. Where did Wee's dark beauty come from, her gaiety, her independence of spirit? She was not one of those blonde-haired Boston girls, as placid as cows. She had fire. He remembered how she had surrendered to him in the lane. It had been like kissing a nymph—but a nymph aflame with desire. If there were a bar sinister in her coat of arms, he decided that it would be no bar, but a blessing.

"I'm a Legg, all right," said Wee. "Oh, you needn't look so surprised. People who love each other can read each other's minds. Even in this poor light, I can see queer expressions chasing themselves over your dear, foolish face. People used to wonder if father was a genuine Legg, but he was. Uncle Roger and Uncle Jonas sat right outside the door while he was born, and Aunt Carrie was in the room. I made her tell me that. I've always wanted to be sure. But he ran away to Shanghai. I've often wanted to do the same thing."

"Everybody feels that way, sometimes."

"Yes, but how few ever go! And now, look what has happened. I'm going to marry a Harvard crew captain, with offices in State Street."

"I won't be much of an escape for you. I'm in a groove, too."

"But there's a demon in your eye," said Wee, hopefully. "And there's a demon in me. Why is it, Jerry, that among the oldest New England families there are people who look like Portuguese pirates, or the daughters of tobacco merchants in Greece?"

"A lot happened in the seventeenth century that hasn't yet been reported in the *Boston Evening Transcript*."

"Shiploads of wives from Europe," said Wee. "The early Harvard graduates buried at least three wives. And those early Salem ship-owners may have had some fun in foreign ports that hasn't got into the *Transcript*, either. I've been raised to think about ancestors so much that maybe I've got a right to think about ancestresses, too. Jerry."

"What is it, my dear?"

"There's a gypsy in me, somewhere, and I don't believe she was a sternly moral gypsy, either. Isn't that a hideous confession for a member of the Junior League, and the Chilton Club, and the St. Botolph Lend-a-Hand Society? All my uncles were so upright they might have been strapped to boards. And they *were* strapped to boards—to boards of directors and school boards, and so forth. They stayed here in Boston, and managed cotton mills, and passed the plate in church every Sunday. They were trustees. They did all the conventional things. Grandfather used to say that the conventions were established to make us comfortable."

JERRY drove slowly through Cambridge, amazed by the tremor in Wee's voice.

"Well, it's no use wishing," said Wee. "I'll stay here, and be a conventional Boston dame."

"The devil you will!" said Jerry, gruffly. "I'll run away with you tomorrow."

"That would be nice," said Wee. "But it wouldn't be fair to Uncle Roger. He has done everything for me—he has consulted with Aunt Carrie about schools, dentists, tonsils, Sunday-school, psychiatry, suitors, charities and everything else a girl needs. Every Thursday, at four o'clock sharp, he consults with her."

"It sounds a bit stiff, now you mention it."

"Uncle Roger is a receiver for so many things, including me. Aunt Carrie is only the woman who brought me up. That's a much less serious thing. Well, we'll go home and tell her the news."

"Will that make everything legal?"

"Far from it."

"Do the banns have to be read?"

"You must be thinking about those classic novelists you are so keen about," said Wee. "Anthony Trollope or Hugh Walpole. Nothing will be legal till you see Uncle Roger."

She laughed so dismally that Jerry knew all his suspicions must be right. This girl had been deprived, by her family's poverty, of everything that makes life

(*Continued on page 126*)

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MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 125*)

worth living. There had been no warmth, no cheerfulness in the little family group that met on Mondays and Thursdays at such and such an hour, sharp. There was no money to buy flowers, or interesting food, or pretty new furniture to brighten the somber horrors of Aunt Caroline's drawing-room.

He knew what he would do. He would take her out of it, and give her the things she deserved. He stopped the car with a jerk.

"I'm not fit to kiss the sole of your shoe," he said. "But I know courage when I see it. We call it guts where I come from. You have it, in the highest degree. You are suffocating here. We'll get out of Boston. We'll go abroad. I've got two thousand dollars saved up, and I'll spend every cent of it to give you the kind of trip you deserve. Your father went to Shanghai, did he? Well, we'll go there too. Though I think I'd rather like the Ægean Islands. Would you like them, Wee?"

"I'd love them," she said, eagerly.

Jerry chuckled. "It will be fun," he said. "We'll have to go in some old hooker that doesn't generally take passengers. A Portuguese cattle boat, or a Greek tobacco steamer. Maybe you'll have to sign on as stewardess, and I'll be assistant purser. But we'll make it, somehow. I'd walk round the world with you, and after our shoes wore out, I'd walk barefoot and carry you on my back. Does that sound fantastic? Well, it's true."

"Thank you for understanding a little, Jerry," she said.

"A little! Why, I understand a whole lot."

He started the car again, and drove over Harvard Bridge in a purposeful way.

"YOUR childhood must have been awful," he said. "I suppose they psychoanalyzed you at school to see why you didn't show the amount of group spirit suitable to a good little Boston girl. Uncle Roger supervised your suitors, did he? Would you tell me more about them?"

"I've had more than fifty offers," said Wee, calmly. "Some of the men were sober and some were tight—but you're the first of all of them who really wanted *me*."

"What?"

"How you can possibly have lived in Boston and not known about Uncle Roger," said Wee, "is more than I can imagine. But I suppose you are just divinely dumb. What do you think these men wanted?"

"They wanted you."

"No, they didn't. I never heard a man say 'I love you' and mean it, until you said it to me."

"Well, then," asked Jerry, "what did they want?"

"I don't know how to tell you," said Wee. "But when you spoke of my going as a stewardess on a cattle boat—"

She paused, catching her breath.

"Jerry," she said, "tell me something on your word of honor. How much money do you think I've got?"

"I've never stopped to think about it," he said.

"I know that's true," said Wee. "I knew you weren't pretending, yesterday and to-day. Darling, you *will* keep on loving me, won't you? I've been so lonely and frightened all my life."

"I wish I was good enough for you."

"Oh, Jerry, it's the other way round. You've made a place for yourself. Everybody likes you. Girls are fascinated by you. Again and again, I've wanted to show you how I cared for you—but I couldn't do that. Come on, Jerry. How much do you think I've got?"

"Must we talk about money?" he said.

"Yes, right here in the blinding publicity of Marlboro Street we have got to talk about it," she insisted. "Old Mrs. Gibbins is staring at us from her bow-windows, and probably the other windows are full of eyes, but I don't care. Come on, Jerry darling, guess."

He looked at her. He knew nothing about girls' clothes, but something told him that her hat and her shoes were low priced, and old. He looked at the battered dashboard and fenders of her decrepit car. He looked slowly up at the small, ugly brick house with its patched mansard roof.

"I should think," he said, at last, "that you may have, or will some day have, about five thousand dollars a year."

She gave a scream and sprang out of the car. The scream was not quite a shriek and not quite a sob, but it had a hysterical note that made him wonder if she was laughing or crying. He followed her out of the car and she turned around and put her hands into his on the doorstep. She was laughing now in a strange, proud way and her eyes were bright with pride.

"I love you, Jerry," she breathed. "Whither thou goest I will go, and thy people shall be my people. Come along in."

She fumbled for her latchkey, failed to find it and rang the doorbell.

"While the maid is coming," she whispered, "I've just time to tell you that the Legg estate is more than seventy million dollars, and it's all coming to me."

Stupefied, Jerry stared at the shabby old walnut doors, with their glass upper panels and carved bosses of wood below. Then he followed Wee into the hall.

"Norah!" she cried to the aged maid. "Norah, please congratulate me. This is Mr. Jerry McCoy, and I'm going to marry him."

"Glory be to God, Miss Wee!" piped the servant, in her thin old voice. "I'm sure you have my prayers for health and wealth and children in herds and droves, glory be to God!"

Wee gave the old servant a kiss.

"We were just talking about wealth," she said. "We haven't arranged for droves of children, yet. Norah, dear, please go and tell Mrs. Legg that I am coming to give her some very important news. Now Jerry! I'm sorry I deceived you. I'm sorry you got engaged to me under false pretences, thinking I was so poor. I *am* poor, Jerry. Uncle Roger has all the Legg money in trust. If we go to the Mediterranean, that dear, dirty little steamer full of Portuguese cows will be just our style. But some day you can have the *Mauretania* for your very own, if you want it. I'm sorry I had to talk about money. It has been my curse so long. Jerry, let's never mention money again . . . But I forgot. You'll have to mention it to Uncle Roger to-morrow. Better go early and get it over. I'll make an appointment for you now."

She smiled at him, and whirled upstairs like a leaf in an eddy of wind.

HE WALKED home to his room on Revere Street an hour later, still dazed by the events that had crowded in upon him. Wee's surrender was one unforgettable, almost incredible fact. Wee's seventy million dollars was another. He tried to put it out of his mind, even while he said to himself that it was one of those facts no human young man could forget.

Fifty proposals! Fifty men, some sober and some tight, but all with that glittering fact of the seventy million dollars in the front of their minds. Jerry was the only one of them who wanted Wee entirely for herself. She could tell the shade of difference in the words "I love you" when spoken by a man who really meant them. He had won Wee, and he had won an enormous fortune, too, by thinking she was poor. He had offered—how grimly fantastic it seemed now!—to snatch her away from poverty!

He found himself dancing a sort of jig in his bare feet, on the bathroom floor. Seventy million dollars! No more cheap lodging-houses. No more trudging around Boston to sell bonds to tight-lipped investors. Tight-lipped tightwads! Jerry repeated this phrase. It pleased him. Then he stopped dancing. It was unseemly to dance at such a moment. Men with seventy million dollars don't caper around in their bare feet. The tryst with Uncle Roger was to be at eight o'clock sharp next morning. Jerry went soberly to bed, setting his alarm clock for seven.

(*Continued on page 128*)

CARAVAN

IN THE great bazaars of Cairo and Jerusalem he chose from precious stones spread before him on russet velvets and lemon-colored silks. . . . In Colombo, black-bearded merchants brought copper trays of winking jewels for his selection. . . . In Bombay, redolent of musk and sandalwood, they showed him pearls worth many elephants or belts full of silver.

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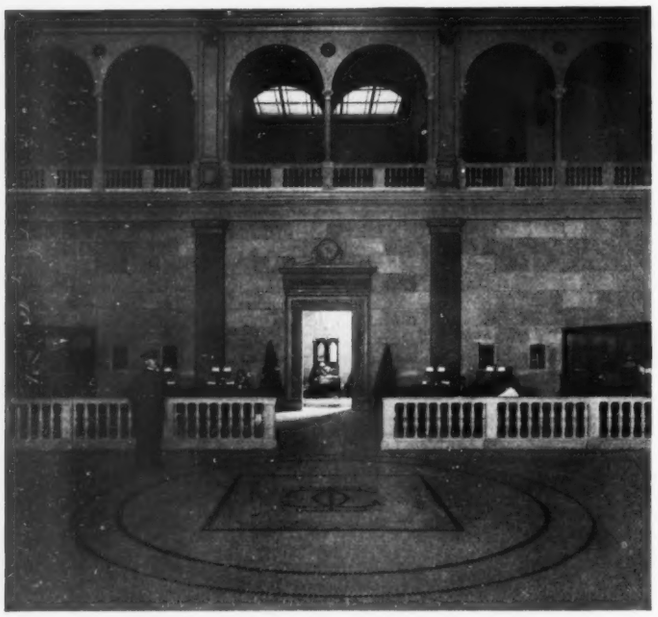

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MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 126*)

When the clock sent its jarring reveille through his drowsy brain next morning, Jerry's mood was still chastened. He felt ashamed of his moment of exultation. Wee's money was her own, not his. He despised those wretched married men who go meowing and yowling for money to their rich wives. The fact that Wee was so rich would only inspire him to harder effort. Why was he awake so early? To go to see Uncle Roger, of course. He yawned, stretching his arms. It was a wonderful thing to be alive on such a fine, sunny morning. It would be interesting to meet this old Boston aristocrat. A little advance information about him would be worth while.

There was a coin-box telephone on the floor below. Jerry looked through his clothes for a nickel, failed to find one, and tapped on the janitor's door in the basement. The woman lent him a nickel, and he went up-stairs and called up George Hamill, his best friend.

"Cripes!" said George, his own sleepiness vanishing at the mention of Mr. Legg's name. "Don't you know all about him? Why, among all the trustees of Boston, he's the old he-coon. Rich? He's been draining all the Legg money for fifty years, the way the Mississippi River drains the Middle West . . . Seventy millions? . . . More like eighty, and he doesn't let a cent of it leak away through negligence! . . . It's in bank stocks, and Chicago real estate and things like that . . . He's in business, too . . . President of the Cupsuptic Steam Cotton Mills & What Cheer Company of Pawtucket . . . Amesbury Buggy Corporation . . . Boston & Aroostook Steam Packet Line . . . Why, he is Old Man Boston Business himself . . . Rolling along! . . . Has he asked you to call?"

"Deposit five cents, please, for three minutes' additional conversation," interrupted the operator.

"I haven't got five cents," said Jerry, and hung up. The day felt colder and darker, and he nervously warmed the cold sole of one foot against the shin of his other leg before going back to his room. He dressed thoughtfully, putting aside the Persian orange tie he had meant to wear, and selecting a dark blue one instead. This pillar of Boston enterprise, this old he-coon among all the Boston trustees, would doubtless disapprove of a flashily dressed young man. A certain drabness and bagginess would appeal to him. Jerry walked down the hill, after dressing, intending to breakfast at the Shawmut Sanitary Kitchen, on Charles Street.

BUT an invitation for eight o'clock must be an invitation to breakfast. It would be interesting to break bread in Uncle Roger's splendid old Bulfinch mansion, facing the Common. Jerry pulled its old-fashioned bell handle, producing a faint tinkle of sound somewhere in the bowels of the house. He was admitted to a dark brown hall, hung with engravings of Sir Edwin Landseer's paintings. He had time to study the titles: "The Stag at Bay," "Dignity and Impudence," and "The Swannery Invaded by Eagles." Then he was shown into the dining-room, where Mr. Legg sat at breakfast.

Jerry expected to see a tall, burly man. The figure at the head of the glittering mahogany table was so small that it looked like a gnome. Mr. Legg sat in a high-backed Italian armchair covered with crimson Venetian velvet. Between its seat and himself was a bound volume of Littell's Living Age for 1873—but Jerry did not notice this until Mr. Legg stood up.

He was in no hurry to stand up. He slowly finished his fish-ball and cup of coffee substitute. Then he looked at his watch, rather than his visitor, and said: "You are ahead of time."

Meanwhile, Jerry looked around the room. The woodwork, with its lincrusta ornamentation, was painted dark brown. The chair legs were rubber-capped, to protect the Axminster carpet. Jerry was not sensitive to furniture, but he could not help noticing a magnificent Goddard highboy, and three great wall cabinets of mahogany. Behind their locked doors glimmered some of the family Lowestoft and Crown Derby china. Mr. Legg had been breakfasting frugally off Canton-ware. There was no silver on the table, nor on the Duncan Phyfe sideboard; Jerry was to learn later that Mr. Legg had loaned the family silver to the Boston Art Museum, thus providing a safe place for it without storage charges.

But there was a wonderful lot of loot left in the room, Jerry knew. That crystal chandelier, and the ancient Coromandel screen, and the inlaid knife boxes—what would they cost, in New York?

"I see," said Mr. Legg, at last, slipping to the floor, "that you are interested in my belongings."

It was an ominous beginning. Wee was one of his belongings, no doubt. But the old man looked friendly, in a quavering, nervous sort of way. He advanced across the carpet, and put a cold, scratchy little hand into Jerry's big paw. Jerry thought it was like a sea-gull's foot. Mr. Legg wore a little gray beard, and a little gray cutaway coat. Around his stand-up collar was a little gray bow tie.

"Your niece telephoned you about me," said Jerry.

"Or you would not be here," squeaked Mr. Legg. He had the sea-gull's accents, too.

"It is a great pleasure," said Jerry, "to see all these beautiful things. I wonder if Gilbert Stuart painted that family portrait on the wall. The old gentleman with the telescope and sextant. Wee told me that some of her ancestors were sea captains. I—"

Mr. Legg dismissed the subject of art with a frown, and said: "We will come to business at once."

He sat down on a Sheraton settee, placing his square-toed boots together and folding his little hands in his lap. A twitching muscle made him grin weirdly from time to time. He grinned now.

"There are three kinds of love," he said.

It was an unexpected way of coming to business, and such a long pause followed that Jerry could hear the hall clock ticking great, luscious ticks that sounded like large drops of water falling heavily into a pool.

It would be absurd to say: "And what are the three kinds of love, if you please, Mr. Legg?" But the temptation was almost irresistible. The old man was marshalling his thoughts.

"We will dismiss at once," he began, "the kind of love that is unmentionable; and we need not refer to the ordinary sort of love between a man and his wife. It is his business to protect her, and her business to make him a home in proportion to his income."

Again Mr. Legg paused. The effort of speaking seemed to tire him. But he stood up, and took the financial section of the *Boston Herald* off the dining-table, and then sat down again, crossing his knees. The corner of the paper seemed to have got caught between them.

"There is a third kind of love, Mr. McCoy," he said. "It considers the property aspects of the union. It brings large family fortunes together, adding to the wealth of both families."

"But I haven't any large fortune," said Jerry.

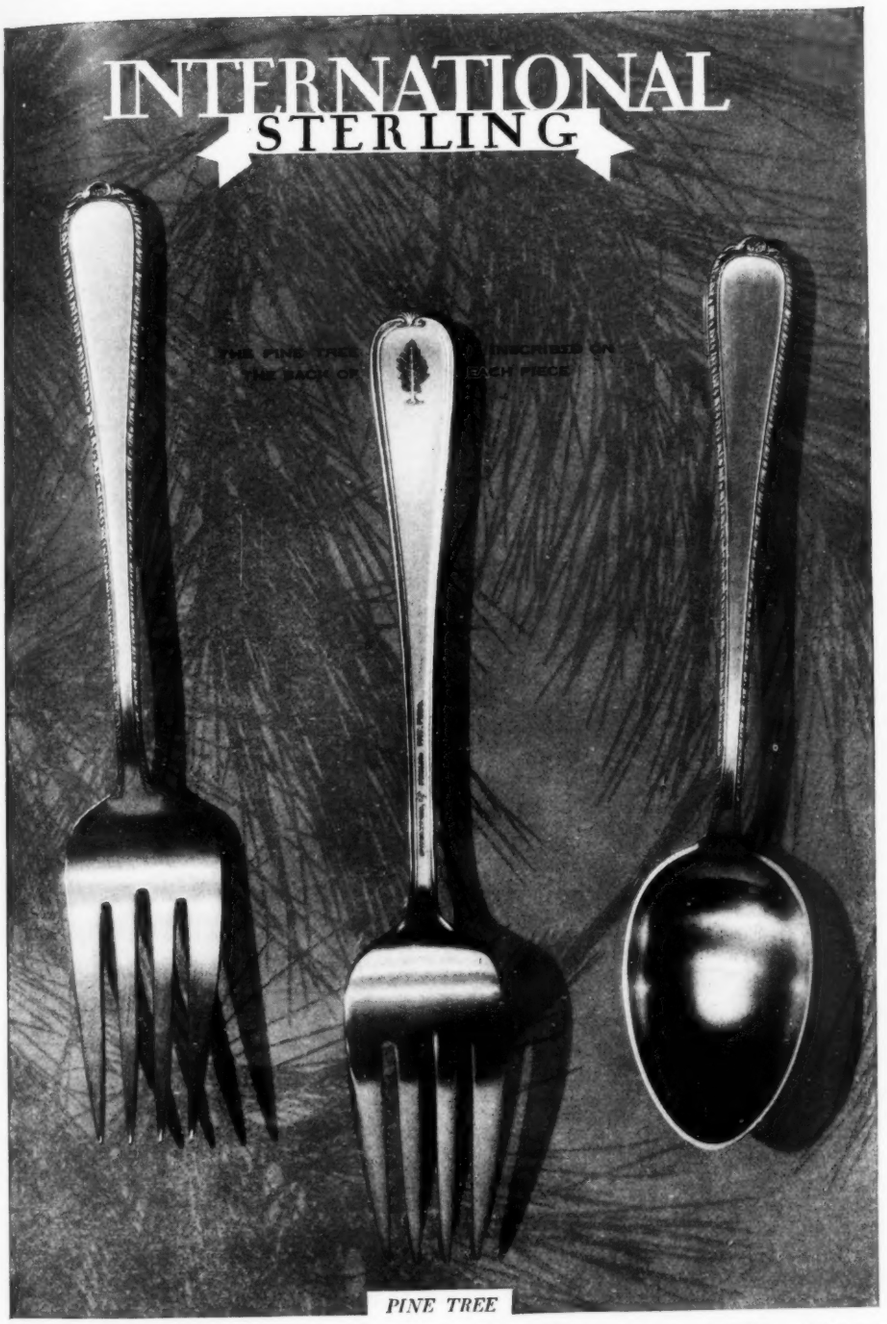
"What is your business?"

"I am in Carr & Daland's office. I am in the bond department where I—I try to sell bonds."

"How much do you earn?"

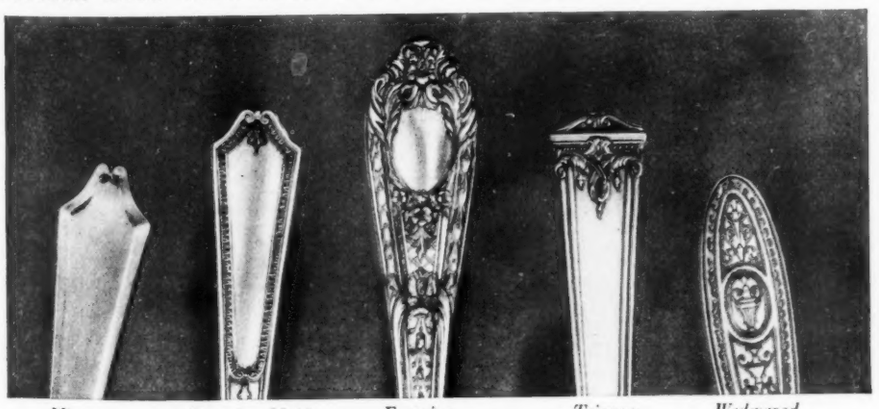
"I am averaging about eighty dollars a week at present," said Jerry, looking at the blackened portrait of Captain Bezaleel Legg on the wall. What would that sturdy old privateersman have said to a beggarly eighty dollars a week? He did not pull an oar for fun in a racing shell. He hired men to pull oars for him in all the rivers of the Orient. It seemed humiliating to confess in his presence that a young man of spirit could slave for eighty dollars a week. Jerry wished he had not confessed. His income was his own affair. It would grow, of course. It would grow amazingly if Uncle Roger gave him some business, bought some of his bonds.

(*Continued on page 130*)



PINE TREE

PICTURE EACH WITH YOUR HOME AS THE BACKGROUND. THEN CHOOSE!



Minuet *Georgian Maid* *Fontaine* *Trianon* *Wedgwood*

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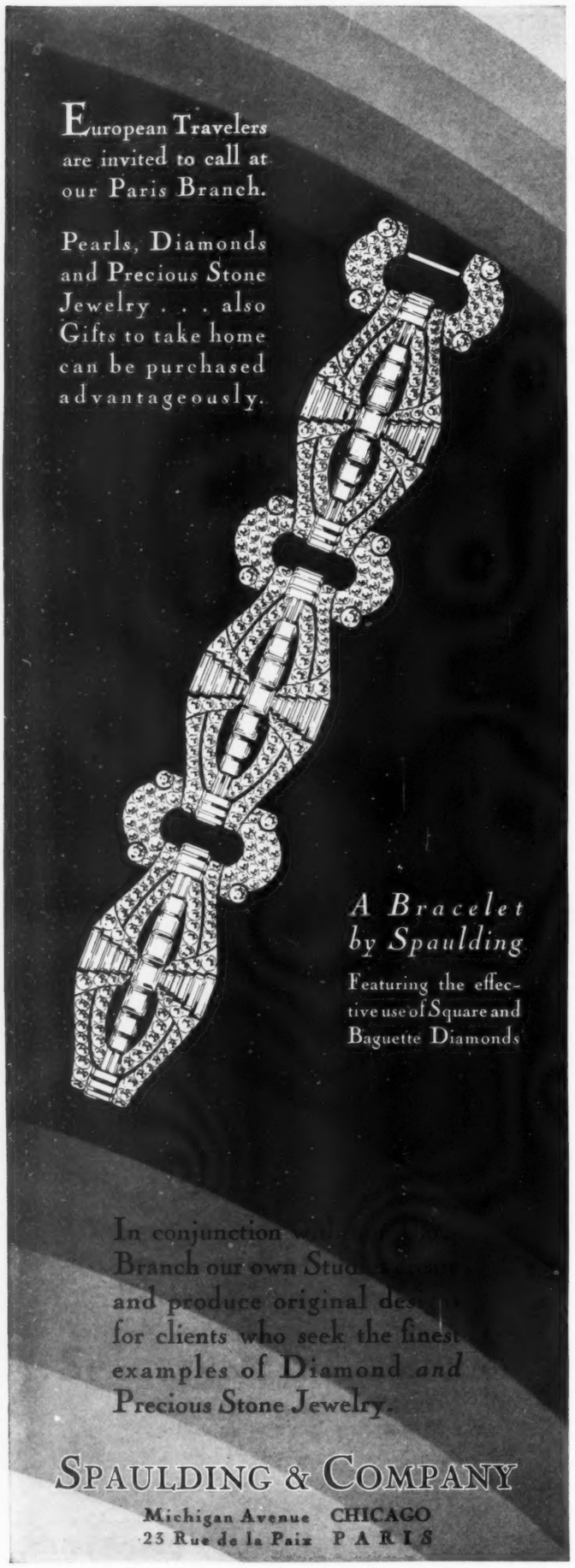
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MARRIED MONEY

But Uncle Roger was apparently harboring no such happy thought. His fatigue had vanished. His eyes were snapping as brightly as black beads.

"What is your father's position?"

"He lives abroad—at Cannes, France."

"I mean his financial position."

Mr. Legg's mouth locked itself into a tight little line. Jerry explained that his father was a retired lawyer, with a weak heart; that he advised his friends on the purchase of paintings and old furniture. Mr. Legg made it clear, without moving a muscle, that he considered it trifling, even faintly dishonorable to do this kind of thing, and live at Cannes. There are gaming tables at Cannes . . .

"What allowance does your father make you?"

"He sends me money from time to time," said Jerry. "When his investments are good, he sends something. But I really hate to take money from him. So I've had the fun of making my own way."

"Humph!"

Mr. Legg's next question came with the sharp, unexpected force of a blow on the back:

"What are your expectations at your father's death?"

"He—he isn't dead yet?"

"But you say he has heart trouble?"

Jerry gulped. He could picture his father stricken in a foreign hotel, attended by a bearded and bored French doctor.

"I hope and believe he will live for many years," said Jerry.

"I see," said Mr. Legg.

It was quite plain what he saw. He saw a fortune hunter. He saw a penniless young man making a thrust at the Legg fortune—a fortune hunter's thrust.

"You have been happy-go-lucky," said the old man. "If you marry, you will know what financial worry is. You may have plunged into college life without counting the cost. But you cannot plunge into married life in that spirit. Instead of saying that you earn 'about' eighty dollars a week, you will have to know every penny of your income and your expenditures. A married man is never for one instant free from anxiety about money; it is his first thought in the morning, his last on going to bed at night."

Mr. Legg delivered these comfortless words with such a jerk that the newspaper fell from between his legs. Jerry stooped and picked it up, and Mr. Legg clamped it back in position again.

"You wonder why I do this," he said, when he regained his breath.

"Yes, sir," said Jerry.

"It is a wrinkle my father told me," said Mr. Legg. "Your father would not care for it. He is a hedonist."

"No, he is nothing of the sort."

JERRY wished that Mr. Legg was his own age and size. But that was absurd. Fathers-in-law or uncles-in-law are never your own size. They enjoy perfect immunity, while they are torturing you . . .

But Mr. Legg did not look like a torturer any more. He was smiling weirdly, wagging his little gray beard.

"You have crossed your legs," he said.

"So I have," said Jerry, startled.

"There is no harm in that habit if you remember to place a piece of paper, a napkin, or even your hand between your knees. If cloth touches cloth, the tiny filaments interlock and your trouser legs soon grow shiny. This little wrinkle has prolonged the life of my trousers over whole periods of years."

Jerry put his hand between his knees, slipping it in and out with the air of a studious boy performing an experiment.

Mr. Legg smiled still more broadly. Jerry's interest had melted him.

"You are wearing a folded collar," he said. "A stand-up collar will stand fifty more washings. Mark one with indelible ink, and you will see. I have one dozen collars, am careful to wear them in rotation, and they have lasted me for ten years!"

"Well, Mr. Legg," said Jerry, "I would never have thought of that."

Mr. Legg beamed.

"Does Wee know about such things?"

"She is a child of her family," smiled Mr. Legg. "Her stock pot is the best in Boston."

"Her what?"

"Her stock pot, in which all scraps are boiled. The swill pail of an average American family holds enough nourishing food to feed a French family for a week."

"Does Wee boil her swill in a pot?"

"A thrifty family," said Mr. Legg, severely, "has no swill."

"I'm sure Wee is very careful," said Jerry.

The master of millions burst into thin, cackling laughter.

"My niece can show you hundreds of money-saving wrinkles. She has been taught to know the value not merely of a dollar, but of a dime. Unless she has the better of the bargain, she never spends a cent. You may count yourself lucky, Mr. McCoy!"

"I do," said Jerry. "But not for that reason. I'm lucky because Wee is so sweet, so patient, so—" He searched desperately for words. "She is the girl I have dreamed about all my life."

MR. LEGG was not listening. "Upstairs," he said, "I have a room which she and I decorated together. By collecting free samples of wall-paper, ever since she was old enough to ask for them, we finally secured enough to paper a room in the modern style. It makes an admirable setting for my grandmother's patchwork quilt. We call it the Patchwork Room."

In spite of himself, Jerry smiled.

"Such things appeal to you," said Mr. Legg. "It is a point in your favor. You will make my niece happy, perhaps."

"Then I have your consent?"

"My niece is more than twenty-one. I cannot forbid her to marry you. You will live frugally—but I will help you."

"Thank you, Mr. Legg."

"A company of mine has built some excellent little English-type homes in Newtonhurst, some single, some semi-detached. I will make the terms so advantageous that you will be able to purchase one, over a term of years."

"Would—would Wee like that?" asked Jerry, nervously. "I thought we'd take an apartment somewhere, first."

"Wretched management!" said Mr. Legg. "At the end of each year, you have nothing to show for the money paid for rent. You must buy your own home."

He leaned forward, and put his thin little hand on Jerry's knee.

"Save the pennies," he said. "This newspaper costs two cents. That is excessive—but my next door neighbor and I club together. Pyam Blowers receives his copy at seven, and puts it on his hall table when he goes out. My Abigail finds it there, and leaves one cent for it. By dividing the cost we each save six dollars a year—and that is the annual interest on $120 at five per cent!"

The old head was so near the young one, now, that Mr. Legg and Jerry had the air of conspirators when Wee came in.

"You seem to be hobnobbing," she said, nervously. "I told you that Jerry was a pleasant young man."

Then the blow fell. Uncle Roger drew himself up; he stood five feet one in his What Cheer cotton socks.

"He is an almost penniless young trifler," he said. "Neither his prospects nor his habits are satisfactory at all. But there may be some hope for him. He is interested in sensible thrift. Are you still sure you wish to marry him?"

"Quite sure," said Wee.

She slipped her arm into Jerry's, and they stood silently, side by side.

"Very well," said Mr. Legg, "I have decided to settle upon you jointly the sum of ten million dollars at once."

Wee swayed against the wall; Jerry gulped, and found his tongue.

"This is unexpect—this is typically generous of you, Mr. Legg."

"You are not to touch the money," said the old man. "Not one penny of it shall be squandered by you. Both principal and interest will be held in irrevocable trust for the heirs." (*To be continued*)

IT IS NOT uncommon to have purchasers frankly express surprise that Valentine-Seaver Furniture is so moderate in cost. Personal appraisal of the designs, materials and craftsmanship, together with the reputation of the maker, had led them to expect much higher prices. As a matter of fact, this exquisite furniture is quite easily within the means of the average family.

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The modishly tailored English chair, with loose, tufted back and down-filled cushion, is covered with a most fascinating bit of fine damask in deep orange, with an all-over figured pattern. Linen frieze of the same orange tone is used on the arms and outside.

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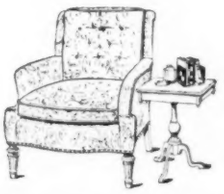

Beginning with this summer season, the Franklin group of shops will number eight . . . including two new resort branches to be opened late in June—the first in Southampton, the second at Watch Hill. New versions of the Franklin, hand-knitted sweater suits will be emphasized . . . with other sports clothes casual in effect and exquisite in detail, and a distinguished collection of prints in the filmy floating frocks of Summer afternoons and evenings.

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WE LIVE ONLY ONCE

(*Continued from page 85*)

raillery,"and now that you've cussed me out good and proper, would you mind telling me where I am?"

"In a private ambulance," the churlish voice continued. "At least it was private until you horned in."

"Oh, what I wouldn't give to be able to get out of your rotten old ambulance," Anne retorted with spirit.

"I don't know what you've got, but I'd raise the ante," he added in a voice that was almost a growl. "A fellow can't even have appendicitis in peace nowadays," he continued mournfully.

"Oh, is that all that's the matter with you?" Anne blazed. "I thought for a moment you were really sick, you looked so white and funny. I caught myself feeling almost sorry for you. But I guess it was just bad temper that made you go gray that way," she concluded.

"Go gray," he almost shouted, "now I know you've done for me. You've killed me with your old collision, if that's any satisfaction to you."

"All I can say is that for a dying man, your voice leaves nothing to be desired," Anne replied with conviction.

"I'll bet it's burst," he quavered; "the doctor said the slightest shock would do it."

"All of which only proves how mistaken doctors can be at times," Anne murmured aggravatingly.

"Oh, shut up," he retorted, as the ambulance pulled under a portico, and came to a gradual stop.

"Doctor," she said ingratiatingly to the white-robed attendant who stepped inside, "attend to this—gentleman first: I can wait."

"I won't have it," he fairly shrieked with rage. "I won't be under obligation to you for anything. Take her out, doctor," he pleaded, "she's driving me crazy."

"Someone did that long ago, and I'm having to suffer for it," Anne replied faintly, as she was lifted out and for a second time that afternoon drifted into oblivion.

A FULL fledged family quorum focused itself before Anne's returning consciousness. She brushed it fearfully aside; just another bad dream, she thought; but no, it persisted. Then furtively she peered out of her cornflower blue eyes, and as quickly shut them tight again.

"It's all right, Anne," her father had admonished comfortingly, "you can open them; we won't discuss anything but how you're feeling, for the present."

Anne pulled his head down to hers, and pressed her cheek against his ear. "What are they going to do to me—the police?" she questioned tremulously.

"I wouldn't worry about that for the present," he cautioned. "We want to give all our thought and attention to getting those ribs of yours mended."

"How many of them, father?" she rejoined with interest.

"Not any more than you can spare," he replied jocularly, and patted her hand . . . for he was that sort of a father.

"Oh, Anne, how could you be so wantonly careless," Mrs. Winfield began querulously. "You've—"

"Now, mother, if you begin that, I'm going to faint again," Anne rejoined cannily; and as her mother's tears began to flow in profusion, "Oh, won't you stop that blubbering? There's nothing to cry about."

"That's all you know," Mrs. Winfield retorted. "You've never been a mother."

"I won't argue with you on that score, mum; for once in your life you're right," Anne asserted with conviction.

"I shouldn't think you'd be so flippant, Anne, with that poor boy you ran into in a dying condition," she continued dolefully.

"Oh, did he tell you that, too?" Anne fairly gurgled with amusement. "That seems to be his favorite line."

"He wasn't in a very talkative state when we saw him, was he, Henry?" Mrs. Winfield replied, wailing anew.

"Hush, Emma," he warned emphatically, but not forcefully enough to silence Babs, who continued with relish.

"Indeed not," Babs began with unction. "He was stretched out on an operating table—a wheeling one, all swathed in bandages, simply steeped in ether, and whiter than anything I've ever seen; and as they pushed him into his room, just across the hall," she continued, fairly wallowing in the gory details, "I heard one nurse say to the other, 'if he pulls through—' "

"That will do, young woman," her father ordered harshly, but not until after the damage had been done.

"No, Daddy, let her finish," Anne added quietly.

"If he pulls through," Babs repeated with pride, "it will be nothing short of a miracle."

"Oh—" Anne managed to gasp, "no one ever told me an appendix could be so serious."

"It isn't, ordinarily," her father amended, "but this one seems to have burst, and gangrene's set in," he concluded.

"And now, let's go home," Babs suggested, having successfully emptied her packet of news. "I'm starved."

"I think perhaps you had better," Anne echoed. "I'm beginning to feel awfully tired, and I'd—I'd like to rest, if you don't mind."

"Come, Henry," Mrs. Winfield moved with alacrity. "We shouldn't have stayed this long. I'm afraid we've tired poor Anne out completely."

"We'll come the first thing in the morning," Mr. Winfield promised, as he picked up his hat and stick and accompanied his wife to the door.

"Sleep well," Babs urged, as she followed her parents out, and Anne wanly smiled her thanks.

"It burst—it really burst," she sobbed, when the nurse had closed the door silently behind them. "Oh, what have I done?" she cried. And for the first time since she had been a small child, she prayed. Feverishly, fervently—and effectively. For in three days, each of which seemed possessed of a thousand hours, he was quite out of danger, though still a very sick boy. Poor Bonnie (who had started out a highly starched and glacial Miss Bonbright, and who had melted beyond recognition under the Winfield régime) had been run ragged combining her natural nursing talents with a hitherto undiscovered gift for eavesdropping; to her fell the unpleasant duty of bringing Anne half-hourly bulletins concerning the grave condition of one Bobbie Briggs, whose chart stated convincingly, if unromantically, that he had been born some twenty-six years ago, white, and under no unusual circumstances, but with a decidedly bad temper, Anne would have augmented, had she been consulted. But no such meager information satisfied Anne, and in this connection she insisted that Bonnie cultivate the mouse-like little person who was ministering to Bobbie's wants with more diligence than she had been known to exert in years. Not that you could blame her, for Bonnie reported the victim to be possessed of a face that hundreds besides a mother could love. This, however, was quite likely to be an exaggeration, so Anne decided to exert the prerogative usually accorded solely to natives of the state of Missouri—and take what expert engineering it might—to be shown. But how to bring it about?

HOBEY had sent her some exceptionally scarce champagne, vintage of something or other that was dreadfully expensive. She'd send him that. Besides being good for him, it might make him realize that she wasn't altogether devoid of human feeling, and that if she had been responsible for his serious condition, she had at least the good grace to be sorry—and how terribly sorry he would never know.

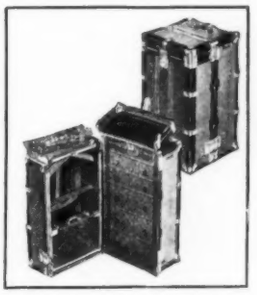
Bonnie did it up ever so attractively. It looked a small Bacchanalian feast by the time their combined talents had arranged fruit, flowers, candy and wine, (most of which he wouldn't be permitted

(*Continued on page 134*)

***Of Course,* a Honeymoon *is a Honeymoon* - - - -**

***even if you go in a* PAPER SACK!**

BUT IT'S so much nicer to own a swagger-looking sporty Hartmann wardrobe trunk. It adds so *much* to the trip. You can tell a Hartmann at a glance. It's as smart as a racy roadster—as right as a Paris hat—a thoroughbred you're proud to own and be seen with. Marvelously convenient, easy to travel with, holds everything you'll ever need without crowding, and it will last practically *forever.*



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WE LIVE ONLY ONCE

(*Continued from page 133*)

to do more than look at) in a straw basket. Armed with instructions to leave his door wide open, Bonnie started boldly across the hall. Anne propped herself up as close to the crack in the door as she could manage, and awaited results. What followed proved conclusively that she needn't have shifted to this decidedly uncomfortable position to gather the full significance of what was going on in the enemy camp, for something resembling a shout more nearly than anything else beat against Anne's sensitive ear-drums—ear-drums that had been specially attuned to react to a grateful, a mild, an apologetic word; and now—

"Take the stuff back and tell her I don't want any part of it. And tell her this, too, while you're at it—that she needn't throw me any bones and expect me to yap . . . . because I'm not that kind of a hound."

"What an impossible person," Anne fairly choked, "but what a truly brave person," Anne really thought, as Bonnie came into the room completely nonplussed.

"Don't you dare bring that stuff back into my room," Anne fairly shrieked, as Bonnie started to drop her burden on the table.

"But what—" Bonnie started, and got no further.

"Throw it out, give it to the internes, drink it yourself. I don't care what you do with it, but get it out of my sight before I throw something at you." Anne fairly spat the words out. "How dare he—the impudence—the humiliation—the—oh, get out," she screamed after Bonnie's retreating figure. Her rancor soon burned itself out and in its place came tears—tears not of sorrow or of woe, but of pure and unadulterated rage. Only one thought, a dominating thought, seeped through the saline haze that blurred her vision—how to get even, how to make him pay; for a blow to her pride was a knife thrust through her heart, and that was no negligible matter to be reckoned with.

A THOUSAND thoughts churned furiously through her brain; her eyes narrowed until they seemed two fiery points darting flame; her tongue felt hot and dry, and her heart pumped with such vigor that she felt each dull thud in her throat. She was feeling decidedly feverish; this cheered her up considerably, for it insured her a longer stay in the hospital during which to put her nefarious plan into effect. She was getting well entirely too quickly to coincide with the scheme that was already taking form, and this aggravation would probably give the necessary impetus to a well protracted relapse.

She pondered as she wept, although the two emotions may not often have been known to mix. However, her conclusions were of such a sage and sound quality that one might well hope that heroines would try this combination oftener; it was in this unique manner that she hit upon the method she elected to try on our unsuspecting male. True enough, the method was hardly original, but then methods didn't get reputations for being tried and true unless they were successful oftener than not. She was getting positively psychological, and that was a bad sign. Bobbie never had even a sporting chance in the face of such goings on. Anne actually had reasoned it out; yes, even during the tempest that was raging in her soul she had succeeded in divorcing her brain altogether from her emotions, and she had figured out the situation something like this: You couldn't possibly hurt a man by anything you did, unless he cared about you. You had to make him care about you a lot before you had the power to hurt him even the tiniest little bit. So from this moment, a newly acquired slogan burned itself indelibly, if invisibly, across her horizon, and if you and I had been clever enough, we might have been able to distinguish a short, terse sentence that looked something like this, "Make him or bust"—and a noble sentiment too.

Bonnie made her reappearance, fortified with the knowledge that she was flanked on both sides by two of Anne's doting swains; not far behind, two of the girls had Hobey in tow, and before long a good, if slightly noisy party was in full swing. Everyone seemed to be having a thoroughly enjoyable time, and it wasn't long before all of the available internes and nurses on the floor had joined in the merrymaking, during which most things were forgotten, including duty—of which they mightn't have been reminded if Bobbie's powerful voice hadn't made itself heard even above the jingle of glasses and the clatter of dishes.

"I've been yelling my fool head off for the last fifteen minutes," he shouted from across the hall. "Is it asking too much to expect a floor nurse to answer when you ring for her?" he blustered.

"What is it you want, old man?" Hobey answered as the floor nurse took her hasty leave with no little embarrassment.

"Only a glass of water," Bobbie retorted, "and it's none of your business; but I could have died in the meantime, and not a soul would have been here to stop me." He almost blubbered in his fury. "You good-for-nothing spoiled kid," he bellowed, "isn't it enough that you run into me and smash my appendix without trying to keep me from getting over it?"

"I'm sorry, really I am," Anne answered in her most sweetly modulated tone, much to everyone's surprise.

"You're not," Bobbie contradicted. "You think you own the earth, the floor nurse included, but I'll show you you're wrong," he continued fractiously. "I'll have you put out of the hospital."

BY THIS time doors were seen to pop open in rapid succession and complaints were being registered from all sides; the supervisor came up in high dudgeon. What did they mean by carrying on in this fashion? This was a hospital, not a clubhouse, and would they be good enough to leave immediately so that some semblance of order could be restored. Needless to say, they did. And for once, without a parting wise-crack.

Bonnie and Anne found themselves alone once again.

"How dared he speak to me that way before my friends?" she asked of Bonnie. "They've been waiting all their lives to see someone put me in my place. They haven't had such a good time in years," she continued disconsolately. "I could have forgiven him anything but that," she rambled on, "but I'll have no pity for him now."

"Don't be too hard on the poor young man, Miss Winfield," Bonnie replied kindly. "There hasn't been a soul to see him all this time he's been laid up, and the sheer loneliness of it is getting on his nerves."

"Lonely, was he?" Anne mused. Why hadn't she thought of it sooner? Anne pondered gravely for a moment then fairly rocked with mirth. She had found it, his vulnerable spot, and, by heaven, she'd cater to it. Most likely he could grow pretty fond of someone who could make his two remaining weeks in the hospital bearable, and she'd be the good fairy who'd do it.

"Give me a pad and pencil, Bonnie," she cried, "I'm about to write a letter—a series of letters to be quite exact, and you've got to see that they're delivered without anyone's knowing where they've come from."

"What are you up to now, Miss Anne?" Bonnie pleaded. "You'll get me my walking papers yet with your foolishness."

"Bonnie, I'm about to take you into my confidence." Anne continued. "I'm going to write Mr. Briggs a letter each day to cheer him up; what you've told me concerning his lonely state has touched me considerably, and I'm going to see what I can do to alter his condition."

"That's a kind thought, Miss Anne." Bonnie brightened at the suggestion. "But why don't you want Mr. Briggs to know that it's you who are doing it?" she queried.

(*Continued on page 138*)

London now possesses the FIRST HOTEL OF EUROPE

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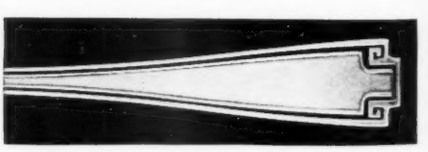
Mrs. WILLIAM H. KINGSLEY JR. *of Philadelphia*

Chose these superbly beautiful designs in silver

Mrs. Edward Cortlandt Parker, of Washington, the former Miss Charlotte Riggs, in her exquisite wedding veil of rose point lace.

"I selected the Fairfax pattern," Mrs. Parker tells us, "because I admire its exquisite simplicity. What a magic touch this Gorham artist had to create such perfect things as are these Fairfax pieces!"

Mrs. Cornelius de Ronde Dosker, the former Miss Elizabeth Sanders, one of Louisville's loveliest brides.



Mrs. Dosker says, "The grace and rich finish of the Etruscan pattern are irresistible. I think it extremely smart, too! It takes a truly great artist to achieve such a combination."

IN WASHINGTON, Mrs. Edward Cortlandt Parker, a bride lovely as a storied princess and by birth a member of one of Baltimore's oldest families . . .

IN LOUISVILLE, demure, dark-eyed Mrs. Cornelius de Ronde Dosker, who has all the beauty and enchantment that the world would wish for a bride of her aristocratic Southern heritage . . .

IN PHILADELPHIA, charming and beautiful Mrs. William H. Kingsley Jr., whose brilliant marriage united two of that city's most distinguished families, the Montgomerys and the Kingsleys . . .

BRIDES *of a brilliant* SEASON

Mrs. William H. Kingsley Jr., whose recent marriage was one of Philadelphia's smartest occasions.

Each of these charming but distinctly different women selected for her own the pattern that most appealed to her individual taste, the pattern which perfectly expressed her particular personality. Mrs. Kingsley chose the suave, graceful Dolly Madison; Mrs. Parker the dignified but delicate Fairfax; Mrs. Dosker the Etruscan, mystic with age and tradition.

The Gorham designers are a group of rarely gifted artists-in-silver whose delicately precise hands bring into being all the subtle beauty of this most elegant of metals,—all its sweeping grace, its fluid loveliness!

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The surprising thing to learn is how small an investment purchases this most beautifully designed of all silver.

Gorham Sterling can be purchased on convenient terms through the Sterling Silversmiths Guild Purchase Plan. Reliable jewelers will gladly explain. Many sets of flatware, with hollow ware to match, may be had at amazingly low cost.

Six teaspoons in the smart Etruscan pattern of Mrs. Dosker's choice are but $9.50. Six dessert knives, $21; six dessert forks, $20.

Six lovely Dolly Madison teaspoons cost only $9. Six dessert knives, $21.50; six dessert forks, $21.

In the Fairfax pattern, teaspoons for six cost only $12; six dessert knives, $20; six dessert forks, $21.50.

Your jeweler will be proud to show you the Dolly Madison, the Fairfax and Etruscan patterns as well as many other designs by the unparalleled Gorham artists. The Gorham Company, Providence, R. I. and New York City.

These beautiful Etruscan pieces suggest many uses. A bowl for fruit or flowers, with a handsome pierced flower holder, $65. A plateau, $45. A compote, $35.

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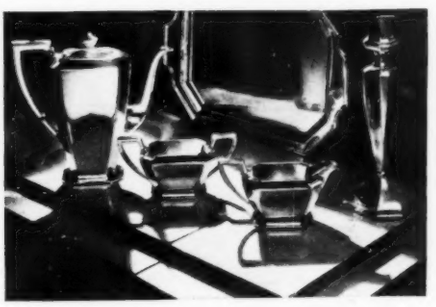
These brides, having in common that exquisite taste of women of inherited position and culture, all find in Gorham Sterling the most distinguished of all silver.

Hollow ware in the new Dolly Madison pattern! A lovely water pitcher, $125. An entrée dish, $95. A small bowl, $45.



This handsome sterling coffee set in the Fairfax pattern, with tray, costs but $250. Fairfax candlesticks, $60 a pair.

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WE LIVE ONLY ONCE

"Because I'm naturally very shy and diffident," Anne retorted mockingly, "and because I think Angele's a much more romantic name, don't you? How shall I start?" she asked quite to herself. "I know, Bobbie Briggs, dear. No, I'd better not start off so affectionately, it might frighten him," she conceded. "Dear Bobbie Briggs," she started more formally. She surveyed the result and decided that it was much the better beginning.

"I HOPE you won't think me forward in addressing myself to you this way," Anne scribbled, "but I felt that after the shameful way you were neglected this afternoon, I simply had to tell you how sorry I felt when those people across the hall irritated you so, and treated your illness so lightly. I'm just getting over appendicitis myself (in the room next to yours) and I know just how painful it can be, and how it must have gotten on your nerves to have had to listen to that incessant chatter. I know it upset me, but then I'm not used to a very great deal of excitement even when I'm well, for you see I live in Paduca and was just passing through New York when, as you New York folks say, I came near 'passing out.'

"I know that writing you this way isn't at all the thing to do, but I'm so alone and so miserable, and you sounded so depressed and blue that I thought perhaps I might be forgiven for taking the liberty. Tell me, are you angry with me?

"Angele."

Anne dispatched her opening wedge with an almost diabolical smile playing about her lips. It was in something less than half an hour that Bonnie handed her a note that read:

"Dear Angele:

"As if I could be angry with a girl whose name sounded like my favorite cake. If ever a child was rightfully named, you were, for you were a dear blessed angel to cheer me up, and to give even one little thought to what I must have gone through this afternoon. As I see it now, I guess I acted like sort of a poor sport, which is kind of a paradox seeing that I earn my living writing sporting stuff for a newspaper, but a fellow can get to the end of his tether if he feels rotten enough, and is blue in the bargain.

"So you come from Paduca? Won't you tell me some more about yourself? I have a hunch I'd like to know you awfully well.

"Bobbie Briggs."

Anne contemplated these lines with no small degree of satisfaction; it was working! It was a shame to do it, in a way, but he had brought it on himself, and he had it coming to him.

The next day found another note on its way to him, a little more provocative, a little more appealing. She ended it like this:

"If ever I had any misgivings about writing a boy to whom I had never been presented, you've dispelled them all, and I wish (yes I must say it because it's true) that I had known sooner that you were as lonely as I've been, for I should have written you days ago. You've a hunch that you'd like me? Do you know, I believe in hunches and . . . well, I think Bobbie Briggs sounds as if it belonged to a terribly nice person, so we're quits.

"Angele."

IN THE days that followed many were the letters that passed between the fast-falling Bobbie and a remorseful Anne. There was no going back, that was certain, but he did seem terribly nice, and sort of helpless before her volley of insidious sweetness. Anne had learned to her complete mortification that Bobbie's gruffness was only a cloak that hid a very tender quality that kept creeping into his letters in spite of his apparent effort to seem callous and cold; which made her feel all the more a villain for continuing with her reprehensible plot. But continue she would, for she had sworn an oath, and her pride would permit no retraction.

She was getting frightfully restless in spite of the diversion this escapade of her instigation offered, and when Bonnie brought her the promise of a visit to the roof on the following day, it was a welcome relief. She could scarcely wait to write the news to Bobbie, whose progress, strangely enough, ran parallel to hers; and not very long after, she learned to her distinct gratification, that he was scheduled to make his initial appearance on the roof on the selfsame day. Then for the great denouement, she thought. What a blow when he found that the girl over whom he had become positively soft was none but the loathsome Anne Winfield herself! Revenge—but somehow its very anticipation had lost its sweetness.

The sun finally rose on this day of days; Anne thought it took its own time doing it; she had spent an uncomfortably wakeful night, and had never seen a dawn take so long to break.

BOBBIE awoke thoroughly refreshed by a night's unbroken slumber, to find to his chagrin that he was still clutching in his hand a letter that hinted rather broadly that a pair of blue eyes would make a diligent search for him on the morrow. What a lark it had been! What would she be like, this sweet, clinging creature who had wormed her way into his heart. What if she disappoint him, be old, ugly or plain! But no, it was unspeakable to harbor such an idea even for a moment. She would be divine. He knew it, he felt it; and he was a man of successful hunches.

He found the wheel-chair that carried him skyward an intolerably slow affair. Would the elevator never come? She would be waiting.

And wondering, too. Could he possibly measure up to the standard his letters had created for him? If he didn't, Anne reflected, she'd never believe in anything or anybody again; yet if he did, wouldn't it be even worse? To have to hurt him once she'd found him, to laugh at him, to find the courage to tell him that he'd played the fool for her amusement! Why, this wasn't revenge, Anne reasoned, this was self-inflicted punishment!

"Leave me now, Bonnie," she said in a subdued tone, as the chair reached its destination, "I want to think."

No sooner had Bonnie started off in the direction of the elevator than Anne spied a mouse-like little person wheeling a man whose steel gray eyes peered anxiously about as if in search of someone; it must be Bobbie. Anne's heart fluttered dangerously; she peered out from her position of vantage behind her woolly blanket, and awaited results. He was directing his nurse to take him to her chair. He had spotted the great blue bow she promised to wear in her hair, and was coming toward her. Oh, the wonder of it, he *was* big, and broad and handsome, with an up-curve to his mouth that made him look absurdly young, and a twinkle in his dark, gray eyes that persisted in direct contradiction to their steeliness. He was coming closer, he was beside her now, her heart seemed to miss a beat. The nurse was gone, he spoke, she heard:

"Angele?"

"Yes," she whispered without knowing.

"You cheat," he barked at the sound of her voice. "You're not my Angele, you're the fresh kid who ran me down."

"Suppose I were to tell you that I was both," she answered a little humbly, vainly trying to control the tremulo that insisted upon creeping into her voice.

"You wish you were," Bobbie retorted. "She was the real thing, with a soul, and a thought or two for someone beside herself. She wasn't a self-centered little fool chasing thrills for the want of something better to do; she was—"

"Me," Anne retorted, her ire now fully aroused. "Me," she reiterated incisively. "Suppose I were to tell you that I set out deliberately to make you care, and that having succeeded, my one thought was

(*Concluded on page 141*)

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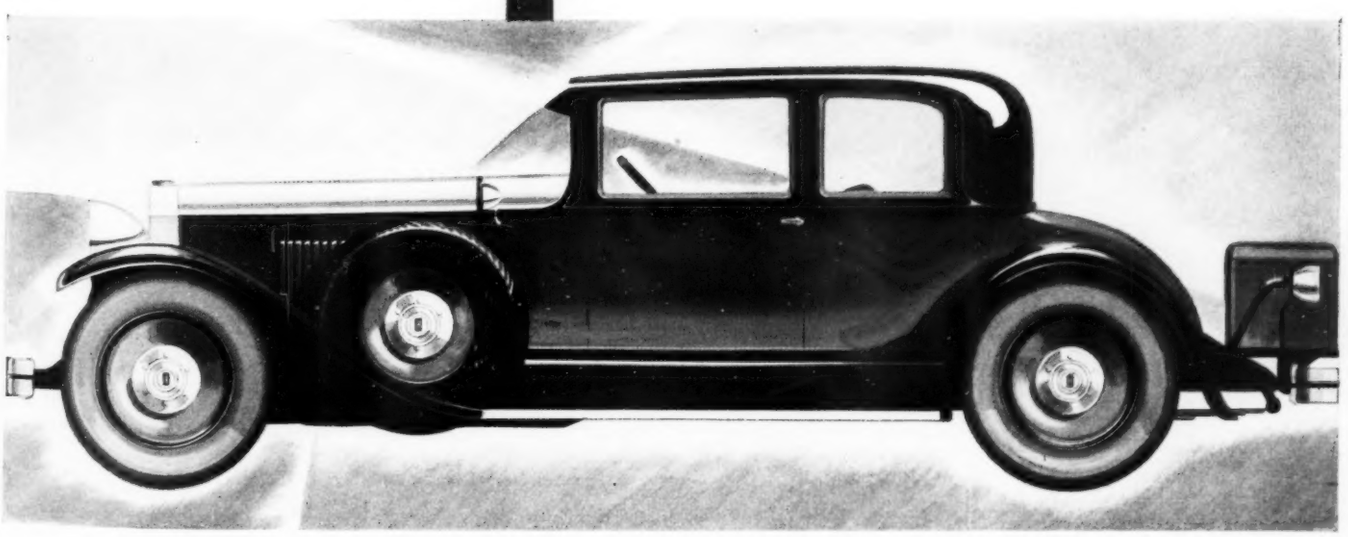

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WE LIVE ONLY ONCE

(*Concluded from page 138*)

the satisfaction it would give me to tear down what I had built up, so that I could gloat over the wreck, and get even with you for making a fool of me before my friends. What would you say then?" she cried.

"I'd say that those sentiments were wholly characteristic of you, Anne Winfield," he replied.

"But—but don't you feel a bit badly, aren't you heart-broken or anything?" Anne asked, completely baffled by the turn affairs had taken.

"Certainly not," Bobbie taunted. "I'd be upset if my Angele gave me that sort of deal, but you—you can go drown yourself for all I care."

"But—but I tell you I *am* Angele," Anne pleaded, now beside herself with confusion. "I wrote those letters, I sent those gifts. I even knitted that tie you're wearing."

Bobbie actually laughed. "If you told me you had bribed your nurse to intercept them, it might come nearer the truth," he back-fired.

"How can you be so dumb?" Anne almost shrieked. "Can't you see that I'm Angele—that I answer her description in every detail?"

"I can see that you're crazy," Bobbie answered, "and that if you start getting violent I shall feel called upon to yell for the keeper to take you away." Bobbie drew a book from under his covers, and started to read.

Anne watched him speechless; when she was once more able to regain the use of her voice she ventured, "Mr. Briggs, I—"

"Can't you see that I'm busy?" he blurted.

"I thought of something I wanted to tell you," Anne begged. "I can prove I'm Angele, I really can. Here," she said handing him a fragment of paper, "you can compare it with the letters if you want to, it's a sample of my handwriting."

"I'm not interested in samples," he answered without looking up from his book. "I'm not in the market for anything."

"But," she started, but got no further.

"If you must have your chair next to mine," he was saying, "for heaven's sake keep quiet, won't you?"

THIS was too much; her eyes filled, and soon hot tears were coursing down her cheeks; she looked vainly about for Bonnie to wheel her away, but there was no sign of her; she couldn't keep even a vestige of self-respect and stay where she was. Well, if there was no one to push her out of his loathsome sight she'd do it herself; she lurched forward heavily, then set the slim rubber-tired wheels in motion with the palms of her hands. In a moment the chair was rolling aimlessly in another direction. It was gathering momentum as it went. Oh, the horror of it, what had she done? It was making straight for the edge of the roof and she was powerless to stop it. If she was to die, she wouldn't watch herself do it, anyway, so she shut her eyes tight, and suddenly, all was black, serene, and ghostly quiet.

"So this is heaven," Anne thought with characteristic conceit. "Well, it's not so bad," she concluded, and opened her eyes to look around her. It was, but not the variety we're most familiar with. Bobbie was kneeling at her side, looking anxiously into her eyes.

"Are you all right?" he inquired soberly.

"What do you care?" Anne asked. "Only a minute ago you told me for all you cared I could go kill myself."

"Drown yourself," he corrected, "but I didn't intend you should take me so literally, at least not when I was around, anyway; I've always disliked death scenes." He rose painfully to his feet.

"I suppose I should thank you for saving my life," Anne went on.

"I should think you should," Bobbie replied, "I've probably ruptured my appendix all over again, walking before I had any right to."

"I don't know why you did it, anyway," Anne found herself saying. "I wish you hadn't. I wish I were dead," she concluded dolefully.

"You're crazy," Bobbie interjected gruffly to hide his embarrassment.

"If I am, it's about you," Anne hurled at him defiantly.

"You—"

"Don't say it," Anne replied wearily as Bobbie started to speak. "I know what you're going to say—that it's not much of a compliment; maybe you're right," she added with a catch in her voice, "anyway, I haven't the strength to argue about it. But I couldn't bear to have you go out of my life thinking I wasn't any darn good at all," she wailed.

"Anne," Bobbie began.

SHE disregarded him completely and continued her tirade.

"It's true, I started out to make you suffer; I wanted to see you squirm so that I could laugh at you."

"Well, then, why don't you?" Bobbie finally managed to ask dead seriously.

"Because—oh, can't you see? The laugh's on me," Anne sobbed. "I dug a ditch for you, and fell into it myself."

Bobbie tendered a large white handkerchief awkwardly; the gesture passed unnoticed, so he shyly wiped away the tears that kept flowing in profusion.

"Go away," Anne muttered, "I may not have your love, but I won't have your pity."

"Oh, Anne, you can have anything I've got, if only you'll stop crying," he pleaded. "I'm not offering you pity, I need it myself."

"What for, I'd like to know," Anne managed to gasp between sobs.

"For being the bone-head of the world," he answered humbly.

"You're not," Anne defended hotly.

Bobbie took her tiny, damp hand in his, "Oh, yes, I am," he answered quietly, "I almost passed up a prize package because I didn't have sense enough to see beyond the wrappings. Angele, it's asking a lot, but can't we begin all over?"

"Then you really believe that I *am* Angele?" Anne questioned happily.

"No one could convince me that you weren't," he added to her entire satisfaction.

"When first did you know?" Anne whispered ecstatically.

"On the day that Angele was born," Bobbie returned.

"You mean—" Anne began.

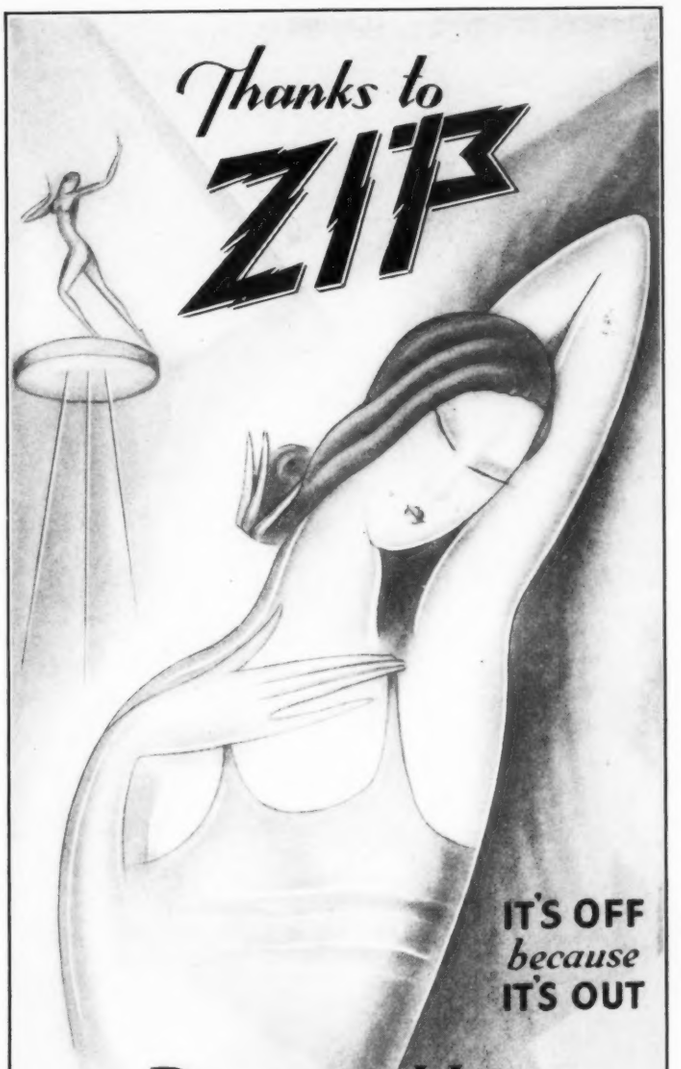
"That it was a simple matter for a bright young man to discover that the room on either side of him was empty."

AN OLD WOMAN TO A YOUNG GIRL

O, THE cherry bloom in the full of the moon
Is froth from the brew of May,
And it bubbles from branches whose roots harpoon
The depths where her earth-pots stay!
So you'd better go on, my lass, away—
You'd better go on away—
For the old frogs down in the glen, they say
That a bit of a sip will make you fey!

O, my own thin hair and eyes are gray
Since I lost the taste of the broth of day,
So be off with you now to sweetly lay
On your curtained couch; and softly pray
That you will not wake till the last white ray
Of the full moon dies in the cherry spray!

Sonia Ruthele Novák



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The merits of ZIP were proven years ago.

There are many ways to *remove* hair temporarily, but *ZIP* is *the* way to *destroy* it, with the roots. *ZIP* is unlike depilatories.

You are not interested simply in *delaying* the reappearance of hair. What you want to do is get at the cause and banish it entirely, so that your superfluous hair worries will be at an end.

The wonderful part of it all is that while *ZIP* permanently *destroys* hair, it is absolutely harmless, contains nothing to irritate even a baby's skin, and is easily applied. And then — this will appeal to you— it is *fragrant*. Beware of harmful imitations.

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New Big Combination Package Sold Everywhere. Contains full size *ZIP* and three other full size preparations free.

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The Lily of France Duo-Sette brings you youth's high curved busts, youth's slender waist, the firm, flat hips of girlhood! You'd never dream—until you see your figure in a Duo-Sette—that such soft, lovely fabrics could persuade the flesh into such alluring, fashionable lines! Almost any quality store will be glad to fit you.

Lily of France

1115 Broadway, New York City

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HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRAGIC EMPRESS

(*Continued from page 87*)

Monsieur Pietri, who had been secretary to the late Emperor and was now the faithful companion of the Empress. We all loved him for his unfailing kindness and cheerful nature. He was a rugged little Corsican, with twinkling eyes and a gray beard, and enjoyed the company of all the young people who came and stayed in the house, as well as that of the older guests.

It was wonderful to see the Empress and Monsieur Pietri, walking out together every morning, both so old and so gray, and yet so full of mental vigor; with unfathomable depths of historical souvenirs between them, that are now lost to us forever. They bickered quite a little, too, for Monsieur Pietri was perhaps the only person who argued with the Empress.

Often on going into the dining-room the Empress would stop short on feeling someone treading on her long train, and, wheeling round, would exclaim: "*Ça, je sais d'avance, c'est Pietri!*"

And he would grumble as his only apology: "*L'Impératrice fait cela exprès.*"

He died at Farnborough during the war, and before the end came his mind had given way. I am told his charming nature completely changed and he would lurk behind the armchair in his room with a paper knife in his hand, waiting for his enemies, like a true Corsican brigand.

As soon as luncheon was over, the Empress encouraged her younger guests to scatter and play games, and several neighbors, including officers from Aldershot, used to come over daily and join in them. Her instructions were delivered beforehand with gravity. She had enormous respect for British customs, and was always terribly afraid we wouldn't take games with sufficient seriousness; in fact, she doubted our ability to stick to the rules.

She would say with great firmness: "In a country where the Prime Minister plays lawn-tennis," (this was in Balfour's day) "games are a very serious affair."

ONE day when several neighbors were expected to dinner, she gave us other instructions:

"In this country," she informed us, "general conversation is not the custom. People talk quietly to their neighbors. I must request you, *mes enfants*, not to shriek at each other across the table. *Cela ne se fait pas.*"

We promised we would be good and converse in a typically British way. So we did . . . till the fish! Then someone broke loose and a cross-fire of jokes began. The dear old Empress threw up her hands and exclaimed tragically: "*Ça y est! je ne les teins plus!*"

Being young and light-hearted, the Spanish cousins and I used to indulge in the silliest of jokes. Once at luncheon I served one of them—I think it was Isabelle Metternich—with a catch that had been invented that year and has now sunk into the oblivion it deserves.

"Have you seen Arthur?" was the question. (This joke does not come off in a house that really contains an Arthur.)

Instinctively everyone answers: "Arthur who?"

"*Our thermometer!*"

There was such a roar from our end of the table that the Empress wanted to know all about it. "*Je veux entendre la plaisanterie de Vittoria.*" Her English had always been very limited, and of course it was impossible to translate the joke into French. I struggled to explain, all the cousins tried to help, but it was no good!

"*Je ne comprends pas ce que Arthur ait a faire avec un thermomètre. Arthur . . . et qui est Arthur? Non, c'est vraiment trop bête!*"

There was a small building known as the Museum in the park at Farnborough, and I suppose, of course, it still exists, now that the place belongs to Prince Victor Napoleon. In it was a most interesting collection of Napoleonic relics—the famous gray coat and cocked hat of the great Napoleon, his coronation robes and those of the Empress Josephine, and many other fascinating souvenirs.

Monsieur Pietri was showing us everything one day, and he finally opened a cupboard drawer and pulled out the last tragic relic of the French Empire: a saddle, with a broken stirrup strap. It will be remembered how the young Prince Imperial's life would have been saved in South Africa when he was surrounded by hostile natives, had he been able to mount his horse. But the stirrup leather gave way and his horse was a big one and maddened by fright. The men he was with escaped without stopping to help him, and he died, desperately facing the enemy, alone. All the hopes of the French Imperialists were broken with that leather strap.

While we were looking at it a shadow fell across the open doorway, and there stood the black figure of the Empress. She saw what we were looking at and covered her face with her hands. "*Cachez cela,*" she ordered.

Then when the saddle had been hurriedly bundled back and the drawer closed, she joined us and walked quietly round the room pointing out the various objects of interest in the glass cases.

AMONG the neighbors whom we saw most of all was the celebrated Miss Ethel Smythe, the composer, who has spoken charmingly of the Empress and the Farnborough Hill *milieu* in the memoirs she has published.

We all delighted in her, for she was always entertaining and cheered us up with her great vitality and ready wit. Her friendship with the Empress was most curious as two more different natures can scarcely be imagined, but the Empress appreciated her clever brain though she sometimes shook her head and murmured: "*Elle est vraiment trop batailliére.*"

Ethel Smythe often dined at Farnborough Hill, and it was her custom to bicycle over from her cottage, take up a good strategic position behind some bushes when once in the park and proceed to change into evening clothes, after which she would walk up to the front door and ring the bell. After this had gone on for some months, the Empress got to hear of it and was rather upset, so in future a carriage was sent for her guest. I am sure my old friend will forgive my saying—and will also agree with me—that this innovation did not make any difference in her personal appearance, her great charm being an utter lack of feminine vanity.

I remember once she turned up rather late for dinner and the Empress was already in the drawing-room. This was contrary to Farnborough etiquette, which demanded that all the guests should be assembled before the Empress made her appearance. Ethel advanced toward her hostess, running and courtesying at the same time, the result being a series of kangaroo leaps. A minute later my aunt beckoned to me and whispered: "*Emmene Miss Smythe et arrange un peu sa robe.*"

Whereupon I obeyed and a certain amount of hitching up went on in the long gallery outside.

"My dear," said the great musician, still breathless and wriggling, "I'll tell you what's the matter. I bought a new pair of corsets at the grocer's and I believe he sold me a bird-cage by mistake."

Later on she neglected her music for a time and became a militant suffragette, which thrilled us much more, as none of us were particularly musical and we all preferred excitement. We never tired of getting her to tell us her experiences; how she was arrested and what prison was like. I can still see her sitting on the grass under an oak tree on a golden summer evening, surrounded by an admiring ring of young Spaniards and Italians. She invariably wore a rough tweed skirt, a man's shirt with a stiff collar and a red tie, and a hard straw sailor hat, and smoked like a chimney.

"I was in Berkeley Square," she told us, "and I said to the policeman, 'Which is Mr. Harcourt's house?' He answered, 'I don't know,' and I said, '*Don't you!* Then I'll show you!' and I threw the stone

(*Continued on page 144*)

In HOLLYWOOD, *Center of Beauty*

Mme. Louise Zollars

of the well-known Gainsborough Beauty Shoppe

recommends this treatment for skin beauty

Camera portrait of Mme. Louise Zollars, head of the Gainsborough Beauty Shoppe, where many of America's lovely screen stars come for beauty treatment. Madame Zollars is regarded with affectionate respect by her many famous clients, who depend greatly upon her advice in matters of beauty care.

"I agree with Fontaine, of Brussels, Lina Cavalieri and other celebrated European beauty specialists that Palmolive Soap should be used twice a day as the perfect home beauty treatment."

Mme Louise Zollars

THE GAINSBOROUGH BEAUTY SHOPPE
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Fontaine, of Brussels, beauty specialist by appointment to Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians, is only one of the many great beauty experts of Europe who recommend the twice-a-day use of Palmolive Soap as the best home beauty treatment.

When you enter the reception room of the Gainsborough Beauty Shoppe, in Hollywood, you are greeted by signed photographs of many of your favorite screen stars, who come to Mme. Louise Zollars for beauty treatments regularly. To these stars, as well as her patrons of the social world, Mme. Zollars recommends "the regular use of Palmolive Soap as the perfect home beauty treatment."

HOLLYWOOD! Where beauty and success are more closely related than anywhere in all the world! Where beauty experts must *know*, unfailingly, the great rules of skin care. Here, in the salons frequented by many of America's loveliest women, a famous treatment is recommended for home care of the skin . . . a treatment advised by every great beauty expert in ten capitals of Europe . . . by hundreds of experts throughout America! This internationally recommended method is based on the twice-a-day use of Palmolive!

Advisor to Hollywood's celebrities

"Every day—in the Gainsborough Beauty Shoppe—can be seen America's famous faces—the lovely faces of moving picture stars known the world over. To this shop—for their beauty treatments—come at least a third of the outstanding stars of the screen," says Mme. Louise Zollars, well known head of the Gainsborough Beauty Shoppe, in Hollywood.

"To all these stars, among whom are many of the best known feminine figures in today's moving picture world, as well as to my distinguished patrons of the society world, I recommend the regular use of Palmolive Soap," Mme. Zollar says. "I agree with Fontaine, of Brussels, Cavalieri and other European beauty specialists that Palmolive should be used twice a day as the perfect home beauty treatment. Its ingredients, palm and olive oils, are harmless to the most delicate skin. They gradually penetrate the pores—free the skin of collected impurities."

Hollywood learns this fact not only from Mme. Zollars but also from Hepner, from the celebrated "Jim," and dozens of its great beauty experts. Just as, in scores of American cities, this same advice is given daily by others.

The 2-minute complexion treatment

In Europe, every capital has its great beauty specialists . . . and every one recommends Palmolive. Bock, of *Berlin;* Jacobson, of *London;* le Brun as well as Cavalieri, of *Paris;* Attilio, of *Rome;* Pessl, of *Vienna*—one can't mention all of them in so limited a space.

Until you have begun this simple twice-a-day home treatment you cannot know how easy it is to keep a naturally lovely complexion. But the smart world of Hollywood knows. And so do millions of women in Europe and America where Palmolive is a favorite.

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Retail Price
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Absolutely new

PERFUMED GLAZO

For the very first time, your nail polish can be as alluring in scent as your other beauty preparations. For now you can have your choice—Glazo plain or Glazo *perfumed*.

Glazo liquid polish is the favorite of smartly turned out women everywhere because it replaces artificial looking nail tints with *natural gleam*. For Glazo's tint is delicate, subtle—not too deep a shade nor too pale, just a natural soft shimmer which is utterly new and correct. And the new fragrance is delicate and subtle too—absolutely in keeping with the smart restraint of Glazo.

Through the "nail sheath"—
natural gleam

Just a brush flick and Glazo gives a softly gleaming nail sheath—thin as silk. Through it the natural beauty of the nail gleams, glinting enchantingly with every motion of the hand.

And this dainty nail sheath lasts a week. Glazo never peels, never shreds. It does not dim or fade or turn brown. It spreads on evenly and instantly, with none of that thick, gummy look. For a whole week it gives beauty and grace to the nails—to the whole hand!

At all toilet goods counters—Regular Glazo 50¢, Perfumed Glazo 60¢. Or send 6¢ for generous trial bottles of new Perfumed Glazo and Remover. Just send the coupon below.

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Please send sample of new Perfumed Glazo with Remover. Also booklet of complete manicuring instructions. I enclose 6 cents. (If you live in Canada address The Glazo Company, Ltd., P. O Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

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THE NEW PERFUMED
GLAZO

HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRAGIC EMPRESS

(*Continued from page 142*)

I had in my muff and smashed a window to smithereens." (We all gasped with delight.) "The policeman said, 'I felt it coming! Will you go quietly, Miss?' "

We were all rather disappointed to hear she *did* go quietly.

In prison Ethel was put to sewing policemen's trousers. As she had never held a needle in her life she pointed out to the authorities that it was pretty rough on the policemen, but she had to do it all the same.

ALL this was long ago. Now women's votes and women members of Parliament form part of everyday life in England, and one is already forgetting the desperate fight made by a group of plucky women to obtain these results. No doubt during the war women drew attention to themselves in a nobler way, and had it not been for that, the Militant Suffragettes might have gone on striving in vain for years.

Public opinion was against them and they were nicknamed the "unenjoyed". I remember once at Newmarket the latest Suffragette outrage was being discussed before King Edward. They had done something particularly iniquitous that week, but the King didn't take any part in the conversation till the end, when he said one word, with quiet decision. It was "Beasts!"

The Empress loved the sea and owned a yacht called "The Thistle," on which she often went for long cruises, usually accompanied by my uncle Prospero Colonna and Conte Guiseppe Primoli, but as I am a bad sailor I preferred her Farnborough and Cap Martin hospitality.

She was one of the first to possess a gramophone when they were first invented, and told with glee a little anecdote of how once when she was sitting on the deck of "The Thistle" at Cowes she put on a record of a rather vulgar comic ditty, and a sailor nearly fell overboard with astonishment, thinking that the Empress herself was breaking into song.

I enjoyed staying with the Empress at Cap Martin even more than at Farnborough, perhaps on account of the fascinating neighborhood of Monte Carlo and its Casino; but there seemed a fate against my going there so often. Twice in one year we had to put off our visit. Once just when we were ready to leave my father-in-law did not allow us to start as he wished my husband to attend to some business for him. I wrote very sadly to the Empress of my disappointment, and she answered at once with one of her charming tactful letters.

Villa Cyrnos,
Cap Martin.

8.3.7.

Ma bien chère nièce,

Je suis désolée du motif qui vous a empêché de venir mais je comprends que le premier devoir de ton mari est d'aider son père dans les difficultés qui ont surgi dans ses propriétés de la campagne romaine. Je serai heureuse si les choses se rétablissent et vous pouvez vous absenter en Avril d'avoir votre visite. Je ne puis, dès aujourd'hui fixer une date parceque j'attends du monde mais dès que ce sera possible je te dirai le moment ou je suis libre, espérant qu'il coincidera avec vos plans.

J'ai eu la grippe et je suis encore souffrante. Le temps n'est ce qu'il devrait être dans cette saison.

Je t'embrasse de tout cœur.
Ton affectueuse Tante,

EUGENIE.

J'attends aujourd'hui Prospero mais comme il n'a pas donne son adresse à Milan, la lettre lui disant qu'il pouvait venir a du passer par Rome: ce n'est pas très pratique.

A MONTH later, when I was hoping to bring off our deferred visit, I had a very bad accident while riding on the Roman Campagna with my cousin Marcantonio Colonna.

This time the Empress wrote to my husband:

Villa Cyrnos,
Cap Martin.

3.4.7.

Mon cher neveu,

Je suis desolée de l'accident qui me prive du grand plaisir de vous avoir à Cyrnos, j'espère que Vittoria ne fera pas d'imprudences en voulant aller plus vite que de raison en chemin de fer; j'avais bien vu dans le New York Herald qu'elle s'était faite une contusion a l'épaule mais je ne me doutais pas que cela ait été aussi serieux. Il faut fait usage de votre autorité pour la faire se soigner· vous me dedommagerez en venant plus tard à Farnborough.

Croyez, mon cher neveu, à mes sentiments bien affectueux.

EUGENIE.

At Cap Martin life was more or less as at Farnborough; the same "Empire" atmosphere pervaded both houses, full of souvenirs of the Napoleonic period, and portraits of the Empress and her ladies, in the full flush of their youth and beauty, painted by Winterhalter.

The Casino of Monte Carlo took the place of tennis and hockey, and the Empress, with her wonderful understanding, was always ready to send the young people off in her automobile for a little flutter at the tables. Needless to say she had never been there herself. Moreover, though we often tried to explain to her the rules of roulette and trente-et-quarante, she couldn't grasp them in the least. She occasionally presented us with a *louis* to put on for her, but as we invariably lost it she failed to understand the charm of the Casino. All the same she would gaily call out: "*Eh bien! on a gagné?*" every time we came back, and enjoyed hearing all the details of the expedition.

I once arrived at Cap Martin, having lost my luggage and, being extremely young, was depressed at the prospect of visiting Monte Carlo in my traveling clothes.

The Empress wished to lend me a hat. She always possessed three, that were distinguished by name—"*Trottinette*" was the morning hat, and "*Va-t-en-ville*" the afternoon one, while "*Le Glorieux*" was reserved for very special occasions. She wished me to wear "*Le Glorieux*" at Monte Carlo, and was rather vexed at my refusal. "*Tu ne veux même pas 'Le Glorieux?' Mais il a trois plumes!*" I still regret not having been able to overcome my self-consciousness; it would have been far better to have appeared in the Casino crowned with the Empress's three nodding plumes than to have hurt her feelings. She had been the supreme leader of fashion in Paris in her day, and all that remained of that period of glory were a few old dresses which one day she amused herself by making me try on. The crinolines were charming and made one feel like an animated flower, but the quaint little bodices were quite impossible to squeeze into, at least for me. "*Et pourtant Dieu sait que je ne me serrais pas,*" said the Empress proudly.

THE war came and swept us all apart, upsetting our entire existences. I saw her in the Spring of 1915, when part of Farnborough Hill had been turned into a hospital for officers, and I lunched with her and a few of the convalescent patients. This was just before Italy entered the war. I then went back to my own country and we met no more.

A friend of mine called on her some time afterward. She asked about all her Italian relations and especially about me, saying how grieved she was at my marriage having turned out so unhappily after having seen us both so often, gay, lighthearted and devoted to each other, in her house.

My friend, rather at a loss for something to say, murmured:

"*Les hommes valent bien peu . . .*"

The old Empress straightened herself up and grasped her visitor's arm.

"*Mais nous sommes seules, n'est-ce pas, Madame?*" Her sight had almost completely failed. "*Eh bien, alors je vous dirai; ils ne valent rien.*"

(*Continued on page 148*)

THE QUIET LUXURY OF CHENILLE

Exemplified in the lovely Sams' home at New Rochelle, N. Y.—designed and woven to order on the looms of Mohawk

The foyer in the Sams' New York home. Observe the exquisite symmetry of stairways and balcony and the perfect harmony of line and tone in the Mohawk Chenille carpeting.

DEEP-PILED, lustrous, softly beautiful, Mohawk Chenille carpets are setting the standard of good taste in homes of charm and individuality everywhere.

Quite apart from their impressive luxury Mohawk Chenilles have a special property which recommends them to the discriminating. This property is their perfect conformability. They can be woven to fit exactly the most irregular room outlines, as is shown in the accompanying studies of the home of E. C. Sams, President, J. C. Penney Company, Incorporated.

Mohawk has looms equipped to turn out Chenille carpeting seamless up to thirty feet in width. It has experts ready to advise on color, pattern, pile depth and cost, and to aid in taking precise measurements. It has Chenille distributors strategically situated throughout the country to insure prompt service.

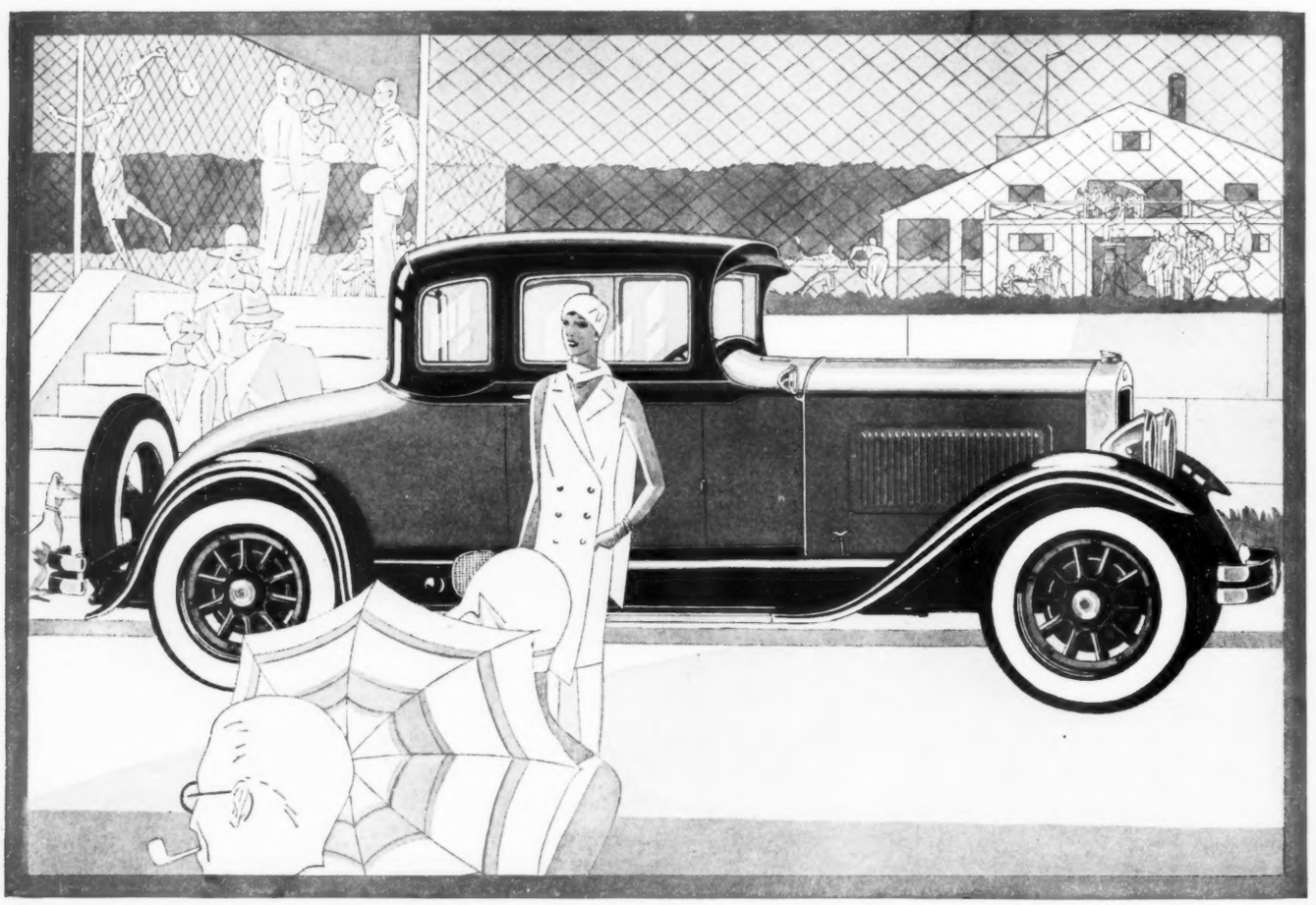
Detail of one of the graceful stairways in the Sams' home. This study shows particularly well how the Mohawk Chenille carpeting was woven to fit the irregular floor outline. The architect of the Sams' home was Mr. Frederick C. Frost, who also directed the interior decoration.

Chenille is a fabric practically without technical restriction. It can be woven to order in any color or gradation of tone. There are few limitations in design. Thus, coats-of-arms and other insignia can be effectively introduced or special patterns created to insure home harmony and complete individuality. For this purpose Mohawk maintains a special Chenille designing staff.

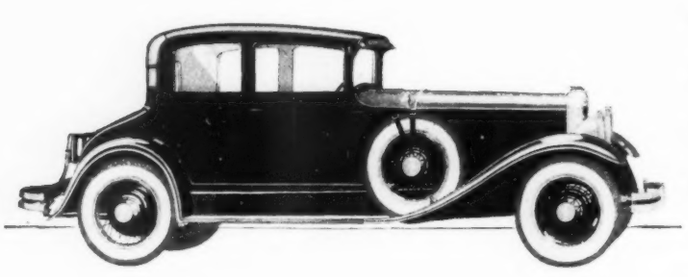
The Mohawk Carpet Mills, of Amsterdam, New York, produces Chenilles in quantity. More Chenille carpet flows from its looms than from all other American looms *combined*. Mohawk invites inquiry concerning its fine Chenilles, both ready woven and woven to order.

BY THEIR STYLE YOU MAY KNOW THEM

. . . for artist and craftsman have truly interpreted the very spirit of Studebaker's champion motor cars



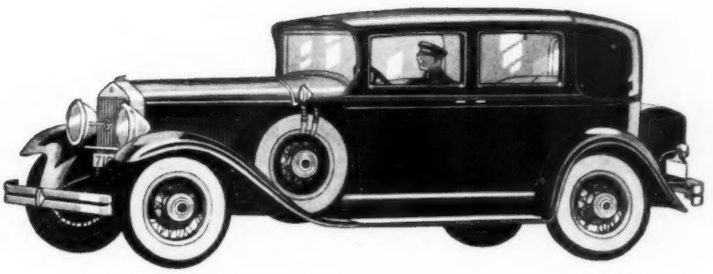
The Commander Coupe, available either as a straight eight or six, offers a choice of two body types—for four or for two passengers. The four-passenger model has a comfortable rumble seat, while the coupe for two affords generous luggage space in the rear. The Commander Six Coupe for Two is $1350, the Eight $1495. The Six-cylinder Coupe for Four is $1425 and the Eight $1550.



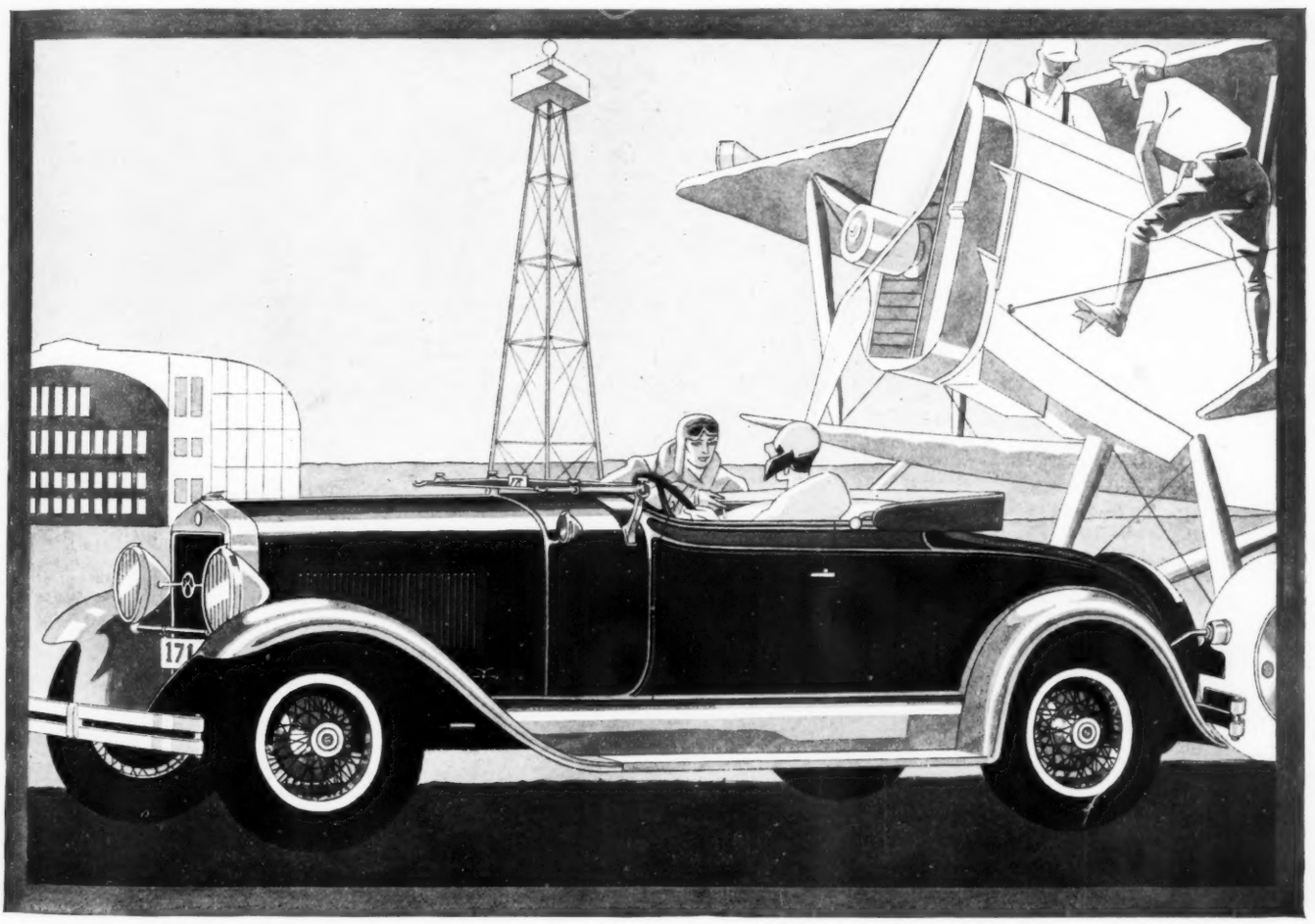
The President Eight State Victoria seats four in the utmost comfort. A very popular car for social or business use. Wide windows afford excellent vision. Six wire wheels and trunk rack are standard equipment. Priced at $1805. The Commander Eight Victoria is $1525, The Commander Six $1375.

LOOK for the sinewy grace that betokens fleetness and stamina . . . you will find it in motor cars by Studebaker, clothed in beauty befitting the holders of *every* official speed and endurance record for fully equipped stock cars. And the world has rewarded this championship performance and style with sales leadership among all the eights.

Look from the curb, from a passing car, from where you will—there is no view from which a glance does not reveal the low-swung beauty which sets these champion Studebakers apart from traffic.



The Commander Brougham. Companionable, roomy, beautifully appointed. Available as a straight eight or six. Upholstery is of broadcloth or mohair. Folding center arm rest in rear seat. Adjustable steering wheel, pedals and driver's seat. The Commander Straight Eight Brougham is $1675; the six $1525. Six wire wheels and trunk with three cases standard equipment.



Look from within, as you glide at ease. While your eyes rest upon perfect appointments, thank Studebaker engineering for riding comfort unknown until Studebaker introduced ball bearing spring shackles and added hydraulic shock absorbers.

Your every impression will be of a very costly car. Yet Studebaker's One-Profit manufacture results in prices which are surprisingly moderate.

The President Eight Roadster is a splendid interpretation of championship performance. Restful comfort for four—seating two in the spacious lounge seat and two in the commodious rumble. Built on the famous 115 horsepower world champion chassis. Ball bearing spring shackles and Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers. Priced $1785, with five wire wheels.

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Flavor-Sealed HAM

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Now—you can always enjoy a perfect ham dinner no matter how far from a source of supply—for Flavor-Sealed Ham keeps fresh, flavorful, tender in its vacuum sealed container. Convenient and quick to serve. ¶ Thoroughly cooked, it is ready to use cold. Grill in 3 minutes—bake in one-fourth the usual time. A favorite reserve food for vacationists—and a flavor favorite among increasing thousands of homes and hotels. ¶ By the exclusive Hormel process all those natural flavors and savory juices lost by usual cooking methods are saved—for Flavor-Sealed Ham is *first* vacuum sealed in its individual container and *then* vacuum cooked. Economical—no bone, no skin, no waste. At leading stores, or write Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota

ALL ITS FLAVORS SEALED IN

HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRAGIC EMPRESS

(*Continued from page 144*)

A sad conclusion to arrive at after a long life which had been fuller of experience than that of most human beings.

In her young days my grandmother had met the famous Contessa di Castiglione and apparently not liked her. So many books have been written about this lady that it is almost unnecessary to recall that she was supposed to be the most beautiful woman of her day. She was Cavour's niece, and came to Paris during the Second Empire, sent, so they said, by her uncle on a secret political mission, her first task being to make the conquest of the Emperor Napoleon III, and in this, at least, she succeeded admirably.

The Empress, whose jealousy made her anxious to catch a glimpse of the famous beauty, with the connivance of a lady-in-waiting, was concealed in the house of a friend when the latter was entertaining all Paris with a fancy dress ball.

Thus she saw Contessa di Castiglione, a most exquisite vision, robed as Diana the Huntress, and even the embittered Empress had to admire. But she noticed that the Contessa wore a tiny heart on a bangle around her slim ankle, and said sharply:

"*Oui, elle est bien belle, mais son cœur est placé trop bas!*"

"La Castiglione's" beauty was only equaled by her conceit. She used to say that it was impossible for her to walk in the street without wearing two or three thick veils to avoid being mobbed by the admiring crowds; but my grandmother said this was nonsense, for her beauty was of a very delicate description, with small features and pale complexion, so that it did not attract immediate attention and required closer observation to be thoroughly appreciated. My grandmother remembered when Contessa di Castiglione came to London and a dinner was given in her honor, I believe at Holland House, to which all the English beauties of the day were invited, among others my grandmother. She said that "La Castiglione" kept them all waiting half an hour, an unheard of thing in those days, and finally floated in looking a perfect dream, with a dress of snow-white tulle over an enormous crinoline, and a wreath of purple pansies in her hair. My grandmother said regretfully: "None of us could hold a candle to her!"

Unfortunately she did not tell me the names of the other beauties present at the dinner.

She said that Contessa di Castiglione sat near Frederick Leighton, the painter, afterwards Lord Leighton, and almost at once held out for his inspection her hand and arm, as a model of perfection! Leighton said afterward that she was the most beautiful and also the vainest woman he had ever met.

THE Empress Eugénie died in Madrid in the house of her nephew, the Duke of Alba. He told me that when she arrived she drove from the station to his house in an open carriage pointing out rapturously to her faithful maid, Aline, all the principal buildings on the way. When begged to put on her dark spectacles, she answered proudly: "*Le soleil d'Espagne n'a jamais fait mal aux yeux.*"

I am thankful she lived to see Germany defeated and the war of 1870 avenged. It was also wonderful that the end came when she was in her own country, Spain, that she loved so passionately and had not seen for so many long years.

AFTER the death of my dear grandmother, in the autumn of 1906, the house in Eaton Square which had been my English home for so many years was dismantled and shut up, and for the first time I felt a lonely foreigner in London. It was then that I realized the value of English friendship, for all my friends had only one idea, that I should continue to come to London yearly, and kind invitations reached me from all sides. But it was the late Mrs. Wilfred Ashley, with whom I had become acquainted during the gaieties of the London season, who wrote me the most charming letter of all, as she guessed how lonely I was, and asked me to consider her home mine whenever I came to England. This was the beginning of a very deep friendship between us, that lasted until her tragic death from consumption, in 1911, at the early age of thirty.

The several long stays I made in her charming house in Bruton Street and at Colonel Ashley's beautiful family seat, Broadlands, are among the happiest recollections of my life.

Mrs. Ashley was the only daughter of the great financier, Sir Ernest Cassel, and had in a great measure inherited his keen intellect. She was a delightful companion, with a great sense of humor and *joie de vivre*. She was not so beautiful as her daughter, Lady Louis Mountbatten, has become, but she had the most exquisite complexion I have ever seen, clear hazel eyes, and very pretty hands and feet. She was very popular wherever she went and frankly enjoyed society, though her health was so delicate that she got terribly overtired. I think she enjoyed a good game of bridge, and now and then some poker, as much as anything, and, for those days, played rather high stakes. It was very bitter that she who had so much in life to make her happy should have been denied the one essential—good health.

Owing to my great friendship with his daughter I saw a good deal of Sir Ernest Cassel, with whom I became very intimate. He was not an easy man to get on with, and his temper was somewhat alarming. I often wondered what his servants felt when he began to clench his fists at the dining-room table, a sign of some furious comment soon to follow; but they were evidently so accustomed to it that they remained quite unperturbed. Even with his only daughter, whom he adored, there were occasional flare-ups, and sometimes even I got a snubbing, but on the whole he was the soul of kindness and I think he was very fond of me.

He certainly liked to have us both run in and out of his beautiful home, Brook House, which now belongs to his granddaughter, Lady Louis Mountbatten.

I was Cassel's guest in Egypt for quite a long while. My husband had planned a journey in Syria on his own account, and it was decided that I was to accompany him as far as Egypt and await his return to Cairo. But when Cassel heard of this arrangement he would not allow me to be alone there and insisted on my joining his party, which consisted of the Wilfred Ashleys, an old business friend of his, Mr. Jacob Schiff of New York and Mrs. Schiff. Both Cassel and Schiff were, of course, of German origin, and each had made an enormous fortune by banking, one in England and the other in America. Mr. Jacob Schiff was very proud of being an American citizen; he spoke exactly as though he had arrived from Frankfurt the day before, in spite of forty years in the United States. He was a charming old man, the soul of honesty and honor, and deeply attached to his religion. I developed a sincere regard and friendship for him, and also for Mrs. Schiff, during our travels together.

We were all Cassel's guests in Cairo for about six weeks, after which he took us up the Nile on a steam dahabiyeh for a delightful three weeks, when, of course, we visited all the lovely places on the Nile as far as Wadi-Halfa. Once there, he asked us to decide whether we preferred visiting Khartum or Jerusalem, as he hadn't time for both. We all chose Jerusalem, so we steamed back to Cairo and then took a steamer from Alexandria to Jaffa.

While we were lunching at Jaffa, Cassel was handed a telegram from Mrs. Bishoffsheim, begging him to return at once to London as her husband was dying. I believe that it was in "Bish's" bank that Cassel began his career as an office boy, and a very deep friendship united the two men. Though he had a great desire to see Jerusalem, he didn't hesitate for a moment, and decided to return on another ship that was just about to start.

(*Continued on page 150*)

IMPERIAL ROADSTER (*with rumble seat*), $2895 *at factory. Wire wheels extra.*

ULTRA-FASHIONABLE

A New Imperial Custom Roadster

CONNOISSEURS of motor car beauty have accepted the new Chrysler Imperial as the most beautiful roadster on the road. It is self-evidently today's masterpiece of style and symmetry—a sports car different from all traditional designs. The new custom body is the finest expression of the sophisticated taste and masterly technique of Locke, who designed it. The sloping silhouette and the curve of the bas-relief modeling which sweeps with graceful flourish across the lower section of the body are new notes in roadster appearance—focal points of charm and distinction. The rumble seat compartment has a door on the curb side and a separate windshield, fitted, like the folding windshield in front, with non-shatterable glass. Beside this alluring newness of custom-body treatment, the new Imperial Roadster possesses that smooth, animated, sparkling performance which instantly typifies the masterful genius of Chrysler engineering. Price $2895 at the factory. Wire wheels extra.

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HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRAGIC EMPRESS

(*Continued from page 148*)

It was arranged that we should proceed on our journey as Mr. Schiff's guests instead. He proved himself the kindest and most considerate of hosts and I remember being overcome with confusion on discovering that he had ordered a special train to convey us from Jaffa to Jerusalem, simply because I had said I disliked making an early morning start!

MR. SCHIFF and I did a lot of sightseeing together, and as we were of two different religions we were very careful not to hurt each other's feelings. He came with me to Roman Catholic ceremonies, which interested him a good deal, and I accompanied him to see the Jews wail at the wall of their ruined Temple, rather nervous lest he was going to wail too. But he was only a reverent spectator, much grieved that there should be so many curious onlookers at a ceremony which had such a deep significance for him. I tried to comfort him with the assurance that it was nothing compared to the tourists who crowd into St. Peter's in Rome during the singing of the "Miserere" in Holy Week.

Mr. Jacob Schiff and I went to Bethlehem together in a victoria drawn by two horses, with an imposing looking dragoman seated near the coachman. It was a charming drive, in ideal weather. When we got there the dragoman leaped off the box and pointed to the village with a dramatic gesture.

"Sir!" he exclaimed, "this is Bethlehem."

Schiff looked very serious and thought for a moment.

"Ach!" he said, "and vere can ve have our tea?"

Another day we drove down to the Dead Sea and the Jordan and spent a night at Jericho, and I loved the road through the olive trees and the brilliance of the poppies dotted in the grass. Coming as we did from Egypt, where everything that is shown dates from several centuries B. C., I felt that our Lord's period was not much further removed from us than the French Revolution.

I spent some happy hours painting in the Garden of Gethsemane, with a distant view of the gate of Jerusalem through which Christ rode on his ass on that first Palm Sunday of the world. A dear old Italian monk kept me company, and showed me a photograph of his picture painted by John Sargent.

Mr. Schiff's charity toward his co-religionists was unbounded. The last evening we were in Jerusalem he spent all his time after dinner writing checks for various Jewish charitable institutions, all for very considerable sums, and when we left the hotel next morning we were nearly overwhelmed by the thanks of the grateful old gentlemen who were waiting outside.

The hem of my coat was humbly kissed by them, who were under the false impression that I was also their benefactress, and I passed through the crowd of rabbis with a halo of merit round my head that was entirely undeserved.

Cassel was a more worldly and polished type of financier, honored by King Edward's friendship and in a way, I suppose, more run after than any man in London. I was devoted to his elder sister, Mrs. "Bobbie" Cassel, who kept house for him and was the dearest soul alive. Sir Ernest's Scotch wife died when she was very young, leaving one tiny baby, and Mrs. Bobbie brought up little Maudie with as much love and tender care as she gave to her own children, even more, so she told me, because she was so delicate. She never lost her strong German accent and worshipped her "bruzzer", of whom I think she was also rather afraid.

Her "Spoonerisms" were proverbial, and Maudie Ashley and I delighted in them and collected them carefully. She would greet her guests with a cheery invitation to "come to their hair and tidy their rooms" before luncheon, and I have known her to affirm that Cambridge was forty miles away "as the cock crows", and also that "it is a long worm that has no turning!"

AFTER King Edward's death, Sir Ernest Cassel led a more retired life and gave up business altogether. I think his daughter's death broke his heart. He struggled to save her life with everything that science could invent and money could procure. Nothing was too much trouble or too expensive. At the Assouan Hotel he engaged three floors to insure her not being disturbed by the slightest noise, and chartered a private steamer to bring her back to England. During the last months of her life, when she lived in a bungalow in the gardens of Broadlands—a last desperate attempt to combine the open-air cure with her wish to be in her own home—he showered gifts of jewels, furs and money on her, but she was too ill then to care for what would have given her so much delight a few years before.

I went several times to stay at Broadlands during those sad days, and Maudie with her unfailing sense of humor would show me feebly her father's gifts. "And all I need now are a few nightgowns . . ." she would murmur. He even gave her a most valuable Pekingese, who rather bored her, and who—according to her account—disliked her so much that he had to be chained to the bed-post during "Papa's" visit, not to hurt his feelings.

After poor Maudie's death, Cassel was a broken man, and it was pitiful to see him sitting alone at Brook House, surrounded by everything that money could buy, and yet so utterly miserable.

"Money never brought me any happiness," he said to me the last time we met. That was before the war, which came to crush his soul more utterly. I did not see him during those years, but I know he led the quietest of lives, giving most generously to every possible fund and utterly loyal to his adopted country. But he suffered greatly, and the end was one which I am sure he would have chosen—to be found sitting at his writing-table at Brook House, sleeping the eternal sleep, and at peace at last.

It was during the war between Italy and Turkey that I had rather a curious experience.

I was in Rome at the time, when I received a letter from one of the members of the Government, asking at what hour I could receive him, as he had to speak to me on an important matter that was strictly confidential. I fixed an appointment, and I confess I never felt more curious in my life.

He turned up, punctual and pompous, and all doors being carefully closed he explained the motive of his visit with carefully chosen words. It had come to his ears that the great British financier, Sir Ernest Cassel, was arranging a loan for Turkey. There could be no doubt as to the ultimate result of the war, but this loan to the Turks might prolong it a few months, which was undesirable. He happened to know that I was an intimate friend of Cassel's. Was I a good Italian? Did I want a place in history? Did I want to go down to posterity as having done a really fine thing? I was to prevent this loan being made to our enemy, *at all costs*.

He was so earnest that it seemed hopeless to explain that my influence on Cassel was not unbounded, and in any case could have no effect on his financial plans. So I took the attitude of looking solemn and saying I would do what I could, upon which my important visitor left, satisfied at having, as he thought, arranged the whole matter!

As far as I can remember, I wrote to a woman friend of mine in London, who was also a friend of Cassel's, and as a PS. to my letter, added:

"I hear Sir Ernest is lending money to the Turks. Tell him for me that he's a wretch!"

I do not know whether the message was ever delivered, but anyway Italy won the war, and I hope my poor member of the Government, who now has also joined the Great Majority, went to his grave fondly imagining that his Machiavellic scheme had worked satisfactorily.

(*To be continued*)

Why Women Prefer this Fleecy Soft Sanitary Protection

It is softer than ever before; more comfort-giving and designed to relieve a vital feminine problem.

THE fleecy, delicate folds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding (Kotex filler) offer a type of softness that no substitutes can equal. Because of its downy white cotton-like structure and its correct absorbency, surgeons in 80% of the country's leading hospitals insist upon Cellucotton absorbent wadding, to give patients the greatest possible degree of hygienic comfort.

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Because corners of the pad are now rounded and tapered it fits unobtrusively . . . fits with greater comfort, too. It is disposable, as you know, just like tissue (reason enough for women to prefer Kotex). Layers of the filler are adjustable. They can be changed to suit your needs.

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Super-Size Kotex has been reduced in price, just as the regular size has. Many women prefer Super-size because it contains extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding.

You should know the soft, gentle comfort of the new Kotex. Buy a box at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . 45c for 12, or in vending cabinets of rest-rooms, where it is sold by West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Co., 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad Which Deodorizes

*Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.

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TO WOMEN who would observe the formalities and the fashion, No. 4711 Eau de Cologne is a daily essential. A mildly astringent base for cosmetics, a refreshing adjunct to the bath, a lotion superb, a gently stimulating restorative when one is fatigued—a priceless aid to feminine allure! And, for gentlemen, the perfect conclusion to tub or shower, and an exhilarating yet soothing complement of the morning shave!

No. 4711 Eau de Cologne

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SHALL WE GILD THE LILY?

(*Continued from page 89*)

which powder base is best suited to your type of skin, and then select the shade of powder which will modify the coloring and give you the exact synthetic tan you wish to acquire. There are six Elizabeth Arden Sun Tan powders: the Bronze group, and the Rosetta group—which, as might be expected from the name, has a more rosy tint—and both come in a light, medium and dark shade.

In addition, there is a marvelous new preparation, Ardena Bronze, which is a clear liquid for darkening the skin and is ideal for the neck and arms and legs. Simply soak a piece of dry cotton with this and rub it quickly and evenly over the surface. The result is an enthralling natural tan which will not come off on your partner's dinner jacket or ruin the neck-line of your white satin evening frock. This is a very quick, easy and realistic sunburn make-up, coming off readily with cream or soap and water. Miss Arden particularly recommends her Velva Bath Mits, which are very efficient for removing all traces of yellow and which leave the skin soft and smooth. Ardena Bronze may be diluted one half with Velva Lotion and used to darken the face before putting on one of the bronze powder bases.

I watched Miss Arden herself make up most effectively a girl with brown eyes, and a brown cast to her skin. She used Bronze Lille Lotion for the face and neck as a base, and light Rosetta powder. A touch of medium Amoretta rouge on the cheeks, lots on the lips, darkened lashes and some of Miss Arden's new green eye shadow, and we observed a rather drab type transformed into a strikingly lovely person. Other models, with blonde, brunette, red and even white tresses demonstrated that Sun Tan preparations could be used entrancingly on all types.

Chez Helena Rubinstein

HELENA Rubinstein has three shades of sunburn make-up, all three to be used on the face as well as the body. Gypsy Tan, a yellow tan; Huile Gypsy, a coppery tan; and Gypsy Liquid Powder, a pure dark brown. Gypsy Tan is the most conservative and is a cream which should be spread evenly on a wet skin; Huile Gypsy, an oil which should be massaged into the skin with the finger tips; and Gypsy Tan Liquid Powder, the darkest tan, must be applied very quickly to a dry skin. All of these preparations should be allowed to dry fifteen minutes before applying powder, for then they do not rub off easily.

After you have experimented and decided whether a yellow, copper, or brown tan base is the most becoming, there is the Helena Rubinstein Sun Tan powder, in one shade only, which carries out your particular effect; or French Ochre powder, a deep pink which also goes with all of the shades but gives a more glowing quality to the skin.

Madame Rubinstein advises the use of her vivid Geranium rouge and lipstick, as her Raspberry shade is killed by browns. Also, she believes that dry rouge blends better with this make-up than cream rouge and emphasizes the importance of the eyes and the lips. Her eye shadow comes in gray, blue or green.

From experiments on many models in the Salon, Madame Rubinstein believes that the copper tan (Huile Gypsy) is best for blondes; yellow tan (Gypsy Tan) for brown-eyed brunettes; and the real dark brown (Sun Tan Liquid Powder) for the in-between types with medium brown hair and gray-green eyes.

She has even carried the interest in Sun Tan make-up so far as to cooperate with Cheney Silks in determining the exact colors which harmonize with a tanned skin for blondes, "mediums" and brunettes, feeling that it is not accurate enough to assume that all pastel colors are becoming to a tawny skin. Briefly, Madame Rubinstein, in conjunction with Cheney Silks, discovered that the off-whites and rose tones are unusually flattering, as are the light green-blues, greens and soft yellows. In fact, this group is the perfect summer tan range. "The lavender-blues and tawny tones form a group that is especially suited to the brown hair and brunette, but is not for the sun-tanned blonde. On the other hand, this vivid yellow-green may be worn by the blonde or brunette but is a little dramatic for the medium person. A soft lavender is very exciting on the woman with brown hair, but should be avoided by the blonde or brunette." It was also found that the color of the eyes is important to the brown-haired girl, especially the tanned complexion heightening the effect of blue or gray eyes and making the blue and lavender color ranges most effective; with brown eyes the tawny tones are preferable. Darker colors, of course, may be combined with these lighter colors, to attain the color contrast which is so desirable this summer.

For those who are silly enough to get an ugly red sunburn, Madame Rubinstein's Sunburn Cream is miraculously soothing, and to prevent this deplorable condition, her oil is excellent for rubbing all over the body before taking a sun bath. For the China white skin devotée, Eau d'Or, a fragrant lemon lotion, will bleach sunburn and freckles, as does Complexion Bleach, a cream to be applied at night.

Chez Angela Varona

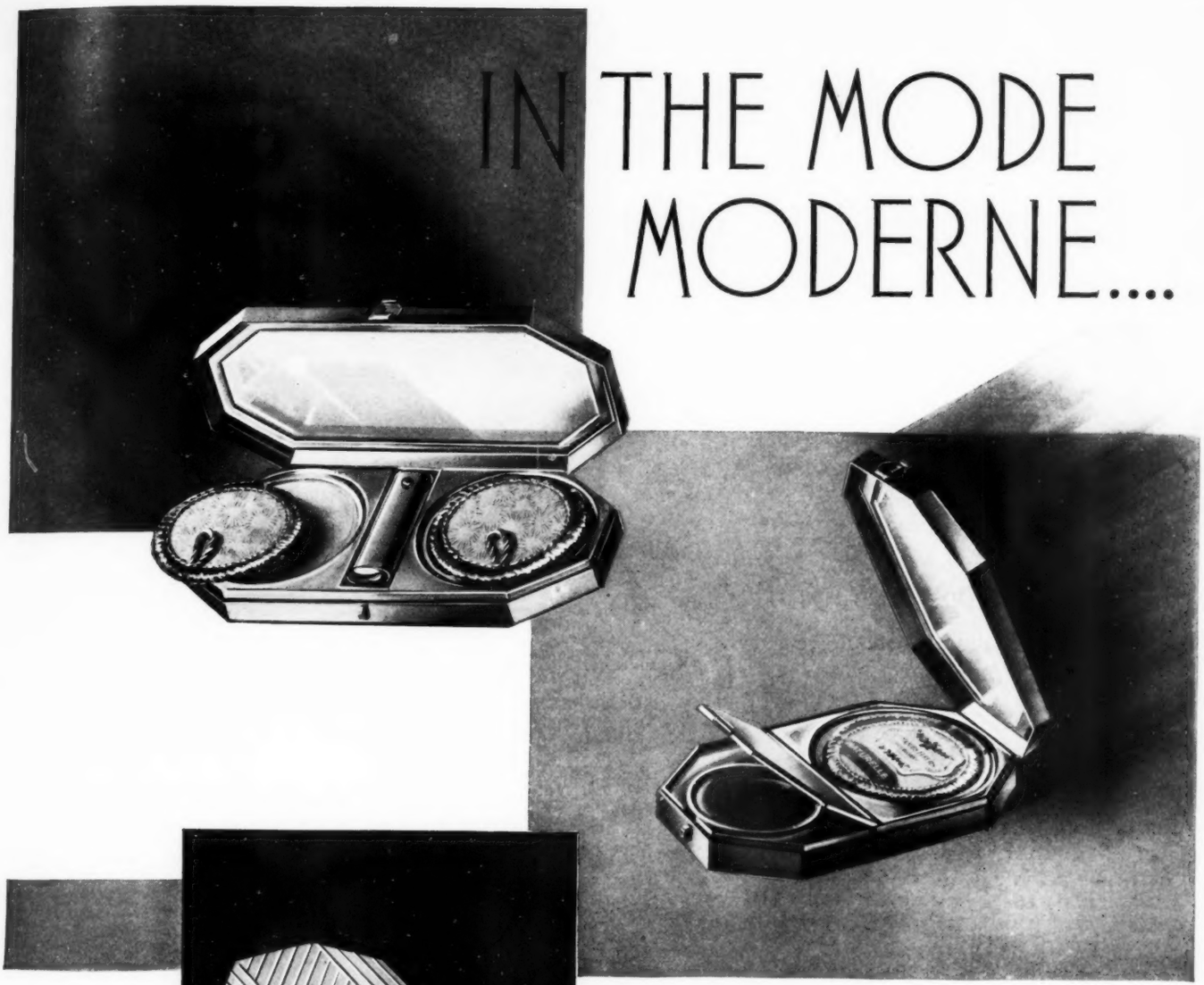
ANGELA Varona has simplified her tan preparations to Varona Sun Tan, a harmless caramel stain in liquid form with a slightly oily base to be applied with a piece of absorbent cotton on a dry surface. Miss Varona's two powders are Extra-dark Rachel, a brown brown, and Sunburn powder, a reddish brown. Varona's Spanish Balm in the extra-dark rachel shade is better for the face and neck. This well-known favorite, of course, comes in all shades, so may be used by the woman who wishes to keep her skin fair. Varona Mask is excellent for bleaching purposes and also for relieving an oily condition of the skin which is often prevalent in the summer. Varona Sunburn Oil is a pleasant oil intended for use on the beach to prevent peeling and real burning. Miss Varona has a clever little Sun Tan Week-end Box which contains a bottle of cleansing cream and tissues, nourishing cream, bronze Spanish Balm for the face, a bottle of Varona Sun Tan for the body, bright rouge and divine blue eye shadow. This small box may be slipped easily into a week-end bag and holds all the necessary equipment to make one's friends in the country believe you have been spending hours in the sun like themselves.

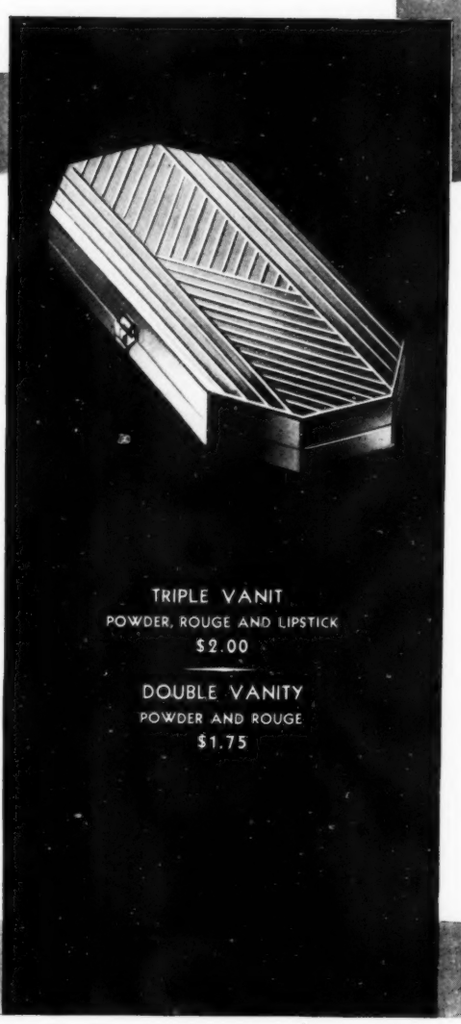
Chez Dorothy Gray

DOROTHY Gray brought out, some time ago, a splendid Sunburn Cream in liquid form, which prevents the skin from burning and allows it to tan gradually. This is quite different from the usual oils, as there is no greasiness about it and its strong floral odor is unexpectedly pleasant. The skin absorbs it readily and it has been very popular and successful with people who have used ultra-violet ray machines this winter. Dorothy Gray's Finishing Lotion, in the bronze shade, is for the woman who wants to give her skin a darker velvety finish (although a blonde could use it for an artificial effect). It harmonizes perfectly with a normal tan and is a good powder base. Copper-tan is created to produce an artificial effect of tan, and is a powdery lotion which must be spread on evenly and quickly, and leaves a soft natural finish. Powder isn't necessary over this lotion, as the skin looks less artificially bronzed without it. However, you can use the bronze Dorothy Gray powder and Tawny rouge created specially for this make-up. A nice healthy effect may be obtained by using Tawny Finishing Lotion on a normal skin. It does not give an artificial look, but just a suggestion of being in the sun, and at night, it is startlingly exotic with a black frock plus much lipstick (Dorothy Gray evening shade).

(*Concluded on page 154*)

IN THE MODE MODERNE....





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A new compact by Houbigant that is a superb exemplification of the moderne. In its sophisticated platinum toned case, it is more than merely beautiful. It is eminently practical, embodying a beveled mirror of a really usable size, with a disposition of contents that is conveniently ingenious.

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. . . all the same face . . . but you don't know how pretty it can be, until Golden Peacock Bleach Creme refines the skin to the purest, most flawless white . . . . . .

LIFT off the veil of muddiness which the years inevitably have laid over your skin, and rejoice at seeing your youngest, prettiest self once more!

This is all you have to do . . . just sleep a few nights with a rejuvenating film of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme on your face . . . and you'll awake each morning to find a younger, lovelier self revealed in your mirror. Quickly this wonder creme brings your skin back to the natural, soft, smooth *whiteness* of radiant youth.

No matter what other cremes and lotions you use, you need Golden Peacock Bleach Creme as your basic beautifier. There is nothing else like it. It works on an entirely new principle.

Develops Natural Beauty

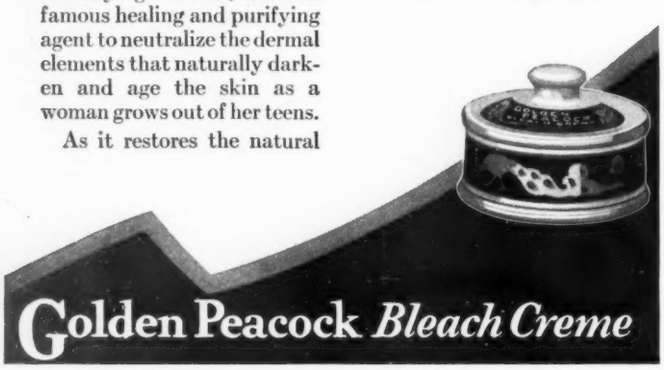
Instead of harshly bleaching and drying the skin, it uses a famous healing and purifying agent to neutralize the dermal elements that naturally darken and age the skin as a woman grows out of her teens.

As it restores the natural whiteness which is the criterion of feminine beauty, Golden Peacock Bleach Creme also vanquishes all these other enemies of loveliness . . . freckles, blackheads, out-of-season tan, blotches, blemishes, moth patches, and enlarged pores.

Do you wonder that beautiful women the world over now regard Golden Peacock Bleach Creme as their dearest complexion secret? On face, and hands, and neck, and arms, it restores and protects the velvety, fine-textured, natural *whiteness* of the skin that men adore.

Your Guaranty

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at any drug or department store. Use it a few nights . . . and if you are not delighted with the way it brings out your natural beauty, your money will be refunded without question.



Golden Peacock *Bleach Creme*

SHALL WE GILD THE LILY?

(*Concluded from page 152*)

CHEZ MARIE EARLE

MARIE EARLE has a splendid artificial tan make-up. Blanc Gras, her finishing cream in the sunburn shade is worked into the face, a touch of light paste rouge for the cheeks and lips, and a finishing coat of her new powder, which is smoother in texture and slightly heavier than the old. Marie Earle liquid powder in the same sunburn shades should be used for the neck, shoulders and arms and protect the skin beautifully. For the woman who doesn't want a dark make-up and yet would like a slightly sunburned look, Blanc Gras and liquid powder in Ochre would be excellent. Marie Earle Special Nourishing Oil permits the skin to tan normally if rubbed all over the body. Incidentally, the active sportswoman will be enchanted with Miss Earle's Country Club Beauty Box, which is a perfect size to keep in your locker, or slip into the side pocket of a car. It has a large mirror in the top and a unique pink rubber apron attached to the front of the box, which ties at the back of the neck—thereby protecting the clothes from creams and powder. In the kit are the Essential Cream and Cucumber Lotion (which are always used together), a bottle of the Soothing Freshener Lotion to remove all traces of cream, a bottle of special lotion for irritations such as mosquito or fly bites, and a box of powder. Everything the fastidious woman could need to care for her skin quickly after exercise. Another novelty of this house is the make-up head-band of pink rubberized material which has an elastic inset, and snaps securely in the back. This is marvelous for protecting the hair.

CHEZ PRIMROSE HOUSE

THIS house has brought out a new Sun Tan group consisting of four preparations, Foundation Cream for the face and Petal Bloom Liquid Powder for the arms and neck, and their famous Chiffon Powder in a harmonizing shade. They strongly recommend no rouge, as they feel that it gives an unbecoming shadow on the cheeks, but emphasize the importance of blue eye shadow and a vivid lipstick. Their Smoothskin Oil is an exquisitely perfumed oil to be used before and during exposure at the beach and keeps the skin smooth and supple. This salon recommends it for use after the bath to relieve roughness and chapping, and also for face molding, used alone or in conjunction with a nourishing cream.

SALON BERTIE

AT THE new Salon Bertie is a sun lamp, under the supervision of a New York M. D. If you can only obtain your natural brown on week-ends and do not want to lose it in between, this should prove a source of comfort and joy. Also, if you are later in starting your tanning process than your bronzed compatriots, and do not wish to appear among them with a white skin, Lait Solaire will give you an instant tanned appearance, and the oils remain on top, protecting the skin from burning and allowing it to tan naturally. Lotion Solaire, on the other hand, is an artificial Sun Tan for the body, an amalgamation of creams with a make-up quality, which goes on smoothly and does not come off except with soap and water. For the face, Crême Solaire should be applied before the powder as a base. There is an amusing Bertie lipstick, of vivid orange hue, which is surprisingly attractive with a tawny appearance, and produces an entirely different effect from any other on the market.

CHEZ KATHLEEN MARY QUINLAN

FOLLOWING the vogue for artificial tans, Miss Quinlan has created three interesting preparations. Gitano Tonic is a clear bronze liquid with a slightly oily base, to which Gitano powder adheres nicely. Take a piece of moist cotton and blend into the skin evenly, smoothing and working in the color with the finger-tips. On the other hand, if you don't like any oil on your skin, Miss Quinlan's Skin Lotion (Sunburn Shade) is an excellent liquid powder for the face. It comes in other shades and keeps the texture of the skin fine and protected throughout the summer months. Miss Quinlan emphasizes the antiseptic qualities of both these preparations and advises them for sensitive skins with minor troubles.

THE SMART WEEK-END WARDROBE

(*Concluded from page 107*)

of a warm but light fabric, a matching wool skirt, a jersey sweater, a two-piece harmonizing printed crêpe dress, crêpe panties, the latter essential for aeroplaning and excellent for yachting, and a printed crêpe scarf. The crêpe waist may also be worn with the wool skirt. Sketched on the first figure is one of the woven tricot turbans that fold like a handkerchief and are perfect for flying, and on the other figure a large-sized straw hat. This affords an infinite variety of combinations and allows a single pair of shoes and one bag to be right with them all; also the same jewelry will always be attractive. Two ensembles that may be interwoven, as in this case, serve as a perfect backbone for the week-end wardrobe.

For active sports a couple of real wash frocks should be taken, the exact type depending on the kind of activity you expect to indulge in. Again, a single cardigan should be harmonious with both dresses. Of course, a bathing ensemble, with perhaps two suits if you are likely to swim twice a day, is essential. White dresses are such a wise choice for country clothes, particularly if you have a limited wardrobe, because they may so happily be combined with any color. White has been popular for tennis dresses for several years, but this season it is also smart not only for both day and evening dresses but for shoes, bags, and accessories. Black is definitely smart, although it is sure to look more chic abroad in darkish weather than here on our merry bright summer days.

Mae and Hattie Green have a remarkably large and excellent selection of real sports ensembles. Here many smart women select their entire wardrobe for active sports, because at this shop one finds not only that ideal combination, frocks that are both chic and serviceable, but lovely scarfs, smart cardigans, delightfully pretty and useful bags, bathing costumes, sports parasols and all such things.

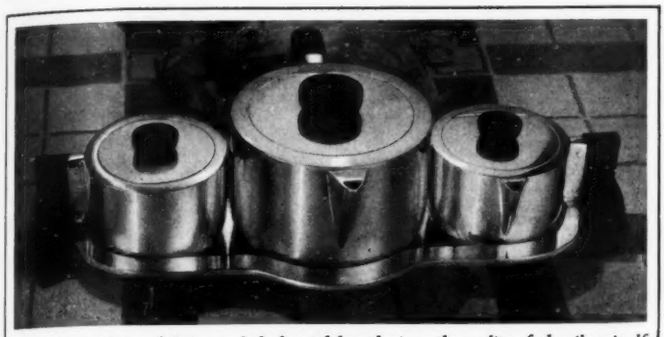
White or beige wash gloves are correct and useful. Choose whichever is better with your general color scheme. Socks are often worn with stockings for golf, and sometimes without other stockings for tennis.

If you are going to a resort like Newport or Southampton, a more formal day costume may be necessary. Perhaps a plain or flowered chiffon dress or a pale crêpe frock and matching coat. The latter combination was particularly smart at Palm Beach last winter.

One should be prepared for changes in temperature. American summers are so variable that a light dress and warmish coat, such as this ensemble, form a particularly good combination.

Four Rules in Review:

1. Take things that do not wrinkle easily.
2. To conserve space, both for day time or evening, select ensembles that harmonize, so that a moderate number of accessories are sufficient and yet every costume makes a perfect whole.
3. Choose clothes that can allow equal comfort for warm or cool weather.
4. Be sure that your luggage contains the proper things, now easily obtainable, to simplify the problem of packing and traveling.

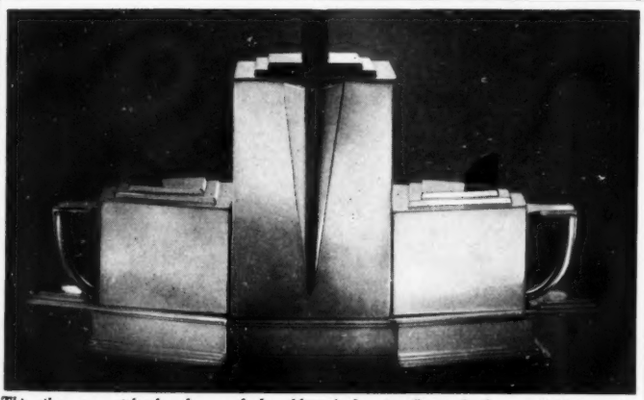


Note the simplicity of design and the beautiful emphasis on the quality of the silver itself

new SOPHISTICATION *in keeping with fine old traditions of* SILVERSMITHING

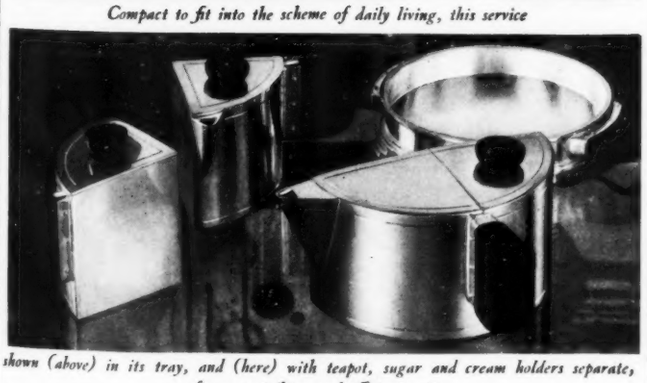
Decorative expressions of today, these tea services in the modern manner are ideal from the practical point of view for use in dinettes, breakfast nooks, on little tables, or for tea wagons. They are easy to care for and take up little space. The tea services above and below are made by the Wilcox Silver Plate Company Division.

With the return to elegance established by the mode, this gracious and formal new pattern has been created by the Barbour Silver Company Division (above)



This silverware with the charm of the old and the significant freshness of the new is admirably made to serve its purposes

Compact to fit into the scheme of daily living, this service



shown (above) in its tray, and (here) with teapot, sugar and cream holders separate, forms a striking and efficient unit

A SIMPLICITY at once classic and modern marks the new hollowware in International Silverplate. Whether your taste dictates the sophisticated severity of the newest silver, or the gracious elegance and formality of Period designs, you may choose International Silverplate not only with certainty you will secure harmony of shape and pattern, but also a service thoroughly in keeping with the fine old traditions of silversmithing.

Twentieth century craftsmen have simplified silverware to suit the needs of today, making it beautifully appropriate for modern apartments with smaller rooms, where an effect of spaciousness is desired, although space is at a premium. New designs of International Silverplate are in no sense "experimental." They are creations of practical designers who have sensibly studied the decorative trends of our times.

International Silverplate does not go out of fashion. Platters, vegetable dishes, tea services are ideal gifts. They last and are in style for a lifetime. They are guaranteed by a maker whose name has long represented high quality and fine workmanship; yet they are not costly.

When the dealer tells you that silverware is an INTERNATIONAL brand you are assured of value. Should he not have the particular piece or pattern wanted, he can get it for you. For illustrations of a wider variety of such goods, as are shown on this page, write for booklet No. HW- 146 Address Dept. E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

Matching the well-known flatware patterns

In addition to designs as illustrated, special patterns are made to match the knives, forks and spoons of the well-known brands of 1847 Rogers Bros., Holmes & Edwards and Wm. Rogers & Son.

INTERNATIONAL SILVERPLATE

TRADE INTERNATIONAL S.CO. MARK

Phoenix

GLORIFIES

Beautiful Legs

by knitting stockings to the measurements of this glorious Ziegfeld Girl

EVERY woman—whether small or tall—will find greater satisfaction in the exquisite new hosiery of Phoenix. Patterned after the proportions of Barbara Newberry, whom Florenz Ziegfeld declares the possessor of America's most beautiful legs—and knitted by a newly invented process—Phoenix stockings distinguish themselves from all others by their exceptional beauty and fit . . . Nearly 300 girls in five of his Broadway productions—each a beauty chosen from thousands—submitted their measurements in Mr. Ziegfeld's recent search for a perfect pattern for Phoenix. After viewing the entrants and averaging their proportions, this famous judge of feminine loveliness pronounced Miss Newberry's legs not only ideal but also most typical of the majority of attractive women . . . Following the symmetrical lines of these faultless legs, Phoenix full-fashioned hosiery is now woven by the *Accurator* process. Patented and used only by Phoenix, this new device, which gauges every thread with the greatest precision, creates stockings of lovely quality, more subtle coloring and better shape. Whether you choose them in sunburn, suntan, flesh, gray or all-occasion shades, you will be charmed with the becomingness of these stockings. Fashion-correct and flattering, they increase the smartness of wearer and costume alike. Summer colors are now in the shops. $1.50, $1.95, $2.95.

THE PHOENIX GIRL—BARBARA NEWBERRY

Florenz Ziegfeld's booklet, "How I Selected America's Most Beautiful Legs" will be sent you for the asking. Address, F. Ziegfeld, Ziegfeld Theatre, Fifty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City.

PHOENIX

SILK Hosiery

ACCURATOR PROCESS
PATENTED MARCH 12, 1929

Guests expect you to have *Friqidaire*

The Frigidaire Cold Control . . . makes possible dozens of new desserts . . . speeds the freezing of ice cubes.

They expect the abundance of ice cubes and those delicious Desserts and Salads made possible by the "Cold Control"

FRIGIDAIRE has created a new standard in entertaining. For through the introduction of the Cold Control with its six freezing speeds, you can regulate the temperature of the freezing compartment. This makes it possible to freeze dozens of delicious new salads and desserts that require extreme cold. It enables you to make more ice and make it more quickly with the same size refrigerator.

It is one reason why the electric refrigerator you buy should be a genuine Frigidaire. There are many other reasons.

Frigidaire is the quiet, automatic refrigerator. You don't hear it start, or stop, or run. It has the power to keep the food compartment below 50 degrees . . . the temperature so vital to health . . . regardless of how hot the kitchen may become. It can be moved from one place to another in your home, or from one house to another. No space need be reserved above it or around it for all the machinery is concealed and there is nothing to catch dust or dirt.

Frigidaire cabinets are beautiful. Interiors are finished in gleaming porcelain enamel; exteriors in Tu-Tone porcelain enamel or Duco. Food shelves are elevated to eliminate stooping.

And the cost of operation is so low that Frigidaire users find that it quickly pays for itself.

What else could you buy for your home that would give you the health protection . . . the convenience . . . the satisfaction or the value offered in Frigidaire? New models are now shown at display rooms everywhere. See them. Learn about the low prices and convenient monthly terms. A catalog and recipe book will be mailed on request. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, O.

Frigidaire Corporation, Dept. U-100, Dayton, O.

Please send me a free copy of the Frigidaire catalog and the recipe book of frozen delicacies.

Name .....

Address .....

If you live in Canada, address: Frigidaire Corporation, 1604 Sterling Towers, Toronto, Ontario.

FRIGIDAIRE

The QUIET *Automatic Refrigerator*

The Smarter Shops are showing Paris-inspired

BATHING ENSEMBLES *in* CELANESE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PERMANENT MOIRÉ . . . TRICOT

The bathing-costume specialists of Paris have done captivating things in these marvelous modern Celanese fabrics . . . . Inspired by a beautiful *permanent* moiré, whose fine ripple-pattern and rich color are *unaffected by water,* Mary Nowitsky created the startling beach ensemble shown on this page . . . . In the smart shops you'll find bathing ensembles of Celanese Permanent Moiré, and (if you prefer knitted swimming things) interesting Celanese Tricot suits-and-capes inspired by Schiaparelli . . . . Celanese Fabrics are simply ideal for wear in the water or on the sand—for they neither shrink nor sag, they dry amazingly fast, and they feel just as light in the water as ashore.

A Mary Nowitsky model

Celanese yarns, fabrics and articles are made of synthetic products manufactured exclusively by the Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York City.

The model sketched in Paris by M. GEORGES LEPAPE

THE GIRL WHO WAS THE MOON

(*Continued from page 91*)

for his gift of making impromptu fairy-tales. Consequently, no one believed that there was a word of truth in what he had been saying. We regarded it as a whimsical answer conceived on the spur of the moment to our question as to how and where he had discovered Jeanne.

"THAT is quite in your best manner, Pierre," said one of us. "I suppose we shall see it in your next volume of prose fantasies."

Pierre shook his head.

"I should have been proud to have invented it," he answered, "but I swear to you that it is literally true, true as I stand here . . ."

"Two hundred and twenty-five pounds in his stocking feet," got in Jeanne, who was fond of teasing him about his growing waist-line.

"Be fair, Jeanne," suddenly spoke up a pretty brunette American woman at her side, "you know it's quite true, and if you won't help Pierre, I will."

"Do, do!" we all cried out.

"Yes! Madge, you shall tell the rest of the story," cried Pierre, "or rather the beginning of it. For Madge has all the corroborative evidence," he went on, turning to the company. "She knew Jeanne years before I did, and the very day that . . . but no! as you Americans say, Madge has the floor," and he sat down and began refilling his pipe.

"Shall I, Jeanne?" said Madge, turning to her friend. "But I'm going to anyway," and she began.

"Well, you must know that Jeanne and I were schoolmates together in Virginia in a highly proper young ladies' seminary in a highly proper little town near Richmond. Oh, how proper everybody was! You have no idea nowadays what it was like. We called it the young ladies' penitentiary. Such rules, such restrictions! Naturally all of us who had any red blood in us rebelled, and consequently we were always getting into trouble. But stone walls did not a prison make, and so my imprisoned Juliet had her Romeo, and there were wonderful carryings-on. Ah, Jeanne, you remember, don't you? And, yes, Jeanne was always the ring-leader. Three of us, particularly, were the black sheep, and, to make a long story short, we got at last what we had been working for. We were sent home in disgrace—expelled!

"Jeanne was the luckiest of us, for her parents decided that the best thing to do with her was to take her to Paris and put her in charge of some good nuns whose business it was to tame such incorrigible young ladies. It seemed awfully romantic, and I envied Jeanne with all my heart, as I saw her off on the steamer bound for France. Fancy sending Jeanne to France to tame her! So Jeanne started off and a year went by. Then suddenly a dear old maiden aunt of mine, who was something of a sculptor, a rare thing for a woman to be in those days, persuaded my folks to let her take me on a trip to Europe, to finish off my education in the French and Italian art galleries. So I saw Paris for the first time, and naturally my first thought was to visit Jeanne in her convent.

"One August afternoon, my nice old aunt, who was, and still is, very much of a human being, took me to call on the good sisters in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs. You all, of course, know the long, low gray stone building that takes up nearly all one side of the street, with endless discreet windows, with big doors here and there with little grilles in them, not a sign of the life going on inside, not even a nun's bonnet visible, till we pulled at a hanging chain at the side of one of the big doors. A bell tinkled inside, and then one of the grilles opened and a sweet-faced young nun looked out at us, and we told our business. The door opened and we followed the young nun across a small stone courtyard, and presently we found ourselves in a severe white-washed room, with wooden forms running round the walls, a large crucifix for its only ornament. There we waited for a few minutes, while the young nun went off to announce us. Then presently a door opened and in rushed Jeanne ahead of a sweet rosy-faced old nun, and threw herself into my arms. My aunt did the formal act with the good sister, and after some little talk the sister rose and said that we had better come and take tea in the garden. The opening of another door revealed a wonderful vision of old trees, and bright flower-beds, and narrow old brick walks. Here and there nuns in their pretty gray-blue and white costumes, and their head-dresses like big white butterflies, were walking to and fro, or were seated on stone benches making lace, and sewing on certain white garments so dainty and frivolous in design that I couldn't help whispering to Jeanne: 'I never thought that nuns wore such improper things under their heavy serge skirts!'

" 'They don't,' Jeanne whispered back. 'You ought to see them!'

"But I forgot everything else in the beauty of the garden, so lovely and secluded, a scene of enchanted greenery so unsuspected from the street.

" 'Why, Jeanne!' I exclaimed, "it is like a fairy-tale. How romantic it must be to live here. It's like a picture in some old medieval manuscript.'

" 'You think so?' replied Jeanne, rather glumly; and I was surprised to see how bored and discontented she looked.

"Then I noticed the high walls, trellised with vines and climbing roses and fruit-trees laden with pears and plums, and great sycamores and plane-trees and poplars casting long shadows in the afternoon sunlight.

"At one side of the garden was a broad marble basin on which floated white and yellow water-lilies, and, as we walked arm-in-arm around it, for my aunt was engaged with the old apple-cheeked sister, I nudged Jeanne, and whispered: 'Have you forgotten the fountain in——?' mentioning the little town where we had been to school, and where in the public square had stood a great circular fountain with sculptured figures in the center. The horses used to drink there, and there was quite a lot of water in it.

" 'Have I forgotten!' and Jeanne's face lit up with mischief, and she was quite her old self for a moment. That fountain, indeed, had been our undoing. For we had been dared, the incorrigible three of us, to bathe there one summer at dawn, with nothing on—and we had done it!

" 'And now you are in Paris! Think of it!'

"To my surprise, her face clouded again.

" 'Paris! Do you call this being in Paris?'

" 'Why, what's the matter with you, Jeanne?' I said. 'I call this perfectly lovely. I'd give anything to be in your place.'

" 'You would?' she said. 'Then listen. I know that all this is very beautiful and romantic, and some of the sisters are darlings. But then . . . well, I didn't come to Paris to be a nun! And that's just about what I am. When we used to talk about Paris, we thought of theatres and frocks, and cafés and Montmartre, and the Bois Maxim's, the Opera Ball and the Bal Boullier, and the Moulin Rouge—didn't we?'

"I had to confess that we had thought of Paris in some such way.

" 'Well,' she continued, 'all I have seen of Paris is Notre Dame, the pictures in the Louvre and the Luxembourg. We never go out for a walk without the sourest old sisters in charge. And once in a while we are allowed a spree to see Racine or Corneille at the Comédie Française, and the height of our frivolity is a comedy at the Odeon . . .'

"I tried to comfort her. 'But surely,' I said, 'it must mean a lot just to know that you are in Paris—it would to me, I'm sure, when—think of it!—you might be in Tomato-Can City, Ohio, or Chewing-Gum Center, Minnesota, or some such horrible place.'

" 'That's true enough, of course,' she answered, 'but then, don't you see, it's all the worse to be in Paris, to know all the good times everyone is having on the other side of that pretty wall, and to be

(*Concluded on page 158*)

Nuda... the Shade that brings Sophistication to Summer Costumes

To clothe the leg invisibly — except for that subtle sophistication that fine silk brings to the natural skin tone. This the rôle of Nuda—McCallum's new contribution to hosiery smartness. Styled to accord with the costume colors of the moment, it furnishes neutral background for vivid colors. The pale summer tints blend with it too, as they would with natural sun tan. A shade beautiful in itself and beautiful with the famous McCallum sheen that is *parallel-knit* into each exquisite pair.

Nuda is but one of many style-tested McCallum shades for summer — shades that offer an unfailing guide to hosiery smartness.

Always available in the best shops at prices ranging from $1.65 to $6.00. McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Massachusetts. McCallum Hosiery may be had in Paris at Bayard, 12 Rue de la Paix.

McCALLUM HOSIERY

"YOU JUST KNOW SHE WEARS THEM"

Only the tanned can wear the smartest color WHITE

THE untanned girl looks sick in white. Sleeveless arms, stockingless legs must be tanned... Just rub on the new Glory of the Sun Powder, smooth it in—in 2 minutes you're a sun-kissed peach! Can't tell it from natural tan—won't come off on your clothes. Nothing but soap and water or cream affects it. Two shades—Light and Dark. Brunettes use Dark all over—blondes, who can't tan outdoors without freckling, get a marvelous even tone with Light. In-between types sometimes use Dark for back, arms and legs, Light for face and neck. $2.00 large box.

Have a tan without tanning

GLORY OF THE SUN

Powder

THE GIRL WHO WAS THE MOON

(*Concluded from page 157*)

locked in here in a sort of beautiful refrigerator with stained-glass windows. I tell you what, Madge, if I don't get a bit of a fling soon, I'll burst—'

" 'How would it be,' I laughed, 'if we changed clothes, and you slipped out with my aunt . . . she's a good sort, and wouldn't give us away; or, suppose, next time I come, I bring you a file, a mask and a rope-ladder hidden in a basket of fruit?'

" 'Laugh all you want, but I mean business, Madge.' Then, after a moment's thought, during which, I remembered afterward, her eyes had gone roaming up the walls with their strong net-work of vines and across the roof beyond, she added, 'What will you bet me that I don't escape to-night?'

" 'Suppose you did,' I countered; 'what would you do next?'

" 'I might have to take a lover!' she answered nonchalantly, 'or pretend to, and I should be free anyway, and I'd get him to take me to all the gay places . . . I could dance with the students in Montmartre and drink absinthe, and—'

" 'Generally raise the devil.'

" 'Exactly what'll you bet I don't do it? And what's your address, on chance I need it. Be quick, your aunt's looking our way . . .'

"I mentioned our respectable little hotel, and just then my aunt beckoned, and we had to get up and say good-by. As she kissed me, Jeanne whispered, 'Don't be alarmed if you hear from me tomorrow. Try and shake your aunt tomorrow afternoon, and be in front of the Mona Lisa at three-thirty.' "

"And was she there?" we all asked eagerly.

"To be sure she was there, right on time, and with a gallant escort at her side, both laughing and as much at home together as if they had known each other all their lives. 'My friend, Pierre Amyot!' she said quite calmly, adding, 'We were married this morning by the *maitre* of the sixth arrondissement, a darling Frenchman with a square black beard, who made quite a pretty speech, ending with the hope that we would invite him to the christening.'"

"You're as bad as Pierre," said Jeanne, laughing in spite of herself.

"But you know it's true," answered Madge.

"And how on earth did you do it, Jeanne," we all exclaimed. "Come, be a sport, you've got to tell us."

"Oh, it was easy enough, if you must know," said Jeanne at last. "You've seen the roofs all around here, how they all fit together. I'd often studied them, and watched the French workmen, with their funny knotted rope-ladders, and scaffoldings, and I was always fond of climbing. Our dormitory was on the top floor, so when everyone was asleep, I managed to get up through a trap-door onto the roof; and up the next building to ours was one of those iron ladders set into the stone you see all over Paris. I'd often wanted to climb them, and my idea was that I'd find a trap-door open in some other house, and so get down to the street. I had my satchel and a little money, and so I climbed and scrambled along, but all the trap-doors were closed fast, and there was nothing doing that way . . . and then at last I saw the light from this studio, and as I hung to a chimney, I saw a great big brute of a man looking at me, and for the first time I was afraid, and wished I was back in my little iron bed in the convent. But it was too late . . . and well, well—he isn't such a brute as he looks—are you, Pierre?"

COTTON'S CRISP CHIC

(*Concluded from page 95*)

may be dressed in cotton from top to toe. With the sandals are worn lisle, fish-net or plain stockings, or youthful practical socks of plain or mixed colorings.

Ginghams are used in all sized squares, some combining cotton with rayon in a lustrous, sympathetic freshness of weave.

In a country setting cotton is at its best. I remember last summer getting out of a hot train at a country station. I was dressed in a smart Paris frock of black crêpe, and I remember thinking how infinitely cooler, fresher and more appropriate to the surroundings my hostess looked, sitting in her sports runabout, dressed in a pink and white, crisp calico frock.

At Saks-Fifth Avenue they recently showed me a long-waisted, full-skirted frock of white-dotted pink Swiss. It had an oval organdie vest and little puffed sleevelets at the wrists, both masses of narrow lace and tiny tucks. It was so beguiling in its youthful picturesqueness that an elderly actress, who should have known better, ordered it on the spot!

These lingerie touches are featured in all the more important collections. There is nothing so becoming, or so welcome on a hot day, as to see a dark frock break into a foam of white at neck or wrists.

Organdie is made into wide sashes that tie once more at the old waist-line, admired, if we are to believe elderly bachelors, so extravagantly in days gone by. This same organdie is sometimes tied in a wide cravat at one side of the neck, with two ends, instead of a bow, perking out in smart silhouette.

Black organdie has suddenly had a renaissance, and indeed it is lovely for summer evening wear, combined with écru, or left in all its alluring sobriety.

Accessories are also to be found in cotton. Bags of calico and gingham, beautifully made flowers, parasols, belts, even men's neckties are all to be had in this delightful product.

The latter are often shown made in plain colors. They wash time after time, as the scarlet, gold, beige—the myriad colors—are fast dye and the lustre unchanging.

Beach coats, pyjamas, even hats—all are found in the cotton family, all smart, all practical, and all our very own.

A GREAT LADY DISCUSSES FASHION

(*Concluded from page 67*)

several smart women, myself among them, wore them. Though never blinded to the fact, I've made it a point to forget that such hats were trying. I wore them because I knew they were chic. But now, since cooks and parlor maids, as well as every other woman boarding a street car, have made this same brimless hat their headgear, why continue making a guy of myself?

"By the way, before you leave me, Madame Adrienne, do give me your professional opinion on one of my pet theories:

"I assert that the brim of a hat should be considered only after the crown is quite perfect. I consider the crown to be all important in a hat, for the crown conveys smartness, the brim merely balance."

Milady goes on telling us about the ultra-modern method of making as many seams in a hat crown as are necessary to make it fit the head very snugly, rather than respecting the felt that hatters have blocked on one mold by the thousand.

Madame Adrienne tells us she entirely agrees, and adds, "Milady knows more about hat-land and its philosophy than many a modiste in business for years."

It is now past eleven o'clock. I remember an appointment made at my studio: illustrations for the next issue of Harper's Bazar.

Alice whispers, "Will you let me stay on?" adding, "I will meet you at lunch, later on."

I take my departure. My respects and thanks to Milady.

COSMETIQUES LESQUENDIEU

Lipstick TUSSY

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She *looked* exquisite as a June Rose

—but they left her alone

You can't tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you

JOAN was lovely looking! Every gay group at the Country Club greeted her enthusiastically.

But before the afternoon was over she found herself just an onlooker—she felt that they were actually avoiding her! What was the reason?

This inescapable fact—that no one can ever tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect!

Only by the regular use of Odorono, which a physician developed 19 years ago to check perspiration, can you be certain of *continuous protection*. Odorono frees you forever from the worry of offending by unpleasant perspiration odor and stained frocks! Doctors recommend it where perspiration is annoying.

Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild for sensitive skins, and the delightful Creme Odorono are on sale at toilet goods counters everywhere. Odorono 35¢, 60¢, and $1.00. Creme Odorono in tubes 25¢.

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) used twice a week at night. Pat on freely after bathing. Allow plenty of time to dry.

Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless), for sensitive skins and frequent use. Use daily or every other day. Pat on freely. Allow plenty of time to dry.

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 111*)

where they lay together. Each could hear the other's heart pounding in his breast. Bill jumped out of bed with an assumed cheerfulness whose brittleness showed danger of cracking any moment.

"I've got to hurry shaving and bathing this morning. The boat train leaves at eleven," he said, and she heard him, as the water splashed, whistling various old war songs he never finished, for each time they were broken by the first bars of that painful Slav melody which, ever since their first hearing of it together at Ronald Grant's party, had bound them closer than a wedding-ring. For all Bill's pretence of cheerfulness, this he did not dare to whistle or sing.

The little leaves outside pattered and rustled in a sudden light rain. It was Paris weeping a few facile tears at their departure.

SHE had never been a good sailor of the kind that rushes to breakfast, sniffs the steam of eleven o'clock broth gratefully, and has no objection to the man in the neighboring deck chair smoking a good rich cigar. Hers had always been rather precarious sea-legs which managed gingerly to ascend for a stroll around the deck or wobble down to dinner, but never with the sprightly gusto those same legs showed on land.

This utter abject surrender was, however, new, this succumbing to every swoop of the boat, wincing at every light, gagging at each new smell. She wondered if perhaps she had not added to the complications of sea-sickness the possibility of maternity. She was not sure and cared not at all. Having passed that stage when she cared whether her hair was combed or not, she had no interest in any life of her own or within her.

Bill, alas, who moved her to a sort of aching tenderness, almost unbearably tender, every time he was at all ill, down and out, made defenceless by fatigue or sleep, seemed to react rather differently to her collapse. He did not smoke cigars in the cabin or make jokes about corned beef and cabbage. But he did suggest that a good stiff turn around the deck and a few games in the gym might improve things. She felt like Mrs. Dombey who would make no effort. Bill took to absenting himself, for hours at a time, engaging himself in such rugged amusements as the ship afforded, playing deck-tennis till his finger-tips ached, walking his three miles, winning countless games of shuffle-board and dropping in once or twice during the day to record these triumphs and straighten his tie. For some reason or other the very innocence and heartiness of these amusements annoyed Lydia who, with that distorted Latin point of view, which so disgusts the right-minded, would have preferred him flirting on the sly with a new girl if he would only have spent half of his time below, bathing her head in Cologne and holding her hand while he talked to distract her mind from the imminent peril of that disgusting surrender, sickness, which threatened her.

ONLY two things persuaded her to rise from her berth, one, the pitifulness of the Persian cat, Augustus, who having first proudly ignored the motion, then tried playfully to forget it, finally gave in and turned tortured eyes to ask her what *could* be the matter with a thoroughbred Smoke-Blue whose tummy was behaving so queerly. She thought Augustus might like an airing on the deck. Also, she was faintly annoyed by the reproachful glances the Scottish stewardess gave to Bill who had formerly been designated as "that wonderrfool man, Mr. Norrton." The stewardess, who adored the cat, advised fresh air for "Auntie's doll," as she crooningly called Augustus, and seemed to suggest at the same time that a wifely eye might be kept on John William.

Lydia, feeling wretched, got up and put on her best Chanel copy, a fuzzy angora jersey as soft as Augustus. She resented the stewardess's unspoken reproaches on Bill's behalf; poor lamb, he was so obviously incapable of guile. Guile, she felt, lay dormant within her, but John William was almost too painfully upright.

She found him, very absorbed but still upright, in the smoking-room, making the fourth at a bridge table whose other three occupants were unfamiliar to her.

Bill looked up from his hand, slightly preoccupied.

"Hullo, darling," he said.

"Feeling better? Filthy sensation, ain't it? Always kill my own qualms by masses of drink. You get drunk, my dear, listen to little Lizzie!"

Little Lizzie half whispered this to Lydia in a smoky voice, full of laughter, and thrusting her cards into the paw of an indeterminate youth, rose to greet the newcomer. Little Lizzie was a full six feet, but as slender as a fashion plate and as pliable as whalebone. She grinned and held out a hand—long, slim, yellow with nicotine and adorned with one enormous emerald which the Stephanyi eye in Lydia immediately recognized as exceptionally beautiful.

"Nice, ain't it? Rather sweet—wages of sin and all that sort of muck. My poor sweet of a Tubby thinks it's a fake—don't give me away!"

At this a plump cherub of thirty-five, obviously kind, well-bred and a confirmed alcoholic (Lydia suspected him of being yet another in the Harvard brotherhood of gold pig fanciers) turned and groaned.

"Aw, can it, Lizzie, and me busting myself at Stephanyi Brothers for that bauble!"

Lizzie shrieked like a macaw and bore Lydia off to the corner of the smoking-room, while the second woman at the bridge table annoyingly mumbled something about Tubby having made a *gaffe* in mentioning the trade which Lydia's ancestors some hundred years ago had founded. It happened that the Stephanyis were proud of the business.

This Lizzie looked twenty, immediately confessed to thirty-one, had ash blonde hair unmistakably natural which she swore was dyed, one eyelid which drooped in a continual wink, and a preposterous *farouche* charm of manner which was quite inexplicable.

"Swallow this," she commanded, forcing a papery *cachet* into Lydia's hand and pouring champagne from a newly-opened pint. "That's a good child. Now we can play."

HER voice stopped for a moment. Lydia saw that her tongue, which spiritually was most certainly in her cheek, appeared to be stuffing out her mouth and chin, giving her the expression of a small boy making a naughty grimace at the world. Suddenly it occurred to her that this long, lean creature with the eyes of a reckless child, was the irritating phenomenon so often published in the illustrated papers as "the *chic* Mrs. Harriman Churchill." Impossible that anyone should so belie the camera. A hundred times she had groaned against that over-sophisticated pouting countenance photographed at the races, smoking some kind of cigarette, recommending vanishing cream, standing with the team at the International Polo. And now she liked the woman, bingo, just like that!

"The cherub is your husband. Who's the not very exciting lady rather like a heavy-weight miller moth?" asked Lydia.

"Oh, don't underrate her, my child. Never underrate her. That is Janet Baldwin, champion lady rider of the Eastern seaboard, eleven million in her own right, seven of the nicest saddle horses ever foaled, one Rolls, one Lincoln, a deathless determination and a rotten disposition. Also my sister-in-law, my husband's half-sister, to be exact. I hate her like poison but have got to stay friends. To put it plainly, I might like you awfully and loathe her, but would probably do you dirt if she forced my hand. She's a great little hand forcer, that girl. Nice sort of lass, beats her horses back of the stables when they fail to get a blue. I've seen her throw a red ribbon in the tan-bark and stamp on it."

"But she looks like some of the milder breeds of cattle!"

(*Continued on page 162*)

Time cannot destroy — — — — But neglect can obscure your youthful skin texture

THE beauty of flawless skin—smooth, velvety, firm—the perfection of YOUTHFUL SKIN TEXTURE—should not fade with passing years. It is a lifetime heritage; time cannot destroy it, but neglect can *obscure it.* The dewy freshness of youth is still there at forty—hidden beneath unlovely shadows of neglect! Weary lines, relaxed muscles, coarse pores—obscure YOUTHFUL SKIN TEXTURE unless you guard against them.

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more with blue green seats. -:- With the *"Paris"*, the *"France"* and the *"Ile de France"* provide a Weekly Express Service, calling at Plymouth for London, dock ing at Le Havre for Paris, where the 3- hour boat-train waits.

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

Lizzie shook her head at this and swallowed a large glass of champagne.

"Been indiscreet, haven't I? Always am."

It took some courage, dressing in the stuffy confines of their stateroom. She threw a longing look at her berth upon which Augustus, much refreshed by a long outing on deck, slept peacefully. But it was fun to go in to dinner with Bill, hanging on his arm, slightly wan but very dressed up.

"Lizzie is as mad as a hatter. I've known Tubby and her for years. Don't pay any attention to her outrageous remarks, sometimes she's impossible, really. But the sister-in-law seems a very good sort."

"I like Lizzie," said Lydia, controlling a shudder at the sight of a rich entrée.

"What did you think of Miss Baldwin?" Bill asked.

"I didn't."

"She seems a good sort," he repeated.

"Good sort, good sport, fine pal—thickish ankles, though, Bill."

Bill was not amused.

"You mustn't always be so cattish, Lydia. Janet Baldwin doesn't go in for being alluring, I admit, but she's got something else."

"Yeah, eleven million dollars," said Lydia thoughtfully, spearing a few green peas on her fork.

"Lydia!"

The room was so hot and Bill seemed suddenly alien. Oh, where were the pleasant faces of that feverish family of hers, whom sometimes she had cursed but always amused and was amused in turn by them!

Why did he have to call her "Lydia," as if she were some disagreeable acquaintance, instead of that part of him which he usually called "Baby" and who was so much his wife? A large hot tear fell on the green peas and was followed quick and fast by several others.

"I feel rather sea-sick," said Lydia, gathering the remainder of her dignity about her and making for the door at a pace which only pride held back from being a run. Instead of going to her cabin and collapsing, however, she made for the smoking-room, applying fresh powder and lipstick en route.

BILL continued his dinner because, in the first place, he was hungry; in the second, he believed that if one was going to be sick it was better to be sick alone; and in the third, he thought unreasonable women should be left to their own devices. His adored Lydia had quite suddenly become part of an indeterminate mass labeled "unreasonable women." Whether it was a slight headache due to the rough seas, his losses at the bridge game, or a suggestion of the Stephanyi sisters in her receding figure which kept him from following her, he did not know; but he was slightly chagrined at finding her in the smoking room, radiant with vivacious talk, chattering away with Lizzie Churchill as if they were old friends. Vaguely he had planned to descend later to their cabin and finding there a pulpy and dishevelled Lydia, forgive her almost immediately for her unspecified crimes.

Later when Janet Baldwin came in with a suggestion that all the occupants of the room were frowsting and she, the authentic and veritable West Wind, fresh from the ocean, had come to clear them up, he discovered a certain relief from Lizzie's and Lydia's ribaldries in moving to her side and discussing dog-breeding. He knew next to nothing of this subject, but at least it was clean and wholesome.

"Listen!" whispered Mrs. Churchill fiercely, "I'm called 'Lizzie the trouble machine,' but if I wasn't manacled for life to that cat I wouldn't hurt a flea. She makes the trouble, I get the blame!"

"Cat? *Her?* I mean—*she?*" Lydia was incredulous.

"Yes, don't let her fool you. The queen of cats!"

For the first time Lydia examined the young woman talking to her husband. The examination so stilled any fears she might have had, that she turned back to the amusing Churchill woman with a smile. Evidently an *idée fixe*, due to too much propinquity, for the girl was not too young (twenty-seven seemed a great age to the wife of John William), rather ponderous, had a fairly good white skin, heavy white eyelids, dusty eyelashes and hair like a faded moth. She had capable white hands and a disagreeable mouth. Her movements and speech, compared to the limber Churchill's, seemed like a slow-motion film. Imagine worrying about such a girl who, as a golf partner, might suit, but as a charmer failed lamentably! Lydia grinned again.

"Oh, let's talk about New York," she said. "How much is the smallest rent your poorest friend has ever paid for a tiny flat? Work that out in your mind, divide it by half and I'll have some idea of what's the least at which Bill and I can expect to find a humble hovel."

The minimum appeared to be two hundred dollars a month. She was disquieted by this, and would have spoken of it to her husband but he had passed on from dog-breeding and was now deeply involved in an argument about the respective merits of the cavalry or English saddle. Which was as well, for John William flinched at public mention of such private facts as personal incomes. His method was to pretend to have at least twice the real sum and never be definite. Lydia preferred an exaggerated deprecation and, if further pressed, a frank statement involving a long description of its various sources.

Although, when their party broke up after midnight, she descended to the cabin cured of her sea-sickness and well amused by both the irrepressible Lizzie and her agreeable Tubby, she took off her clothes slowly and a little thoughtfully. The evening had been good—yes. By eleven a pleasant party of seven had formed in their corner of the smoking-room. But she had a queer flash of feeling which told her that they were, Bill and she, at last definitely committed to a "gang," and she somehow believed that this commitment was not to be only for the voyage.

THERE was no doubt about it, the family-in-law, toward whom she had been looking with more than a little trepidation, now offered a means of escape from the arduous duties of a young and popular member of a gang. For they were arduous, the things you were expected to do! The complete idiocy which was attributed to you, did you show any desire to be alone with yourself or your husband! Lydia, finding it impossible to hide from the members of their cheerful group, gave in, and even made feeble attemps to join in their pastimes.

"Do you hunt, Mrs. Norton?" Janet Baldwin asked her one afternoon when she had been making rather a fool of herself by trying to play deck-tennis and shuffle-board. It was one of the first direct remarks the lady had ever given her.

"No," said Lydia, with a certain crispness caused by a bruised finger, a reply which evidently caused the other some anger. Bill looked a little ashamed. Lydia wondered just how well he rode himself. Ah, well, John William did all things with skill, even with *panache*, her prejudice assured her.

"Ride?" pursued Miss Baldwin.

"No," again without apologies. Bill fidgeted with the gray ring used in the game.

"Nor play tennis? or golf? or bridge? What *do* you do with yourself all day?"

"Smoke. Enjoy myself. Watch other people sweat." Bill gave a perceptible wince and Lydia ignored it, turning from the companion-way door with a touch of insolence to watch the involuntary grab for a powder-puff which was stopped before it could be produced from Janet Baldwin's pocket.

This meant a row with Bill, later, she supposed.

"*Je m'en fiche*," she thought, and for the first time in her life really relished the whisky and soda Lizzie soothingly suggested.

"Ah, I told you!" remarked that lady,

(*Continued on page 164*)

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. . . *discolors them . . . destroys them*

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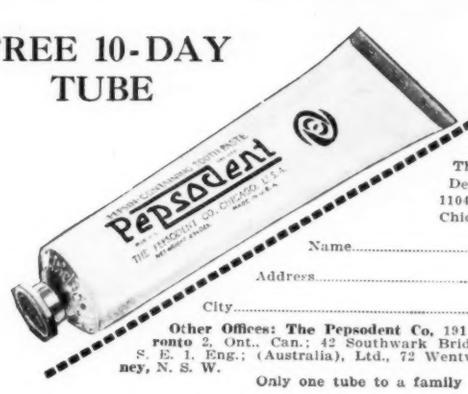

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 162*)

limply recumbent like an enormous cabaret doll on the leather lounge.

Gingerbread crumbs in the bed, pebbles in the shoe, grit in the spinach, this business of belonging to a cheery gang! Fancy quarreling with Bill and letting this preposterous fashion plate know about it!

SHE had visualized long rows of intimidating relatives awaiting them on the dock, and, behold, there was only one young man and he very personable!

Bill, who had groaned to her of the necessity of visiting the family rather than hurrying down with the Harriman Churchills to Long Island, forgot his boredom and gave a long piercing whistle at the sight of his brother, who responded from the dock by waving a straw hat adorned with the claret colored ribbon of his old school. John William, usually so urbane, yelled like a little boy, while his "a's," never very broad, grew flatter and flatter every moment, until he turned to Lydia and said, "Theaah's Tom, the best paaat of the family!"

Tom, who met them in the surging crowd around the foot of the gang-plank, proved to be a nice-looking boy of twenty-two, fresh-faced, golden-haired, armed with a wide smile in which any number of conspicuously fine white teeth were crowded.

"Of course, Amy meant to get here, but she's staying with a couple of other girls at the Junior League and they've got a lecture this morning on 'Child Psychology' or something she thought would help her at Smith," he shouted above the din of hand trucks and the grinding scream of the baggage crane.

Bill shouted back and Lydia realized that his New England accent was a pale, thin imitation, much faded by years in Europe and New York, of Tom's native syllables.

"Of course, Amy will be down here before we get you through the customs. I guess she may be around now. She wants to take the two o'clock train home."

He turned to Lydia.

"They've sold the Simpkin's house and built a filling station on the lot, great big gasoline signs all over the place. You'd hardly know it."

This amused Bill.

"She would hardly know Hilltop, even if these drastic changes had not taken place, Tom."

"Why, of course, that's so." Tom, always amenable to a reasonable argument, nodded and for the first time really looked at Lydia, this curious person his brother had married who did not know Hilltop.

She appeared to be no older than himself. But a foreign look about her made it difficult to calculate her exact age. Were she a standard American girl of the same age and general pretensions to looks, her clothes would have been more expensive, more garnished with swinging furs, but less affected. He did not know why, but he found Lydia's beige garments theatrical, although they were plain enough. He thought it strange that the usual combination of hard and snubbing eyes and smiling lips should in this young person be reversed, so that an annoyingly aristocratic arrangement of mouth, painted almost as brightly as those of his more frivolous friends at Smith and Vassar, was belied by indecently friendly and interesting gray eyes. However, she was Mrs. Bill Norton, and as such would be accepted tentatively by his sister and himself, even if she dyed her hair green. Besides, Bill appeared to like her.

LYDIA sat on a trunk and prayed. She prayed that God should make her seem pleasant to Bill's people, prayed that she should show no ribaldry or levity unpleasing to them, and hoped that the chemists of Hilltop might stock Lait Innoxa, without which her complexion would soon be ruined.

A handsome young woman in a very smart afternoon frock approached her. She wondered if by some mischance she had chosen a trunk which was not one of their own, but presently a gelid kiss upon the right cheekbone assured her it was the intelligent and, according to Bill, very highbrow Amy. Somehow she had thought American college girls wore tweeds and flannely things. Miss Norton was in sapphire crêpe de Chine, which on a French girl at Longchamps might have looked exaggerated, but now appeared the only suitable garment for a dock.

Lydia deprecated and was lost. She was sure she should have been more arrogant, but Amy's slightly patronizing manner was not, as a matter of fact, anything but the result of her nature and a sincere, astonished relief that William, who had married "out of meeting", should have brought home so presentable a bride. At the same time a faint disappointment filled her, for she had been prepared to welcome a prostitute of thirty and while leading her gently to frequent baths, discuss many interesting points from her psychology class, about which the prostitute (reformed though she was) would naturally have more concrete data.

Lydia and Amy, without feeling any warmth, got along all right, Lydia, never forgetting to pray to God, expunging any traces of condescension which her position as an attractive married woman of twenty-one might lead her to assume toward a handsome and well-educated girl of twenty-three, while Amy, remembering how sketchy Bill's letters were, changed her opinion of Lydia's former profession from street to puppy-walking, and asked her if she had had much tennis in England.

"I'm not English, you know, Amy," said Lydia.

Her sister-in-law gulped at the first name and then smiled.

"No, of course not," she said. "Did you go to Girton?—Er, Lydia?" she added after a moment or two.

"No, I'm almost uneducated—self-educated, except for what slight gleanings I could collect off'n the family." This sounded annoyingly complacent and she was about to change it when she noticed in Amy's blue eyes a zealous gleam of crusading light.

"I suppose it's rather too late now to start? Although there are excellent courses at Columbia. Naturally, it's not the same as four years at a good college."

"Naturally not," answered Lydia, and patted her gloves, well pleased that it was now too late to submit to instruction.

ON THE train going up to that legendary homestead, Hilltop, she could not remember whether it was in Northern New York or Vermont or both, she realized how infinitely lucky she was in her in-laws. These two good-looking, fresh-faced, fair-haired young people with disciplined brains and bodies were miles above the depressing vision of clerical-scholastic horrors she had imagined. They were splendid, Tom and Amy, and so intelligent, but Bill across the Pullman car, not to be teased by his brother out of his chamois gloves or malacca stick, was obviously, incontestably the flower of the family, the exotic rose grafted on to a sturdy bush by the heavenly Gardener.

They changed at Thomaston, a beautiful old college town, graceful with wineglass elms, to a large open touring car which swept them through the night. Amy and Tom shouted village and family gossip above the noise of wind and engine. Bill paid very little attention to them and Lydia, huddled in one corner, changed her prayers from hopes that God would make the Nortons like her to equally fervent prayers that He would lead her into love for the Nortons. For upon this, far more than upon their taking to her, rested the success of the visit.

William Tankerville Norton, D.D., Ph.D. and every kind of big "D" except that one forbidden to members of his cloth, met them at the door to the house, holding an oil student's lamp high in his hand, a twin beacon to guide them up the driveway. He was a magnificently effective sight, Lydia thought, looking at the commanding figure carved by the rays of the lamp in rugged relief, which showed to best advantage a silver beard cut with the impressive solidity of a Michael Angelo apostle.

(*Continued on page 166*)

Women everywhere gave three cheers when 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate created the PIECES OF 8 (Trade Mark Registered) idea two years ago. Instead of the usual, short-handed half dozen of each piece, here was a silver service with a full eight of each in the essential knives, forks, and spoons . . . Now, for 1929, 1847 ROGERS BROS. steps ahead again. The new PIECES OF 8 set comes in a Paris designed modern-art silver-and-gold tray as illustrated. . . $44.75 brings you this famous 34-piece set of the world's most illustrious silverplate, with the tray included! . . . You can see this new 1929 PIECES OF 8 set at any silverware counter, or write for booklet F25 to Department E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut . . . Salesrooms: New York, Chicago, San Francisco . . . Canada: International Silver Company of Canada, Limited . . . Hamilton, Ontario.

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What rubbing your face with a towel *does to your Complexion*

The dangers of using a harsh, non-absorbent fabric for removing cold cream . . . one cause of blackheads, pimples, oily skin

HAVE you ever noticed—even after you remove cold cream—that your face does not seem really clean? Do you use a stiff, non-absorbent towel to wipe off face cream? Don't! It is not made for that purpose. Instead of lifting dirt, germs, grease, make-up off your skin, they will be rubbed further in, unless you use an absorbent material to remove them.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues are made exactly for this purpose. They come in generous handkerchief squares of very fine, very soft, absorbent tissue. You use three tissues for one cleansing, then throw them away like paper. No germs to carry infection, as there are on the usual cold cream cloths. No high laundry bills, no ruined towels from grease and cream. This is the modern way, the sanitary way to remove cold cream. And it leaves your skin healthy, smooth, germ-free!

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Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

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Name.....

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 164)

Nor was he only impressive as a silent figure of welcome; when he spoke the *vox humana* of his tremendous chest rumbled out notes as fine as the better pipe organs, round vowels, splendid diphthongs and firm consonants. Lydia, who had expected nothing half so commanding, watched with fascination his treatment of the situation, the comradely arm thrown about Bill's shoulder, the sacramental kiss upon her own forehead which made her feel like a first communicant in a confirmation class. The playful pinch to Amy's pink cheek, the hearty handclasp with Tom, his splendid second boy. Why, the old gentleman was in ghostly gaiters, more bishopish than My Lord of Canterbury himself! But not a bad old trout, she thought. In his eyes the while he played so beautifully the game of welcoming his beloved family out of the night, was an intense preoccupation with some loftier subject. She was glad, for preoccupied people seldom bothered one. Perhaps he was thinking of a sermon or the address he would give in September to his assembling students. Did college presidents give addresses, or was it deans? There was that Rural Dean in Dorset who had eaten a wasp in his jam, poor lamb, and the Gloomy Dean and the New York firm who made the steamer baskets of cakes. Deans, deans, deans! She was half-witted with sleep.

Yet she was awake two hours by Bill's side in the large cool bed (one couldn't ask new sisters-in-law for hot water bottles on a summer's night) thinking things over. Was it so much better than the Isle of Wight, even with this miraculous husband lying next to her, asleep like a baby? Did she not ask too much of life and deserve very little? At any rate, being twenty-one and healthy, tears were still a sleeping draught, and morning found her relaxed and happy, looking perhaps sixteen, deep in dreamless slumber.

BILL couldn't mean it, of course he was joking. So far as she could remember it had started with her father-in-law laying his fingers together and booming forth an innocuous remark about the weather.

"Getting hot at last. Ah, yes. A very late summer, is it not? But ninety to-day, I should opine. Nothing is more refreshing than a cool bath under these trying circumstances, which one must not forget, however, develop the corn, maize as it is sometimes called, or Indian corn. Yes, yes," said Doctor Norton.

And Bill had said he was, because of this heat, going to leave her here. Here, where even with him by her side, sleep eluded her, here where the cicadas hummed all day, the mosquitoes all night and three rams with whooping-cough scolded even at that hour of dawn which usually brought relief. He couldn't mean it!

But he did.

"New York in August would kill you, Baby," he told her. "Hilltop is the healthiest spot in the world. The family think you are fine. I wouldn't dream of taking you into that inferno."

She told him five million people seemed to withstand the heat. She reiterated her inability to inhabit the countryside, her ineradicable passion for great cities. John William was firm.

"It would kill you to stay in New York with me," he repeated and meant it.

Just how near death she came that summer he never knew, with what long wistful glances she inspected the valley's only pond. Born and raised on a gentleman's farm, he could not conceive of how she grew to loathe even those pleasant domestic animals which supplied her with nourishment. That a ram with whooping-cough could keep her awake for four hours seemed impossibly silly, and as for being frightened of the mares and one valuable stallion it would have seemed too absurd! Nothing could cure her of such stupidities better than two months of gracious Hilltop.

He came up for several week-ends and was surprised to find her almost emaciated. With all that good milk and cream, too! Strange girl she was. They borrowed Tom's car and went on picnics because, as the land was most rigorously cultivated without the lanes and hedgerows which interrupt the English countryside, they could not wander forth on walks unless they chose the doubtful pleasures of a macadamized highway or enormous tracts of corn. Lydia tried to explain her *malaise* to Bill. He granted that the place was dull. The family were kind. Very kind, oh, very kind, with dutiful good manners which almost touched the peak attained by the uppest middle-class English country families, who regarding you as an untutored savage fresh from strange lands, yet passed you the plum cake at teatime and allowed you to become engaged to their sons.

Amy, slightly preoccupied by the importance of her venture into Higher Education, tried to interest Lydia in child extraverts who, by being taught timidity and shyness, would soon take their places in the normal society of their kindergarten fellows, or perhaps it was the other way around, a scheme to make shy children more brazen; at any rate Lydia wasn't fearfully "enthusiasmed" (her fluttering hands and half-foreign expressions seemed singularly out of place to Bill against the shimmering field of wheat) about child extraverts and preferred Amy's genteel love affair with a young biologist as a subject for conversation. Tom was an attractive boy, but he regarded her as an aged hag, told her that all her literary idols wrote tripe, lent her Professor Phelps' pamphlet on "Happiness" ("How does Mr. Phelps *know* that the cow is happy," asked Lydia), and started all his conversations with "of course." Lydia, who began most of her own sentences with "Do you suppose?" found these things trying. She longed for Bill's week-ends and could not see why he minded the recitals, full of parentheses and kisses, of her woes.

She said she did not like the way Doctor Norton and the other two asked about all letters, incoming or outgoing. She sometimes sneaked down to the post office to post hers.

"But you haven't any secret correspondence, dear!" said Bill.

Lydia thought this over.

"But, don't you see I'd like to be able to have it, if I wanted?"

No, John William did not see.

SOMETIMES she ran to the village and ate a solitary ice-cream soda, pretending it was a cocktail, and Amy gave her a funny look once, catching her there, trying to behave as if Thompson's drug store was the Berkeley at lunch time.

"Amy thinks I'm half-witted!" said Lydia.

Bill was hurt. Even when Lydia came to the end of her foolish little tale and threw herself on him, explaining it was all because she could not bear this separation, he did not soften.

Much later, seduced by fireflies and Lydia's newly-washed, black-bronze hair, he felt warmly toward her as in the far-off visit at Thruxley last year.

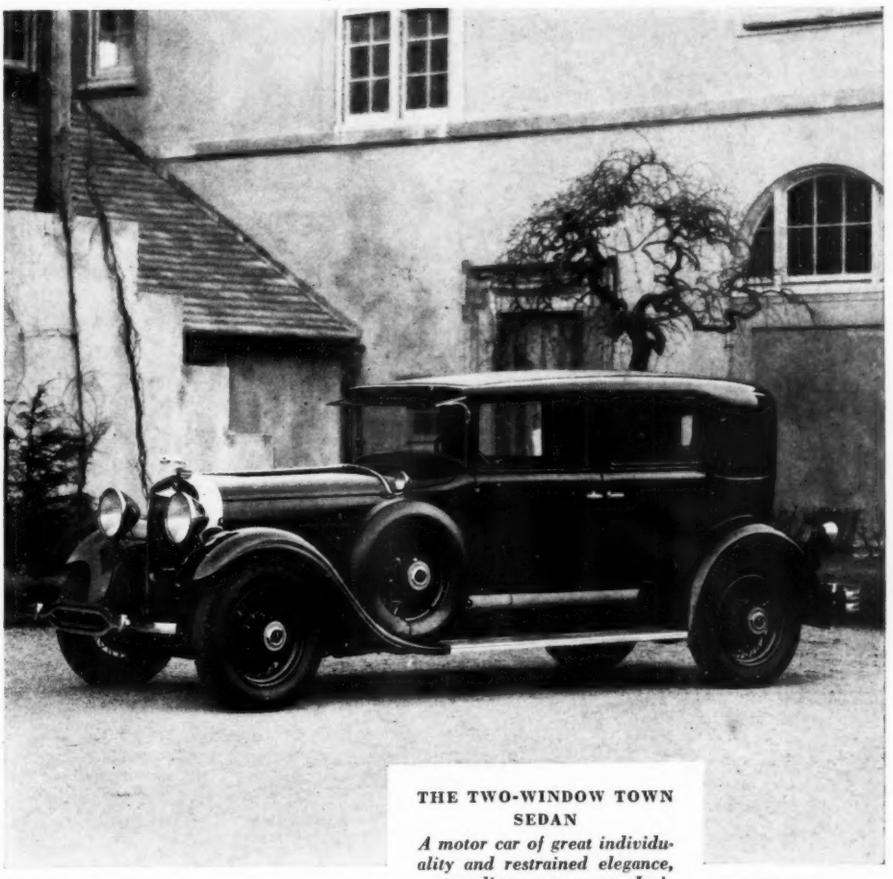
"Darling," he said suddenly, "you must admit I love you an awful lot. I could have gone on a yacht this week-end instead of coming up here! A nice yacht, too, it belongs to that half-sister of Harriman Churchill's. Do you remember her on the boat?"

"Oh, yes, I remember her easily," Lydia replied.

How funny they were, men. That was the way they measured their love for you. She looked up at the shining path of the Milky Way and laughed inside herself. She, who thought the stars were incompetent and limited to measure their love, she was properly sold! But it was wonderful to have Bill back with her in her bedroom, shutting out the farm noises, and as stars were a subject which bored him, they need not be mentioned.

(To be Continued)

THERE IS A QUALITY ABOUT IT
EASY TO RECOGNIZE, BUT DIFFICULT TO DEFINE



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That quality is not easy to define. You might look for it in the grace and balance of the car, its comfort, its smooth and effortless performance. You might see it in the basic design and engineering, or the restrained elegance of its appointments. . . . But as a matter of fact, it is from all these things collectively that the Lincoln derives its character. And the key-note of that character is sincerity.

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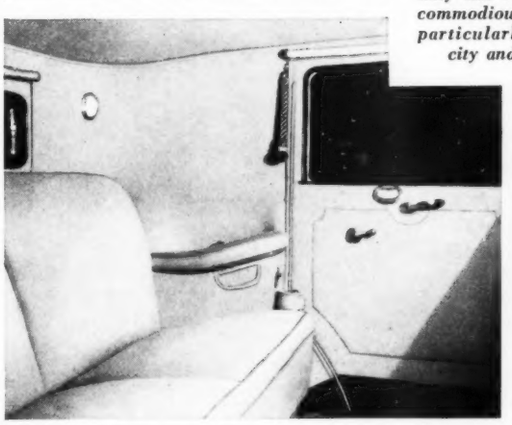

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COMMENCEMENT

(*Continued from page 114*)

He faced the future with the utmost confidence. He would go into business in a big and eminently secure bond house, where they paid you a good bonus every year; he would rise rapidly from the ranks, prosper to a comfortable extent and retire, at an early age, to devote himself to travel and culture. All that was easy. He had seen too many boneheads who had made good in business—friends of his father's and graduates of the college with whom he had caroused at club dinners; what they had done he could do, and in a much shorter space of time. People spoke of the school of hard knocks. Well—he had been through that, too. Hadn't he broken his ankle in the next-to-last game of the freshman hockey season, thereby losing the chance to win his numerals? Hadn't he been kept out of the Pilgrims' Club for a whole year because one of the elder members had nursed a grudge against him? Hadn't he been given a D in History 4 by that old crab Steiner when everyone knew he deserved a C at least? Hadn't he been in love?

Love!

William Emerson Ames jumped up from the oaken easy chair, with the dilapidated upholstery, and strode vigorously into his little cell of a bedroom. He opened a drawer in the bureau, fished beneath a disorderly pile of shirts, undershirts, drawers and sadly mismated socks, and produced from the depths a portrait of a girl. It was a photograph that had been enlarged too many times from a badly focused snapshot, and was very fuzzy and indistinct; but in spite of its imperfections, it reported truthfully the fact that its subject was young, and very, very beautiful, and possessed of knees.

She was sitting at the top of a flight of steps, probably on some porch. Her legs were folded neatly beneath her; her left hand rested on her ankles, her right hand on the brow of a Sealyham terrier, upon whose stupid countenance shone the brilliance of her lovely eyes.

William Emerson Ames gazed with almost ferocious intensity at this photograph, the subject of which contained the one quantity in creation that was even partially unknown to him. The missing segment in his mosaic was here, hidden somewhere in this girl, who had told him that she would be his wife.

THEY were *engaged!* The very thought of that magical word started the gooseflesh all over the person of William Emerson Ames; it caused a sense of wild, insane but indescribably thrilling joy to surge upward and to suffuse with a vaporous warmth every corner of his being. He trembled. He ached. . . . *Engaged!* He had told none of his friends of this stupendous development; only three members of his immediate family had been made aware of it, and they were sworn to terrible oaths of secrecy. How surprised old Gus Falconer would be when he heard the news. And wouldn't that pest, Wally Fenning, be sore! Wally had been rushing her for years, and thinking he had the inside track. Oh, wouldn't he be *wild* . . . But as that exultant sensation receded, it left behind it a strange vacuum of perplexed bewilderment. There was something there, in that picture, in her, that he could not understand.

He had known her for years—had studied her, at close range, in all of her various aspects. She had always been charmingly frank and honest with him. She had not hesitated to confide in him her most secret ideals, and hopes, and yearnings. But he had suspected, in spite of himself, that she was holding back something. What was it? Why did she hold it back?

The knob of the door in the outer room rattled; the door itself was thrown open and banged against the desk that had been crowded in beside it, causing the little chain on the desk lamp to tingle against the green glass shade.

Bill hastily thrust the photograph back under the heap of shirts and underwear, and pretended to be searching for a pair of socks that matched.

"That you, Gus?" he called, after a moment's nervous pause.

"Yeh—it's me!"

Bill abandoned the search for the socks, closed the drawer and sauntered back into the outer room. He found Gus Falconer slumped down wearily in the battered armchair which had been in use in that same dormitory long before its present occupants were born.

"Tough game, wasn't it?" said Bill, sympathetically. (Gus, playing first base, had made a disastrous error in the eighth inning, thereby permitting the enemy to score the tying and winning runs.)

"It was awful," said Gus.

"We didn't get a break."

"Yes, we did," said Gus, "one break. And I was the one who made it. To think that's the way I had to close *my* career—with an error that let in the runs that beat us."

"That wasn't an error," Bill was protesting hotly. "That was a hit."

"The scorer called it an error."

"Well, then, he's crazy."

Gus looked up gratefully at his old true friend.

"No," he said, "I ought to have got it easily. But I was bleary-eyed because I'd been standing out there all through the game, trying to watch the man at bat, and all the time those crazy grads in the grandstand were waving and yelling, and getting me all mixed up."

"Oh, for gosh sake, forget it!"

"Forget it! Will *you* ever forget it? You know you won't. No, ten years—fifty years from now, you'll be saying, 'I roomed with Falconer senior year—he was the one that made that error.' That's how I'll be remembered from now on!"

BILL did his best to laugh heartily at this outrageous statement; but he couldn't deny its validity. There was a certain middle-aged and infinitely pitiful character in his own home town who was always referred to as "the man who muffed the punt." It was saddening to think that Gus—one of the grandest athletes that this man's college had ever known—should have to go through life bearing the stigma of that awful humiliation. But there that stigma was. There forever it would remain. Poor old Gus! What a dirty deal some people get out of life, anyway!

"I'm thankful for one thing," said Gus, with unexpected fervor. "I'm thankful *she* wasn't there to see it."

She? Bill was surprised. He hadn't known there was any element of that nature in Gus's life. So Gus had a woman, too!

"Who's 'she'?"

Gus stood up. He was obviously and painfully embarrassed.

"I've got to tell you, Bill. I haven't told anybody before—and I promised *her* I'd keep it absolutely secret. But I've got to tell you, because—well—the fact is, I'm engaged."

"Engaged! Why—why, you big bum! That's swell. I never had the slightest idea . . . Who is it?"

"It's Jane Pell."

There is one frightful instant, just before the patient succumbs to the anesthetic, when the droning roar that has been resonating through his distracted brain reaches the height of its mad crescendo and then seems to explode, with a final, murderous "pop"; after which, for a period that seems like eternity, he is in that unspeakably horrible state that is neither consciousness nor coma—when his eyes are blinded, his tongue frozen and his muscles mere masses of flab. Voices come to him, drifting, as from a vast height; he knows that he is about to be cut wide open, but he can say nothing, do nothing, to defend himself.

William Emerson Ames managed to gulp forth one word, in a voice that was not his own: "*Who?*"

"Jane Pell. I had to tell *you*, Bill, because—well, you're an old friend of Jane's; I mean, you've known her for a long time—and I know she'd want you to know about it, before anybody else did,

(*Continued on page 170*)

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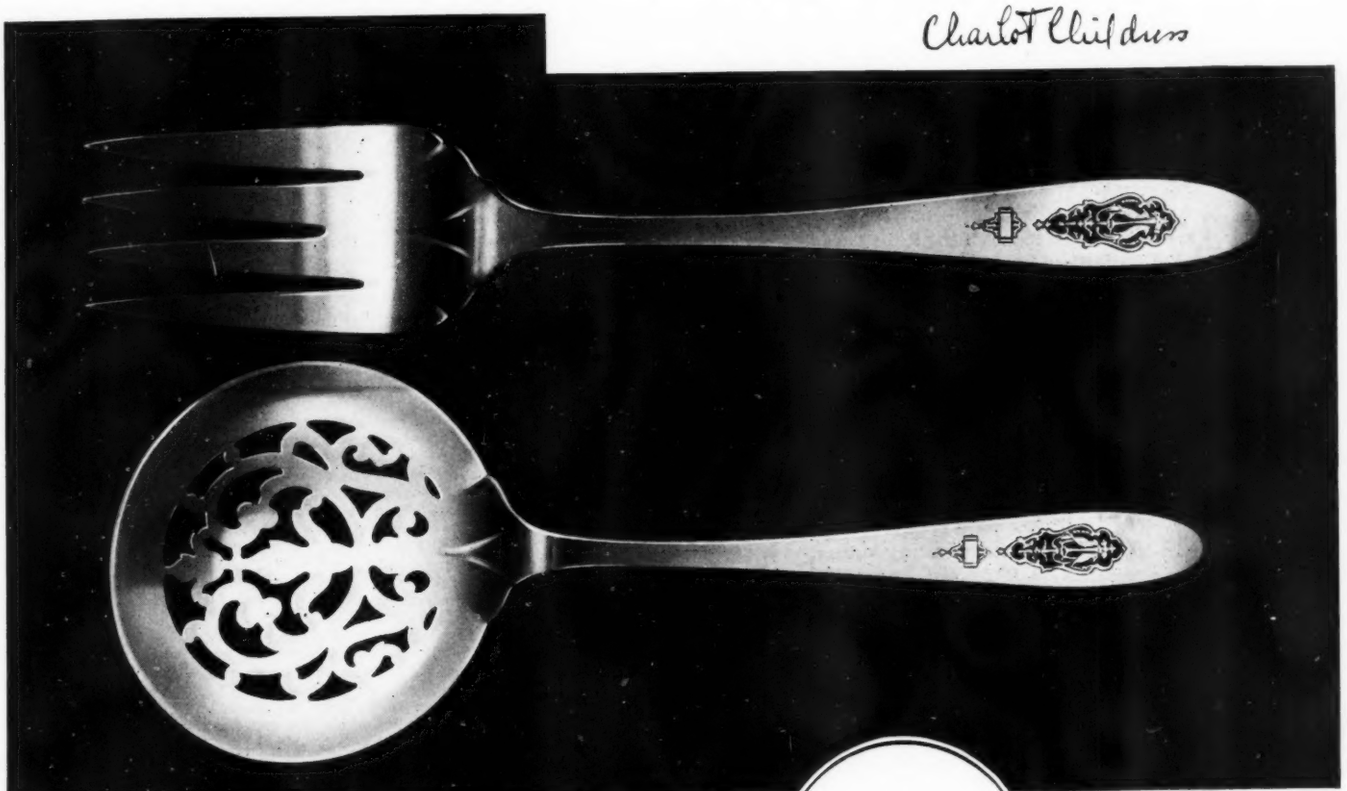

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COMMENCEMENT

(*Continued from page 168*)

because I know she thinks of you just as though you were a member of her family, sort of."

A member of her family, sort of!

That unfortunate phrase had a salutary effect on Bill. It shocked him out of the semi-anesthetic state into which the words "Jane Pell" had knocked him. It restored to him, if not the power to reason, at least the power to speak.

"I'm glad you told me, Gus . . . I'm glad for your sake . . . I'm glad for hers. . . . Congratulations!"

Bill extended his hand, wondering by what miracle of nervous control he was enabled to do so. Gus sheepishly accepted the proffered palm of congratulation.

"Thanks. I had a pretty good idea this news would please you. I mean, we—you and I—we've always got along all right, and I know you think a lot of Jane—and—I think it's always terrible when your friends marry girls you don't like, and then you never see anything of them, and . . ."

"When did all this happen?" Bill asked. There was a note of grimness in his tone which Gus, whose powers of perceptivity were obscured by his terrific embarrassment, failed to notice.

"A week ago Saturday." (A week ago Saturday! She had been engaged to Bill for almost a month!) "It was when we went down to Princeton for the game. She was there—with some Princeton guy—and I saw her at the Ivy after the game . . . Well, I was always pretty crazy about her—I guess you knew that." (Bill hadn't known that, but never mind.) "I got her to ditch this Princeton guy, and we drove back to New York together and . . . well, we got engaged."

"How soon . . . Have you made any plans for getting married?"

"She said she couldn't decide about that, just yet. But when she comes up for commencement to-morrow, I'm going to *make* her decide. I want to get married right away; I think a man ought to get married as soon as possible after he leaves college, don't you think so?"

"I think," said Bill solemnly, "I think that all depends on the—circumstances."

IN HIS own bedroom, and with the door shut and locked, Bill took forth from its hiding place the enlarged photograph of that false lady, Miss Jane Pell, and stared at it for the last time. There she sat, her little hand, and her enormous eyes, caressing the dumb Sealyham. This small, squat, scraggly, bow-legged animal suddenly seemed, in Bill's disturbed imagination, to assume an extraordinary resemblance to Gus Falconer, who had just closed his college career with a fatal error, and who was about to be united to the dream princess of all creation.

How ridiculous! Gus Falconer is tall, long-legged and wiry. He played tackle on the varsity for three years, and first base on the ball team for two. He doesn't look *any*thing like a Sealyham!

Bill deliberately tore the picture in half; then into quarters, and continued to tear until the wad of scraps was too thick to be divided further. He tossed the fragments under the bed, where they would remain until the aged chambermaid came in the morning to clean out the room.

An episode—or was it a phase?—was ended.

He did not go instantly to sleep. In fact, he is prepared to testify that he did not go to sleep at all. He lay on his back for hours, his hands clasped behind his head, and gazed intently at things which were not in this dark room, nor in the leafy campus beyond the open window. He saw re-enacted, with the detached viewpoint of the historian, the events that had led up to the destruction of the portrait of Jane Pell.

She was a friend of his sister's. That, according to all the laws and traditions, should have put her beyond the romantic pale, in so far as he was concerned. No man was supposed to fall in love with a friend of his sister's. One's sister always seems to associate with the wettest smacks. But Bill had fallen in love with Jane—reluctantly, to be sure, for he was nothing if not conventional; the thing had just been inevitable. He had asked her up (his sister, too, so it looked all right) to the Spring prom; Gus didn't attend that function, having been away with the baseball squad at the time. While his classmates and their ladies were dancing in the stuffy heat of the Commons Hall, Bill and Jane strolled out into the soft, moonlit May night. Down past the boathouse they went, and across the old, quiet river, to that gaunt mass of concrete which, on a certain Saturday in November, would be jammed to the brim with some seventy thousand exuberant and red-eared fanatics, but which was now as empty and desolate as the valley of the moon.

"Doesn't the stadium look terrifying?" Jane had observed, clinging closely to Bill's rigid arm. "I mean, I've never seen it before when nobody was *in* it . . . It looks positively *haunted!*"

"Well," said Bill, facetiously, "this is about the only chance you'll ever have to get a good seat, right on the fifty-yard line."

That seemed to suggest a worthy idea, so they passed through the great arches into the blackness beneath the stadium; Jane, in apparent terror lest the ghost of some departed full-back should dart at her, managed to remain glued to Bill's side. Bill was very manly, very protective. He felt that all sorts of things might happen on this stimulating adventure, and that he was equal to any or all of them.

THEY emerged from the portal that opened on the cheering section, on the fifty-yard line, and sat down. Two people, together and alone, in that gigantic white ellipse, on a warm night, with the sweet scent of the fresh spring turf drifting up from the field below them, and the moon lolling, in a state of leisurely inertion, above.

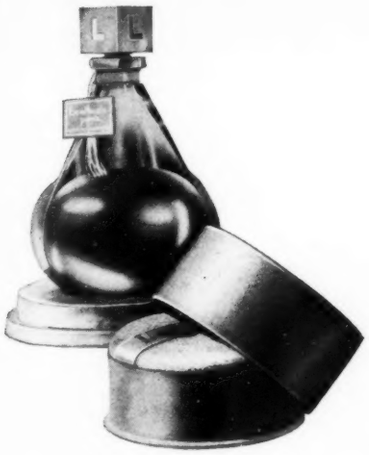
So romance was dead, was it? So the ancient ideals of young love had been crushed by the sordid materialism of the machine age, had they? As Bill kissed her, and became aware that she had kissed him, he knew, in the depths of his enraptured soul, that love had never even been born on earth until this magic instant.

When they departed eventually from this bowl that brimmed with enchantment, Bill turned to utter, silently, one last message of appreciation: "You have seen many great thrills, old Stadium—but never one as great as this."

He rolled over in bed as he thought of that disgustingly inane remark. Thank the Lord he hadn't said it out loud. Oh, what a sap, boob, nit-wit, he had been! She had told him she loved him. She had said yes, she would marry him—belong to him, forever. Once since then she had even written to him (he had written to her every day, but you couldn't expect a girl to do that); she had started the letter "My dear"—not "My dear Bill", but just "My dear"—and had called him "dear" twice more in the course of the subsequent recitation of positively *hectic* activities. He'd have to remember to get that letter out of the inside coat pocket of his gray suit and tear it up, as he had torn up that hateful photograph.

How had she happened to fall for Gus Falconer—Gus, of all people? Gus was a good egg, but . . . what did she see in him? Bill tried to think back to a week ago Saturday; was there a full moon that night? He couldn't remember. Even if there had been a moon, there couldn't have been much excuse for anyone to get romantic in the course of an automobile ride between Princeton and New York. Imagine getting engaged in the middle of the traffic in Newark, New Jersey! Instead of the exquisite silence of that night in the stadium, there must have been the protesting roars of cheap cars, being shoved into second, and the guttural shrieks of electric horns; instead of the sensuous odor of the new grass there must have been a sickening stench of carbon

(*Continued on page 173*)



Monsieur Lenthéric—amid the gay, glittering pageant of the Second Empire, a man, distinguished—his name spoken reverently in the silken-draped boudoirs of all Europe—*Lenthéric,* Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, with whose creations royal ladies conquered hearts and kingdoms. Today, the house of *Lenthéric* is new in inspiration—old in wisdom—poignantly expressing the more delicate nuances of the modern personality, yet the secret of this success is old. Again *Lenthéric* casts the ancient spell, creating perfumes,—seductive, alluring—powders and lip rouges which charm the most fastidious. . . . . .

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Also at all Houses of Fashion

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SMART people go places and do things. Smart places, smart things. Palm Beach, Pinehurst, Newport, Southampton, Hollywood . . . are some of the places. Wearing sport shoes PLYTEX Soled is one of the things. Naturally, since PLYTEX is the most dashing touch of Fashion, most eloquent quality expression ever given to the footwear fold. Go to any store where smart footwear is sponsored. You find PLYTEX Soled sport shoes not only sold, but *featured!* PLYTEX is offered in black, tan and pure crepe —colors pleasingly contrasted—quality vividly visible. For men and women. Essex Rubber Company, Trenton, New Jersey. *Creators of Sport Sole Styles.*

PLYTEX *Sport Soles*

This moccasin-oxford is shown through the courtesy of Saks-Fifth Avenue. Price, $14.

Let us tell you the names of stores nearest you that are featuring Plytex Soled Shoes.

Paris fashions her loveliest underthings

in exquisite Rayon fabrics

Lady Edgerton, head of the Paris couture establishment of Paul Caret, designs this charming set of French vest and pantie in a lovely new knitted rayon.

Underthings from Paris! How lovely they are sure to be—how skilfully fashioned, how feminine, how *modern*.

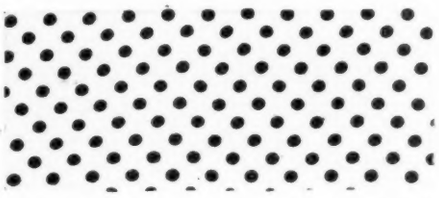
For nowadays Paris chooses for these dainty garments the new rayon fabrics, fashioned by modern skill into a new beauty and a new durability—smooth textured glove rayons, satin-figured crepes and plain crepes, filmy georgettes and printed voiles—soft, lustrous materials knitted or woven in delightful variety, exquisitely devised to meet modern needs.

You will find these modern rayon fabrics in the newest and most feminine of underthings—and in the most sensible, too. For rayon as it is now used lends new life, new strength, new washability to fabrics of every type. You will find that its colors do not fade (nor its whites yellow) through repeated tubbings.

In pyjamas — in negligees — in the new athletic shorts—in panties and brassieres—in bloomers and the one-piece garments that are so wearable —rayon fabrics offer to modern femininity the combination of beauty and good service one should be wise enough to demand.

The Rayon Institute of America, Inc., 250 Fifth Ave., New York City.

This herringbone glove rayon strikes a welcome new note in fabrics appropriate for smart tailored underthings. From L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.



The vogue for polka dots expresses itself in the sports mode, in underthings fashioned in this rayon flat crepe. From L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.

A knitted rayon fabric (used for the French underwear above) is soft and supple of texture and yet extremely durable. From L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.

RAYON

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One button, in center of steering wheel, controls starter, lights and horn. Simple design; easy operation. No wires in steering post. You can keep your foot on brake when starting or re-starting on hill.

All Willys-Overland sales records are broken as the new Superior Whippet's ever-growing tide of popularity sweeps the country. Thousands of new owners are responding to the appeal of the unprecedented value offered by this finest and most modern of light cars.

The longer bodies, smarter lines, higher radiator and hood, more distinctive colors and one-piece full-crown fenders of the new Superior Whippet make it the style authority in its class.

In sustained speed, dashing pick-up and brute power, the Superior Whippet is so far ahead that it surpasses even its own predecessor. A new higher compression engine gives more than 20% added horsepower. And Whippet's dependable performance and low operating costs result in complete owner satisfaction.

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Whippet Four Coupe $550; 4-passenger Coupe $580; Roadster $500; 4-passenger Roadster $530; Collegiate Roadster $595; Touring $495; Sedan, $615; De Luxe Sedan $695; Chassis $380. Whippet Six Sedan $760; Coupe $695; Coupe (with rumble seat) $725; Sport De Luxe Roadster $850 (including rumble seat and extras); De Luxe Sedan $850. All prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

Whippet

FOURS SIXES

COMMENCEMENT

(*Continued from page 170*)

monoxide; instead of the sympathetic light of the friendly moon, there must have been the red signal that said "Stop!"

Yet, for all these unpleasant considerations, they had become engaged, betrothed, plighted to each other. Gus had said so—and Gus wouldn't lie about a thing like that.

She had promised her hand in marriage to two unsuspecting men. "Why—why it's the next thing to bigamy!" Bill was pleased that he had thought of that word. Bigamy! That was a crime, for which you could be imprisoned, and jailed. Imagine Jane, in a plain burlap dress, looking out at the moon through the barred window of her cell, and thinking—thinking—thinking of the love she had cast so lightly aside.

BILL wished that he could hate Gus with a bitter, destructive loathing. He wished he could challenge Gus to a duel and shoot him dead . . . No—he wouldn't have done it that way; he would have shot into the air, like Alexander Hamilton, and would have died in Jane's arms, with a smile of triumph on his lips because Gus, less noble than himself, had aimed straight at the heart . . . What was the use of thinking all this rot? He obviously couldn't hate old Gus. Gus was his friend. He and Gus were deeply, genuinely fond of each other. They never said so; either one would have been broken on the rack before he would have admitted his affection for the other.

"I suppose Gus and I are something like those Geste brothers," thought Bill. "Only we aren't sappy about it the way they were," he hastened to add. He pictured himself as the trumpeter Geste, the one who went out alone into the desert to die so that his brother's little caravan might escape from the scavenging Touaregs. Yes—that was the finest thing a man could do; there was a familiar quotation that applied to this form of self-sacrifice, "Greater love hath no man than when he lays down his life for his friend," or something like that.

The apparition of the dying Geste brother faded from Bill's consciousness and was replaced by the more heroic, more inspiring figure of a man who climbed to the guillotine saying, "It is a far, far better thing that I do now than I have ever done before."

As the picture of himself, in this pose, came clearly before him, Bill's mind was suddenly made up. The tortured memories of the past, and doubts of the future, were dispelled with the arrival of a great realization. He was to play the rôle of Sidney Carton! He was to be the one who laid down, if not his life, at least his love, for his friend! Poor old Gus had suffered agonies of remorse—was probably still suffering them now, at this moment—because he had allowed a weakly hit grounder to go through him into right field. Well—Gus would suffer no more. He would have the girl of his heart, and would never know that she had been yielded to him by one who put friendship above self!

Presently Bill, exhausted by so much creative thought, fell asleep—awakening, gradually, to find that a glorious sun was beaming from the clear, clean blue of a northern sky in an effort to brighten the solemn celebration of Commencement Day.

"YET more significant, more important and far more valuable even, than the vast fund of knowledge which you will take with you into the great world beyond, is the priceless treasure of idealism, of sportsmanship and of sublime faith that is the common heritage of all sons of this, our Alma Mater. And so I charge you, my young friends, to go forth to the battle of life with that same splendid conquering spirit of . . ."

The Baccalaureate sermon went on and on and on. Bill wondered, angrily, "Isn't that old gink *ever* going to stop? Why does he keep on bellowing about 'the battle of life?' The battle of *my* life is all over with."

The back of Bill's neck was burning uncomfortably, for he was painfully aware that this portion of his anatomy was visible to a pair of eyes up in the balcony—the same eyes that had once gazed so approvingly at a miserable little Sealyham terrier.

He had seen her before, once, that day. She had been in the crowd of gushing, silly women—mothers and sisters and girls—that had lined the main pathway of the campus as the procession of capped and gowned seniors marched to the chapel where the interminable commencement exercises were now being held. Luckily, he hadn't had any chance to do more than nod to her then. She had appeared to be embarrassed when she saw him—and well she might, the bigamist!

In the same balcony with this disturbing presence were Bill's immediate relatives, his father, his mother and Alice, his sister, but they occupied no more than brief snatches of his thoughts. They had come to see their darling boy graduate, as one's family always seems to want to do. Luckily, Bill didn't have to bother with them to any great extent; his father, a graduate of the venerable class of 1903, was in the midst of a twenty-fifth anniversary reunion, and, consequently, had many plans of his own.

"THIS old world of ours isn't always the gay, friendly place that you have known throughout your bright college years, my young friends." ("That's a hot one!" thought Bill, sourly.) "Sometimes the world may seem slow to respond, slow to appreciate, slow to recognize the fine, serious efforts you are so unselfishly giving it. But all the great men whom we call immortal have known how to be as triumphant in defeat as in victory . . ."

He would have to face her after all this was over. She was coming to the fête at the Pilgrims' Club, and he would have to say *something*. Oh, well—he'd just indulge in some pleasantries about this and that, and treat her as he would treat any other chance acquaintance of her sex.

He considered the possibility of not going to the Pilgrims' fête at all. She would wonder what had happened to him. She would ask Gus, "Where on earth is Bill?" She might even . . . no, it was hardly likely that she would come up, alone, to the room to look for him. Still, she *was* impetuous. That was one of the many qualities he had found to admire in her.

IT WAS held on the lawn behind the handsome new brick club-house, and protected from the unwelcome scrutiny of outsiders by awnings, gaily striped in club colors. The Pilgrims' was the smallest and most snobbish club in the college; it may well have been the most snobbish club on the face of this earth. Bill was inordinately proud to belong to it; his necktie and his hatband matched the colors of the awnings.

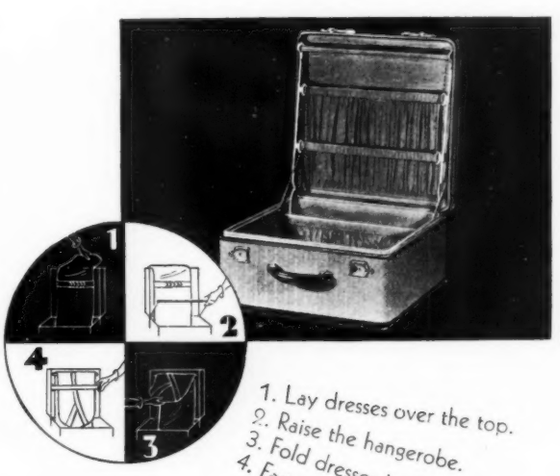
The expected crowd was there: girls, in scant dresses, sitting about on the frail camp-chairs, and being fed chicken salad and strawberry ice-cream by worshipful young men in double-breasted blue serge coats and white flannels; deliberately gay graduates, in noisy groups; proud parents, neglected but happy. In the big room of the club, which opened out on the lawn, a peppy band of colored jazz gymnasts were making what was known at that time as whoopee.

Bill pretended that he hadn't noticed Jane. He looked everywhere but at the conspicuous spot on which he knew her to be standing. He was aware, however, that Gus was at her side and that she was being talked to, loudly, by that offensive pest. Wally Fenning. If it had only been Wally Fenning to whom she had become engaged, Bill could have issued the challenge for that duel without the slightest hesitation; and, what is more, he wouldn't have fired into the air, either.

He had an idea that she was looking at him, questioningly—his neck was again afire—but he couldn't be *sure* unless he took a quick glance at her. That, however, would be dangerous. He might meet her eyes and be trapped into recog-

(*Continued on page 174*)

Just landed at the better shops and department stores...the AVIATRIX! It is only eighteen inches long—light—easy to pack and carry—yet accommodates all the wardrobe requirements of a limited journey. An exclusive feature, the hangerobe, eliminates wrinkling of dresses. The AVIATRIX, equipped with the new propeller lock, comes in a wide choice of coverings and linings. See it, by all means. Priced from $10 upward.



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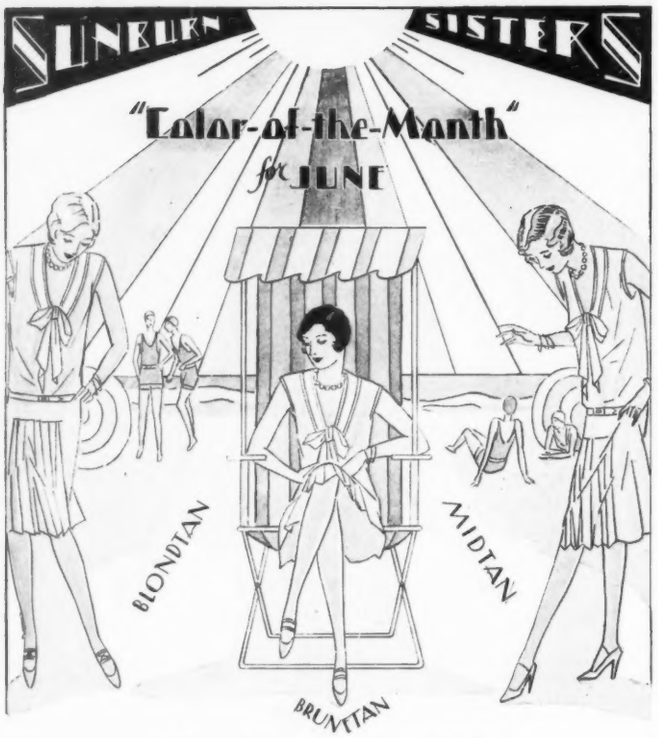

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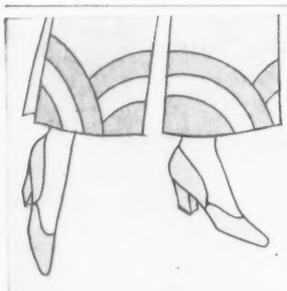

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MAID-RITE
LEATHER SLIPPERS

COMMENCEMENT

(*Continued from page 173*)

nition. . . . He turned his head and looked at her. She was laughing gleefully at some fool remark of Wally Fenning's. What a consummate actress the woman was!

For want of any more dignified gesture, Bill walked to one of the serving tables and took a second plate of strawberry ice-cream. He chatted for a moment with his sister, who happened to be at hand; but she was presently swept by her escort into the room where the whoopee was being made. He would cut in on her later, if she should get stuck, as she undoubtedly would.

BILL was again alone, and ill at ease. He took a spoonful of ice-cream, and his mouth was occupied by that and by a fat strawberry that went with it, when he suddenly discovered that he had been addressed by Miss Jane Pell.

"Hello, Bill."

The strawberry was swallowed, virtually whole.

"Oh, hello, there."

He was relieved to observe that both Gus and Wally Fenning still attended her.

"Listen!" she commanded. "I've been waiting for you to snap out of it and ask me to dance."

"I've been eating," he explained.

"Oh, come on, Jane," it was the insufferable Wally, "let him make a god of his stomach if he wants to. You and I are going to dance."

"I've had enough food. Come on!" said Bill, and he directed at Wally Fenning a look that was intended to say, "You keep away from this young lady, you—you interloper. She is nothing to me—but she is the affianced of my friend, Augustus Falconer: and if he is incapable, because of his excessive good nature, of defending his own rights, then I am prepared to champion his cause." But by the time the defiant announcement contained in the look had been framed in Bill's mind, he and Jane were dancing, and Wally Fenning was away, butting into some other twosome. Gus was seizing the opportunity to catch up on his strawberry ice-cream.

The inadequate room was jammed with concave youths and convex maidens who danced together as ardently and as imaginatively as the cramped space would allow. Now and then some couple would observe a square yard of open space on the floor and would lunge into it, only to be brought up short by the discovery that six others had observed it at the same time. The orchestra batted out breathless melodies, clapping their hands to emphasize the beat and chanting lyrics which seemed to consist largely of such passionate phrases as "Boo—Boo—Boo" and "Cha—Cha—Cha."

Bill would have preferred to remain at a discreet distance from his partner as they danced, but surrounding conditions compelled embarrassing intimacy. One had to be with and of the mob. He managed to keep his face thrust forward far enough so that he didn't have to look at her; but the extreme proximity of her lips to his right ear made it absolutely necessary for him to listen to her occasional remarks.

"How does it feel to be a graduate?"

Couldn't she think up anything more original than that?

"Oh, I don't know. I don't seem to feel any different than I ever did."

"Don't you?"

What did she mean by that? Was that a leading question? He'd better watch what he said to this dame.

"Well—in some ways I feel just the same; in other ways, entirely different."

He was pleased to note that she was silent for a while; she was evidently thinking that over.

"You're going to start in business right away, aren't you?"

He had told her, in several different letters, that he was to enter the bond house the week after Commencement—"to work for you—for us," as he had expressed it.

"No," he said. "I expect to look around for a while first."

"But I thought you were going to begin right away on your job with . . ."

"Oh, I've decided not to take that."

"I'm delighted to hear it. That means I'll probably see something of you this summer."

"I hardly think so. I intend to go out West."

"Out *West?*"

"Yes—I have an idea that I might take up ranching out there."

Bill had not had the slightest idea of going out west, or of taking up ranching, until that exact moment, but he was glad that he had thought of it.

"Bill! How exciting! I'd simply adore to see you in a cowboy suit!"

"May I have the rest of this?"

It was that obnoxious ass, Wally Fenning, grinning insultingly. He had overheard the reference to the cowboy suit.

As Bill stepped away, thanking Jane in the usual perfunctory terms for the dance, she retained his hand for an instant, leaned over and whispered, "Thank you, Bill, dear—thank you for everything!"

That apparently innocent expression of gratitude upset him dreadfully. Once more he inquired of himself, "What did she mean by that?" Why was she thanking him for everything? What was "everything?"

He was accosted, to his intense irritation, by his mother.

"I'm sorry, Bill," she was genuinely apologetic. "Your father has gone off somewhere with his old cronies and left me stranded. So I'll have to be on your hands for a while."

"All right, mother. I guess you'd like to go around and see something of the college, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, thank you, Bill—but I couldn't take you away from Jane. I'm sure she couldn't spare you."

"Never mind about *her*," said Bill, curtly. "Come on!"

"Shall we take Alice along?"

"No—she's dancing with Gus. She's being well taken care of."

"I hate to be such a nuisance, Bill, dear. I know Jane will be furious at me."

Deeming it unwise to protest any further on that score, Bill conducted his mother rapidly out past the awning that separated the sacred precincts of the Pilgrims' Club from the common, municipal sidewalk.

"The museum is supposed to be the most interesting place," he observed. "Would you like to see that first?"

"I should love to," replied Mrs. Ames, who had seen the museum at least sixteen times before.

"All right—I'll take you over there and show you the seismograph."

BILL was preparing for bed that night, amid the wreckage of the room that had been his and Gus's through senior year. The pictures were crated, to be shipped to their respective homes, where their respective mothers would ask, "What on earth are you going to do with *these?*" (A question, be it said, which would be repeated many times in years to come by their respective wives.)

Bill's sensations of sentimental regret had passed. He felt now that he would be glad to get out of this room, out of this college—never to return. As to the future, he didn't much care what happened. His life was over; from now on everything would be mere routine.

But what had she meant when she said, "Thank you for *everything?*"

Gus came in, shutting the door quietly behind him. Bill looked at him, and was shocked to observe an expression of utter and disastrous defeat on Gus's honest face. What was the matter with *him?* Was he still worrying about that error?

Gus didn't wait to be asked. "Say, Bill," he said, in a harsh and faltering voice. "You know that—that thing I told you about last night . . ."

"Yes."

"Well—it's all off."

For no known reason, Bill's heart started to beat with suffocating vehemence.

(*Continued on page 176*)

TO-NIGHT you can laugh at Time . . .

Now we can laugh at the insidious weapons Time levels at our faces—clogging dirt, drying winds, the inevitable weary hours—can actually *wash off* the unwanted years!

TONIGHT you can do it! Tonight in your own glass you can *watch* young radiant bloom creep back into your face—*feel* new satiny softness beneath your fingertips!

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A preparation—perfected after fifteen years of research by the famous Parisian House of PINAUD—that actually *offsets* the aging power of those tireless enemies of youth—dust, dirt, roughening winds and drying suns, nervous strain.

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SIMPLY smooth on PINAUD'S CREAM . . . then in clear, cool water, wash it away! Before your eyes it *dissolves*, sweeping with it all the clogging particles from deep down in the pores, *never* depositing waxy, fatty traces of itself—to choke them anew—as dermatologists have long been telling us ordinary creams do! Leaving your cheek flower-fresh, flower-smooth, aglow with dawning youth!

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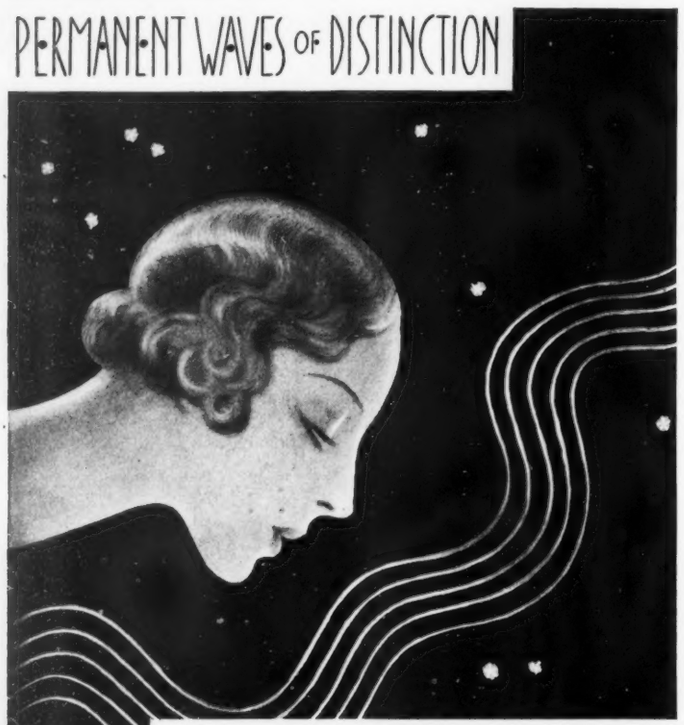

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A definite extra price for a definite extra tobacco-goodness

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LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

COMMENCEMENT

(*Continued from page 174*)

"Why—Gus—what . . .?"

"She just broke off the engagement—that's all." Gus sat down on a trunk.

"But why—what made her do that?"

"Well—I thought at first it was probably on account of me messing up the game yesterday. But it was unfair of me to think that. She's much too fine a person to let anything like that influence her. I found out she didn't even know we'd *lost* the game . . ."

"Then what was it? What made her—change her mind all of a sudden?"

"She said she realized she was in love with somebody else."

"In love with somebody else! Thank you, Bill dear—thank you for *everything*!"

Another comparatively sleepless night! More hours of confused imaginings! More tragic dramas, enacted within the darkness of Bill's bedroom.

Bill heard the clock in the Commons tower strike two. It was half-past ten in the morning before he blinked himself back into consciousness.

He frowned ominously as he strode in to turn on the bath. He had reached a great decision. He was determination itself. The fate of three people was at his disposal—and he would *act!*

HE dressed carefully, shaved, and then proceeded to a neighboring lunchroom for a breakfast of two three-and-a-half-minute eggs, buttered toast with the trimmings diced, raspberry jam and two mugs of coffee. Then he went to the town's one respectable hotel, and caused the information clerk to announce to the occupants of Room 509 that Mr. Ames was in attendance in the lobby below.

"Miss Pell says for Mr. Ames to come up."

He had been rather inclined to hope that she would say for Mr. Ames *not* to come up. To go to the guillotine voluntarily, as he was doing, required a well-nigh superhuman amount of courage; and while he knew that he possessed the requisite amount, he would have been just as glad to have had the event postponed.

Her mother was there, adding an unwelcome complication to the episode. Jane herself was not in evidence.

"We've just had breakfast," said the mother, indicating a table covered with imitation silverware, crumpled napkins and the shells of grapefruit. "If you'd like to have some coffee, we could send down for it."

"No, I thank you."

"Are you sure you won't have anything?"

Bill was absolutely positive.

The unwanted mother talked on, Bill saying, "Oh, yes," "Oh, no," or "Oh, I guess so," at what he deemed to be the right places. Eventually the garrulous old person went into one of the bedrooms, explaining as she departed, "You'll have to forgive me, but I must get Jane's things packed. The car is coming for them any minute."

What car? And where was it going?

Bill looked around the room. There were suit-cases and hat-boxes, some closed, some open and half packed. There was one standing open on the couch; it contained a disordered mass of pink stuff—those odd, shapeless and highly unsubstantial garments that women use for underclothing.

HE detached his attention from these objects as Jane came in from another bedroom. She had her hat on—a dark brown hat, which matched her dark brown skirt and did not jar in the least with her pale yellow sweater, her flesh-colored stockings or her tan slippers. She looked very smart. (The adjective that Bill applied to her was "snappy".) But then, she always did. She was one of those girls who knew how to wear things.

"Well, Bill—what is it?"

("You've got to hand it to her," he thought. "She knows I'm coming here to make some kind of rumpus, and she isn't afraid.")

"I want to talk to you," he said.

"Sit down."

She closed up the suit-case on the couch and tossed it rudely to the floor. "Here!"

She sat down beside him. Why did she have to do that?

"There seems to be something on your mind. Spring it!"

If she only wouldn't be so brisk!

"Jane—I—I happen to know something I'm not supposed to know."

She kept staring at him intently—waiting for him to say whatever it was, but doing nothing to help him say it.

"I—hate to break a promise—but I've got to do it. It's—the only decent thing to do."

Still she stared, with a level, untroubled gaze.

"Gus told me about—about . . ."

"What did he tell you?"

"That you and he were engaged and—"

"Well—what of that? It's been broken off."

He was now returning her defiant gaze, with supreme difficulty but with heroic fortitude. His face was red, but he couldn't help it. He was a man, and consequently qualified to dominate this or any other woman.

"Look here, Jane—do you happen to know what it is when someone gets married to more than one person at the same time? It's bigamy! You can go to jail for that."

"So I've heard."

"Well—it's the next thing to bigamy when you get engaged to two people at once. Had you heard *that*, too?"

"No—I hadn't heard that one."

("She thinks she can get away with anything by just being fresh.")

"What made you think you had any right to get engaged to me and then to Gus?"

Suddenly, miraculously, her manner changed. Her hard, fixed gaze melted to one that was soft and inexpressibly appealing. Impulsively, she reached out and took his hand, with which he was gripping the edge of the couch, and held it tightly, warmly, in both of hers.

"Oh, Bill—my darling—I knew it was wrong. I knew it was horribly, terribly wrong. But that night—that night when I drove back from the game with Gus—I don't know what happened . . . I felt so *sorry* for him, somehow or other."

BILL could understand about that; Bill could understand about that perfectly. For all his athletic prowess, poor old Gus was always a sort of pathetic individual.

"He kept *at* me so," she went on. "He was so obstinate about it . . . I never really *said* I'd marry him. But I suppose I did give him too much hope . . . Oh, I know it was wrong—terribly wrong. But I've done the best I could to undo all my mistakes."

Bill was on the verge of emotional frenzy. The rapturous excitement of that evening in the white valley of the moon was surging back to him in a great, overpowering wave of ecstasy. But he had to fight it. He had to resist it. He, not Gus, was the Sidney Carton of this romance. He was the one who was destined to make the supreme sacrifice for his friend.

He withdrew his hand from hers. He stood up, to the fullest height that he could command. This was the consummate crisis of his life. He would meet it.

"Jane," he said, in a low tremulous tone, "there can never be anything more for—between you and me."

"What do you *mean?*"

"I mean—that our engagement is broken. You have got—to marry—Gus."

She looked up at him. If he had been in any mood to notice subtleties, he would have seen a queer mixture of amazement, questioning curiosity and malicious amusement in her eyes.

"You can write a note to him, now, and tell him you've reconsidered your decision. I'll take the note back to the

(*Continued on page 178*)

BIJUR LUBRICATION

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TWIN-IGNITION MOTOR

ALL THIS EQUIPMENT

WORLD'S EASIEST DRIVING CONTROL

AT NO EXTRA COST

THE new features and equipment of the Nash "400" have added hundreds of dollars of actual, visible worth to this world-famous motor car.

They have added an incalculable measure of enjoyment to Nash ownership.

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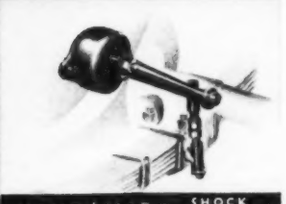

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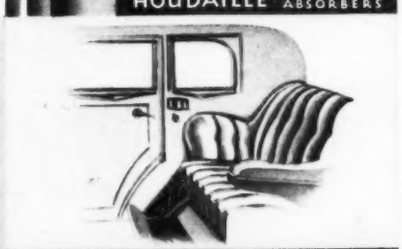

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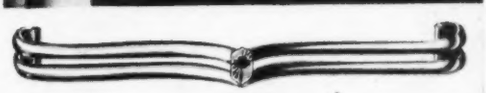

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exquisite footwear
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Venus may truly be called "a luxurious economy"

Try a VENUS TRAVELING PACKAGE

VENUS CORPORATION
1170 Broadway New York, N. Y

COMMENCEMENT

(*Continued from page 176*)

room. It will mean—everything to him."

Without the slightest warning, she burst out laughing—the sort of whole-souled laughter that may legitimately be called "merriment" . . . He had heard that women are apt to have fits of hysterics. Could this be hysteria?

"What are you laughing at?"

She managed to suppress her mirth long enough to say, "I was just thinking that anyone who takes things as seriously as you do ought not to be allowed out after dark."

FOR the first time in his life, Bill experienced a sensation of real horror. This person, this mortal *object*, upon whom he was now looking, was actively loathsome in his eyes. She was something to be choked, crushed, mutilated, stamped out. He was unable to contemplate the possibility that this could be the same woman who had earned his love—who had shared the most beautiful, most spiritually blissful moments of his life. He regarded her with shame, as though she were something indecent, unhealthy, vile.

"I'm glad I—can see you—as you are—at last," said Bill, although he was not entirely aware that he was saying anything.

She jumped up from the couch, and faced him. Hostility seemed to flash in her eyes; the threat of antagonism lurked menacingly in the definite lines of her apparently fragile chin. After a moment of tense rigidity she relaxed, stepped easily forward, took hold of his coat lapels, and said,"You poor, sweet, innocent old thing, you. I know I ought to get furious, and stamp around the room, and stage a scene. But I can't do it. I can't get mad at you. I know you too well, much too well." As she spoke, her fingers wandered idly from the lapels, to the waistcoat buttons, to the fountain pen in the breast pocket, to the necktie; he felt as though she were playing a tune on him. "But I'm not going to marry you—or your friend Gus, either. I'm not going to marry *any*body—now or *any*time . . ."

"Look here, you said to me that night . . ."

"Yes, darling—I know. And on that same occasion, you said a lot of things *you* didn't mean, too."

"I did mean them—every word of them."

"Don't, Bill! Don't spoil a very lovely memory by making it too *lit*eral. I want to think of you as you were at the dance yesterday, when you let me know, so subtly and so gallantly, that everything was all right and no hard feeling."

"I was just trying to help Gus. I wanted him to have his happiness. I guess you can't understand a point of view like that."

"Gus will have his happiness, no doubt, but not with me. There are ever so many others."

"You've got to go through with your promise to marry him!" Bill was making a last, desperate attempt to fill the heroic rôle to which he had assigned himself. "Gus is a—great person. He's the finest man *you'll* ever know. You've *got* to marry him!"

"Listen, Bill, you seem to think that *I'm* the one who broke the engagement."

"Gus said you said to him . . ."

"Well, he wasn't telling you the truth. He came to me yesterday afternoon and told me flatly there could never be anything more between us." She laughed. "He used almost exactly the same words that you did."

Bill was unable to speak.

She continued: "He found out that I was engaged to you first, and he wanted to sacrifice himself . . ."

"Who told him?" Bill thundered. "Who *told* him?"

"Alice did."

Alice! His *own* sister! And she had sworn . . . Oh, the sneak! The despicable, promise-breaking sneak!

"Alice saw that Gus was hanging around me a lot at the party—and she thought she'd better warn him that I had already been formally claimed."

Oh—she had, had she! How sweet of her! While she and Gus were dancing, they had probably run out of topics of conversation, and she had idly whispered in his ear the words that shattered his hopes. . . . So both the Geste brothers had gone out into the desert, each to lay down his life for the other; and Sidney Carton, mounting the guillotine, had discovered that his friend had got there first. What a tragic farce it all was!

Bill's vaulting rage could not be repressed. Some of it had to erupt and flow, in a hot, molten mass, over the surrounding landscape.

"Do you fully realize what you've done?" He tried to keep his voice at an impressively low pitch. "You've broken up a friendship between two men, and you've stirred up a bitter hatred between a man and his own sister. I know what *you* are, all right. You're just a low, contemptible *necker!* You—you're promiscuous!"

"Careful, Bill."

"I won't be careful. If you weren't—a woman—I'd punch your face!"

"What's stopping you?" she inquired coolly.

Fortunately, the mother returned to the room at that moment, removing all opportunity for a fulfilment of the threat.

"I'm sorry to interrupt," she said, archly, "but my dear, you simply must finish packing. You really must."

Jane turned agilely on her heel and walked to the door.

"Good-by, Bill, dear," said she. "Give my love to the family."

"Good-by," said Bill.

She was gone. Bill picked up his hat.

"It is too bad that there has to be such a rush," said the mother, in the belief that some form of consolation might be appropriate. "But the car is coming any minute to take Jane down to the boat."

"The *boat?*"

"The Fennings' yacht. They're going on a cruise—up to Nova Scotia, I think—and Wally persuaded Jane to go along with them. Of course, she hasn't any *clothes* with her for that sort of trip, but she would go."

Bill escaped from this sordid environment.

THAT afternoon, the four members of the Ames family were occupying green plush chairs in a Pullman car. They were going home, and going with them, for a brief visit, was that dejected athlete, Gus Falconer. He had been "talked into it," at the last moment, by Bill.

Mr. Ames was telling Mrs. Ames how intensely comical old Charley Trumbull had been at the class reunion; it seems Charley had dressed up as Father Time, with hour-glass, scythe and all, and had . . . Poor Gus was being babbled at by the faithless Alice, who was still blithely unconscious of the havoc she had wrought.

But Bill heeded them not. He was gazing out of the window at the red sun, as it descended toward the rim of the dark hills beyond the college town. This train was carrying him forward, toward the front line where he was to engage in what the baccalaureate orator had termed, "the battle of life."

He could see, in the distance, the Commons' Tower, and the jagged Gothic silhouette of the Chapel, and the unsightly gas tanks. As the train rumbled resoundingly across the old river, he could see the massive bulk of the stadium—revealed now as an unromantic structure of concrete blocks and steel . . . An interminable row of resting freight cars shut off his view.

Well, he thought, that was that. College was over. His education was complete. Education? An idea suddenly smote him—and, after its first, stunning effect, promoted in him a feeling of indescribable satisfaction.

Yes, his education *was* complete. He had learned many things in these four years, but it remained for the final day to furnish the most vitally important lesson, to yield the missing segment that would fill the one cavity in the mosaic of his wisdom. He was secure in the conviction that now, at last, he knew all that there is to know about women!

Spring! . . . *for everyone but her*

In her lovely Newport garden she stood—a bitter, disappointed, lonely woman at 33.

It was spring—for every one but her.

On a branch of apple blossoms a robin poured out a gorgeous proposal in song. Deep in the wistaria, tiny wrens were mating. Beyond the hedge, a curly-haired boy and a sweet slip of a girl walked silently hand in hand. But in her life there was no romance.

Why was she still single? Once she could have picked and chosen from many suitors. Now she had none. Even time-tried women friends seemed to avoid her. She couldn't understand it . . .

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IN CANADA

The T. Eaton Co., Limited
MONTREAL

The T. Eaton Co., Limited
TORONTO

Black Patou coat. Paquin ensemble with three-quarter coat.

PARIS PREPARES TO TRAVEL

(*Continued from page 79*)

coat, cut with a flare and three-quarter length, and worn with one of Agnès' new bérets in crocheted silk chenille, mixed black and white making a gray. Her scarf was a very wide one of gray satin, woven with a small self-design, fringed at the ends and tied in front in a loose, careless knot. It takes flair and dash to tie a great bundle of silk like this round a slender neck, but the result is smartness itself if it succeeds, and a tragedy if it doesn't.

Reboux's little sets are worn here in Paris with the tailored type of suit, especially one with a small cap-like hat, the brim turned up in front, made of our old friend, blue serge, trimmed with a band of black and white dots, or small diamonds, the scarf matching, and the bag a big envelope, made of the patterned silk, bordered with blue grosgrain to match the serge.

Agnès is making tiny bérets, exactly like *bérets basques*, but in colored velvets, to be worn with simple sports clothes. She has also a special plaid velvet, in three or four bright colors, out of which she is making these bérets, and a tie to match to wear with white linen, tussore, or crêpe de Chine dresses. In Italy, she has had knitted bérets made of colored chenille and straw—three or four colors—twisted together. With these, she suggests plain colored sweater-blouses woven of ribbed cotton. She declares that she is tired of fantasies in sweater-blouses, and is determined to go in for plain shades, the brighter the better.

Agnès is keenly interested in Spain. She has just shown her summer collection featuring red and yellow, the Spanish colors. She makes a black straw hat with a wide brim, which has silk pompons over one ear under the brim. She also uses pomegranate blossoms such as Carmen wore, and makes points in the back of brims, suggestive of a bullfighter's queue. Brims like the classic headgear of the Picador are also featured by Agnès, for daytime. For evening she has a close cap of a new jersey made of knitted horsehair, draped with a real mantilla of black lace, falling over the shoulders. This is to be worn with evening dress and is also intended for out-of-door dining, suggesting a scarf. All these Spanish gestures have been received with enthusiasm by Agnès' smartest clients.

On page 80, you see her wearing one of her summer costumes, a grayish-white herring-bone wool jersey, from Louiseboulanger, with a hat of a new open-mesh straw in rose-coral color, trimmed with a Rodier cotton braid in white and coral. She carries a bag of her own invention, made of the material of the frock, and fastened with a coral silk handkerchief, run through big buttonholes cut in the envelope, and tied in a knot. Her jewels are a chain, several yards long, of small hand-cut coral beads, of a lovely rosy color, coral ball earrings, one before the ear and one behind it, and a striking modern ring from Raymond Templier, a flat plaque of coral oddly set in polished platinum.

OPPOSITE the portrait of Agnès, drawn by Dynevor Rhys, is another of Miss Hallie Stiles, long of the Opéra Comique in Paris, who has just signed a contract to make singing pictures. She is in Paris at the moment, buying her clothes. She is wearing one of Reboux's "pirate" hats, about which I have already written to you. It is in natural leghorn, turned up directly in the front, and held by two tabs of brown and red grosgrain ribbon. The crown is covered with melon sections of cream, brown and red grosgrain. Her frock is a printed chiffon from Vionnet, in the same cream, red and brown, cut with an interesting attached scarf.

To return to Biarritz and what we saw there. There was a great deal of white, combined with a bit of bright color, or with black. Perhaps an entire white costume, with a scarf in red or blue, knotted up close to the throat. Not much yellow and white, but some yellow and black printed ensembles, printed frocks with plain black jackets. Lots of black and white, especially a good-looking costume from Schiaparelli, in white shantung, with a wide black scarf fastened to the front of the V neck-line with three square steel buttons, and worn with a short black shantung jacket, and a white hat with a black ribbon. Her white silk trouser tennis-frock was also worn by Madame de San Carlos. It laces up the front of the blouse and up one side of the skirt with a black ribbon. Some Yteb sports frocks in beige and white check jerseys, with plain beige, fur-trimmed coats.

As to hats, a new sports hat made its appearance on the heads of many smart women. It is of felt, in all sorts of colors, with a rather wide brim, and is stitched into pin-tucks at intervals round the crown and brim, rather in the way that coats are laid in pinches at the back of the shoulders. Another hat in

(*Continued on page 182*)

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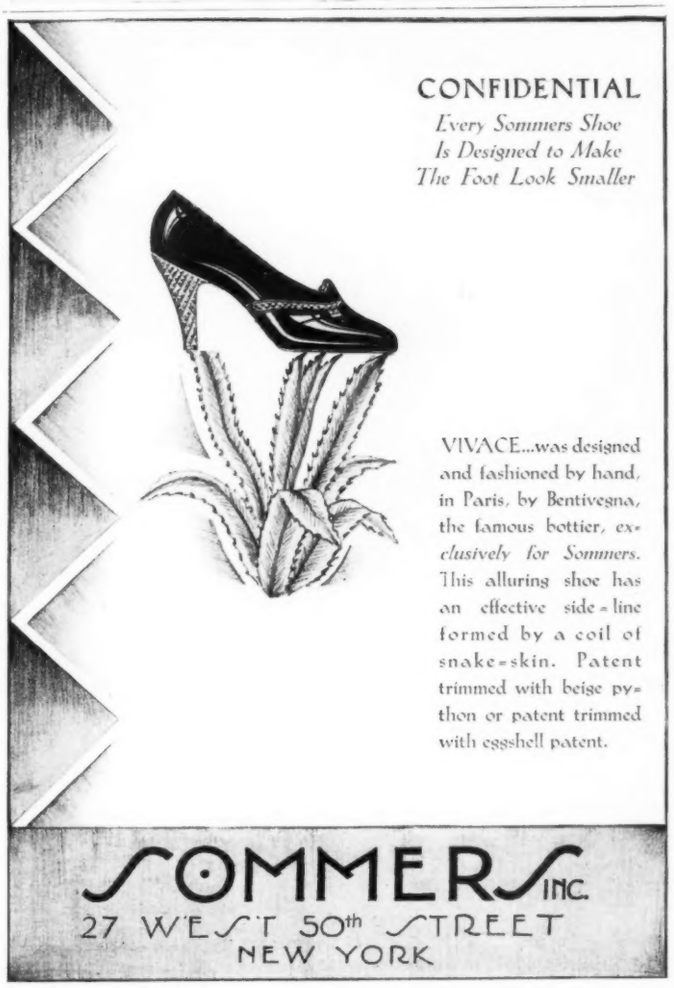
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Cinderella
Shoe Dressings
"Loveliness Restored to Footwear"

SEEBERGER

An imitation broadtail coat. A gray tailleur, a type good this Spring.

PARIS PREPARES TO TRAVEL

(*Continued from page 181*)

white felt was a modified cloche, with fulness at the back of the crown and at the back of the brim, which was laid in fluted folds, coming almost to the shoulders. This was worn with the new short heavy curls showing at the sides, by those women who are handling their growing hair in this way. The Agnès adjustable toque, photographed by Baron de Meyer in the last number, was seen in black shantung and oyster-white satin. Quite a number of plain-colored crocheted silk bérets were worn, and some cloth bérets were made entirely of incrustations of different colors, such as yellow and brown. But most of the hats were of the cloche variety, usually in felt, sometimes in tweed to match the costume, and sometimes in straw.

AS TO hats of the moment in Paris, two of the successes from Reboux and Agnès are sketched on the Last-Minute pages. The Agnès one is a felt cloche, with an incrusted scarf in soft silk, several shades of the same color blended together; this runs across the top of the hat, ties in a knot in the back, and up again to tie in a small bow in the center front. Smart women are ordering this hat from her in several different colors. Reboux's great hit is the hat called "Porte Bonheur," sketched on page 112, in flexible shiny black straw, turned up directly in the back, cut in a sweet-pea sort of line in front, and trimmed with a band and bow of satin ribbon. Some women reverse this hat, wearing the turn-up brim in the front. I see it everywhere. The Agnès two-piece toque photographed by Baron de Meyer on page 66, is a popular favorite.

Evening dress in Biarritz was disappointing. About all I have to say about it is that black and red were the leading colors, and that the printed chiffons, especially Patou's "Mimosa" models, more than held their own. The necklaces that are made of twisted ropes of beads, often held with three loops of black beads in the back, in emerald green or ruby red, were worn both for day time and evening. Here and there, one saw a really unusual gown. The Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne wore the new filmy gray in tulle with slight silver tracery on the corsage. One of the Guy sisters was a striking picture at a Gala of the Hotel Palais. She wore a princess gown of white lace with a long, square-cut train, and over it a slim spangled and beaded cape, held close to the figure, embroidered in a lovely design of reed-like leaves in pale green and dull gold. The Guy sisters are actresses, of course, and Revue actresses at that. But they are not the only women who seek out the picturesque and "different" in the evening. I observe a growing tendency among the Famous Forty toward marked individuality in evening dress, when it is to be worn on occasions that demand a really *grande toilette*. Such a gown is the lovely thing in blurred printed taffeta from Chéruit, sketched by Luza on page 76; or the Poiret model, so interesting in its utterly unexpected back, drawn on page 77. Who would think, to see it promenading in the salons, that a smart woman would choose Chanel's black lace trouser gown, with its extended lace skirt? Yet, at Ciro's on a Friday night, I saw both Lady Abdy and the Marquise de San Carlos dancing in this gown. It is sketched on the Last-Minute pages as the latter wears it, lace mittens and all. Lady Abdy leaves off the mittens, and adds a wide scarf of black tulle, which she ties in a bow on one shoulder.

Perhaps you would like to know what some of the most elegant clients of the leading houses, both Parisian and international, have chosen for their own wardrobes. On the Last-Minute pages several of them are sketched for you. Baroness de Meyer, who loves things that look new before other women have popularized them, has adopted with enthusiasm Madame Wormser's idea of substituting a little cape for the ubiquitous short jacket. You see it in her Chéruit navy blue cape suit. With it, she wears the Agnès scarf hat, or a velvet béret. Mrs. Frelinghuysen has ordered the black reps coat from Chantal, the interest of which lies in the disposal of the ribbed material. The Comtesse Pierre de Jumilhac has chosen Worth's beige and brown tweed suit, the scarf of the blouse drawn through a slit in the jacket and tied in a bow. Lady Carlisle has adopted Worth's crenellated white linen collar and cuffs on a simple navy crêpe frock. At Louiseboulanger's, I understand that the beige and white line-plaid crêpe ensemble, sketched in the last issue, is a favorite with the smartest clients of the house, while several of the Famous Forty have ordered her cape in thinnest creamy white broadtail. I see Chanel jerseys everywhere. Agnès wears her sports ensemble, a four piece, in narrow diagonal stripes of beige, dark blue and brown.

(*Continued on page 184*)

This Sachet is the EUGÈNE secret

THE Eugène Sachet has revolutionized the art and science of permanent waving—made it gentle, natural and safe for your hair... From its perforated steam tab, tiny jets of steam spray forth, and beautifully wave your hair.

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The short face veil is one of the high lights of French summer millinery.

PARIS PREPARES TO TRAVEL

(*Continued from page 182*)

In the evening, I observe many of Patou's slim sheath gowns, in plain or printed chiffon, sometimes in tulle, that break into fulness below the knee. The Comtesse Georges de Castellane has ordered the printed chiffon, a black ground with design in rose and green, sketched on the Last-Minute pages. I see many Augustabernard evening gowns, often in satin, or in printed chiffon, with her characteristic swathing at the hips. Baroness de Meyer has ordered the lovely white satin Vionnet gown, photographed by Baron de Meyer, and Lady Abdy chose Chéruit's heavy white satin, with a triple bow at the point of the décolleté in the back, also sketched. The charming Comtesse de Robilant wears Chantal's chiffon, printed in a large rose design of two grays, white and pale blue. This list is perhaps long enough to give you an idea of what is worn here.

As to the higher waist-line, it is now looked upon more favorably than ever before, though I cannot report that its adoption has been general. The sheath-line, breaking into flare at the knee or below it, is its most serious rival. Nevertheless, I notice that belts are placed much higher, in daytime clothes, often at their natural place, and that the rather short, fitted corsage, with the long trailing skirt, no longer intrigues the eye by its newness. It is an accepted silhouette already. In skirt-lengths I cannot report any additional inches in the daytime. It seems to me that street skirts are as short as ever. Remember, that no well-dressed woman ever wore them to show the knee.

Summer furs continue to interest all smart women. Every chic wardrobe contains at least one coat of light-weight fur, worn on chilly days. Summer ermine, and the flat, smooth so-called sports furs, are the favorites. Because their colors are usually beige or brown, is certainly one of the reasons for the persistence of these colors in the mode. We were invited recently to see the summer collection of Madame Leroy, and very

(*Concluded on page 186*)

The mid-season collections showed many cape coats. Heim.

"Suntan" with hose or without requires utter smoothness of skin

By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways

SOLVING THE UNWANTED HAIR PROBLEM

There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms—hair-free as a child's

A New Discovery that not only removes every vestige of arm or leg hair instantly, but that utterly avoids inviting bristly re-growth

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair **but delays its reappearance remarkably!**

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly.*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size. 179

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

Her Bath....
a Religious Procedure

...it seemed so utterly ridiculous—this idea that she should use a deodorant.

Underarm perspiration isn't stopped by bathing. Nor is its accompanying noticeable odor. The subject isn't a pleasant one, but it must be met frankly, even by the most fastidious and refined, inasmuch as it concerns society—association among others—oneself. Natural evaporation is prevented by the curve of the arm—the same curve that causes excessive perspiration. Offensive odor is the result—it is unavoidable. Use Heck, the scientific, crystal-clear deodorant. Heck checks perspiration, diverting it to other parts of the body where it more readily evaporates. Destroys odor. Simple, easy and safe. A drop or two every other day or two—that's all. Prevents ugly perspiration stains on frocks. *No color* to stain. Heck is odorless—non-conflicting with preferred perfume. For both women and men who will not risk embarrassment.

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INTRODUCTORY OFFER We have prepared a special size of Heck for anyone wishing to try it. We want you to give it fair test—to prove all that is claimed for it. Heck will bear comparison with any product—liquid, paste or powder—for this purpose on the market.

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☐ 10c (coin or stamps) for trial size Heck.
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(either of above sent postpaid anywhere)

SOCIAL CALENDAR

for JUNE 1929

(Concluded from page 42)

FRIDAY, JUNE 7—Wedding of Miss Emily Read Alexander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Alexander of No. 1175 Park avenue, to Roswell Colt Dunn in St. Bartholomew's. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8—Wedding of Miss Eleanor Goodwin Brown, daughter of Mrs. Horace Franklin Brown of No. 1235 Park avenue, to Dr. Charles Hawes Evans at the Miller-Goodwin-Brown homestead in Claverack, N. Y.
Wedding of Miss Nancy Newell, daughter of Mrs. Arnold C. Klebs and Ashbel Newell, to Rexford Daniels in New York.
Wedding of Miss Ellen Hallowell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norwood Penrose Hallowell of Readville, Mass., to Irving Pratt, in the First Parish Church, Milton, Mass.
Wedding of Miss Alice Sumner, daughter of Mrs. George Seabury Sumner of Boston, Mass., to Robert N. D. Arndt, in the Church of the Ascension, New York.
Wedding of Miss Frances Weed to Laurence O. Pratt, Boston, Mass.

MONDAY, JUNE 10—Wedding of Miss Ida Perry Black, daughter of Mrs. Van Lear Black, of Baltimore, Md., to Lieut. Alfred Johnson Bolton, U. S. N., in Baltimore.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11—Wedding of Miss Ethel B. Schniewind, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schniewind of No. 8 East Seventy-ninth street, to H. Edward Manville, Jr., in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12—Wedding of Miss Edith Woodward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Woodward of No. 9 East Eighty-sixth street, to Thomas Bancroft in St. Thomas.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14—Wedding of Miss Mary R. Hunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hunter of Philadelphia, to George Howard Ingalls, Jr., in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia.
Wedding of Miss Sylvia Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bryan Scott of Chestnut Hill, Pa., to Baron Serge Alexander Korff.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15—Wedding of Miss Henrietta Kempton Dunn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Martyn Dunn of Chestnut Hill, Pa., to Henry Nash, in St. Paul's Church, Chestnut Hill.
Wedding of Miss Marie Louise Gray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Gray of Boston, to Henry Fletcher Godfrey, Jr., in the Church of the Advent, Boston, Mass.
Wedding of Miss Edith Hewitt Jaffray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Somerville Jaffray of Ardsley-on-Hudson, to Warner Hoppin, Jr. in the Church of St. Barnabas, Irvington-on-Hudson.
Wedding of Miss Robina Watson Knox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Elliott Knox of No. 277 Park avenue, to Robert E. Gregg, Jr., in St. Bartholomew's.
Wedding of Miss Helen Loomis Low, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Evarts Low of Maplewood, N. J., to Frederick Gordon Eberhardt, in Morrow Memorial Church.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19—Wedding of Miss Elizabeth Neall Gay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Gay of No. 157 East Eighty-first street and Old Gay House, Bingham, Mass., to William Curtis Pierce in St. George's Church, New York.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20—Wedding of Miss Rosamond Auchincloss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Auchincloss of No. 12 East Seventy-first street, to Burton J. Lee, Jr., in St. Bartholomew's.
Wedding of Miss Margaret Levering Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore E. Brown of Germantown, Pa., to Horatio Curtis Wood, Jr., in the Memorial Church of the Good Shepherd.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22—Wedding of Miss Katharine Adams to Hamilton Heard in King's Chapel, Boston, Mass.
Wedding of Miss Eleanor Cuthbert Gillespie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Cuthbert Gillespie of Morristown, N. J., to Henry Stoddard Ritter in Trinity Church, Morristown, N. J.
Wedding of Miss Joyce Porter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hopkins Porter of Noroton, Conn., to James Rae Arneill, Jr., in Noroton.
Wedding of Miss Ellen Pfaff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Pfaff of South Orange, N. J., to Clarence Bush in Trinity Presbyterian Church, Orange.

MONDAY, JUNE 24—Wedding of Miss Susan Dimock Tilton, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Tilton of No. 133 East Sixty-fourth street, to Archibald Stevens Alexander in the chapel of St. Bartholomew's. Reception to follow at Sherry's.
Wedding of Miss Theresa Riley, daughter of William Riley of New York, to Edward J. Gorman in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26—Wedding of Miss Florence Beers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beers of New Rochelle, to Cadet Oliver Hardin Gilbert in the chapel at West Point.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27—Wedding of Miss Marion Pottle Fergueson, niece of Mrs. Forrest S. Jones of Brooklyn, to Augustus Charles Froeb, Jr., at the Park Lane.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28—Wedding of Miss Thalia C. Bremer, daughter of Mrs. John C. Bremer of No. 30 Fifth avenue, to Henry F. Grieme, in the Church of the Ascension. Reception to follow at the Park Lane.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29—Wedding of Miss Cecilia Casserly, daughter of Mrs. John B. Casserly, of San Mateo, Calif., to Andre Alden Beaumont in Santa Barbara.
Wedding of Miss Georgia White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Foster White of Brookline, Mass., to Dr. Gerald Dale Dorman in Central Church, Boston, Mass.
Wedding of Miss Elinor de W. Jackson to Augustus F. Doty at St. John's Church, Beverly Farms, Mass.
Wedding of Miss Harriet R. Ellison to William Marsh Ferrisk, Jr., in Grace Church, Newton, Mass.
Wedding of Miss Eliza Woolston, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Woolston of Chestnut Hill, Pa., to Sidney Sayre Quarrier, in St. Paul's Church, Chestnut Hill.
Wedding of Miss Katharine Taft, daughter of Hulbert Taft of Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio, to James Bell Benedict in Cincinnati.

Madame Julie Thompson in a striped Chanel coat and Marie Christiane hat.

PARIS PREPARES TO TRAVEL

(Concluded from page 184)

interesting it was. The sports ensemble that I liked the best had a coat in white tweed trimmed with black astrakhan, and lined with Meyer's speckled black and white tussore. This was worn with a black and white sweater blouse and a straw cloche hat in black and white. A delightful three-quarter coat in beige shaved lamb pleased me very much. It was strictly tailored, with a small turn-over collar, and cut with a very doggy flare. A gray shaved lamb was trimmed with gray antelope and shown with a béret and bag to match of the same supple skin. For motoring, there is a slim coat of natural seal, worked in narrow horizontal stripes of three blurred grays, with a big bag, fastening with a zipper, to match. Another seal coat looked like thick brown moire. This is called *loutre du rocher* and is quite new. Another fur, new to me, is Japanese ermine; this is worked in narrow filets and is darker than summer ermine. It was collared with fisher.

Really good furriers seem no longer to be limited in the slightest degree by the material in which they work. They make skins do anything they like. This was particularly demonstrated in a summer ermine afternoon coat, in which the natural fur, striped white and beige, was actually plaited, so that the white underside of the animal entirely disappears, leaving an unbroken beige surface, all worked in overlapping lines. This plaiting of fur is a real novelty.

On page 82 appear three of Madame Leroy's most striking evening wraps, one in ermine, one in dark velvet and mink, and one in a pinky gold lamé with sable. On the opposite page are three models from Heim, any one of which would be an ideal summer evening wrap.

"From Harper's Bazar"

A phrase as potent as—by Vionnet—from Cartier's—or at the Ritz. There is no need of adjectives for these names spell distinction.

Here are those cleverly assembled costumes so difficult to find, the most original models from the French couturiers, selected by famous fashion experts, pictured by famous fashion artists . . . . costumes worn by exclusive members of the smart feminine world whose mere approval defines the mode.

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And here is an unusual opportunity to subscribe to a magazine as distinctive as this suave taffeta suit by Patou.

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Bought at retail at 50c a copy, these 24 issues would cost you $12. This offer cuts the single copy price to EXACTLY ONE-HALF, just 25c a copy.

Telephones throughout the House... a world of Comfort at little Cost

Here is the latest idea for convenience . . . a telephone near at hand, for ease in placing and answering calls

* * *

A TELEPHONE in one's boudoir, of course . . . for here comfort and restfulness are of first importance. And in those other rooms which are most frequently used . . . and where a telephone would save many steps and much time.

Among the modern apartments of American cities, and in urban, suburban and country homes all through the land, there is growing this new conception of convenience and comfort: *Telephones in nearly every room*, so calls may be placed and answered with greatest ease.

Architects are including provision for complete *built-in* telephone convenience as a part of the design of modern residences. Builders are constructing conduits in the walls to provide telephone outlets throughout the house.

Home owners are analyzing their particular telephone needs, and planning those arrangements which will give them most comfort and satisfaction.

Your local Bell company will be glad to help you "custom fit" telephone service to your present home, or the one you are planning. Telephone the Business Office today.

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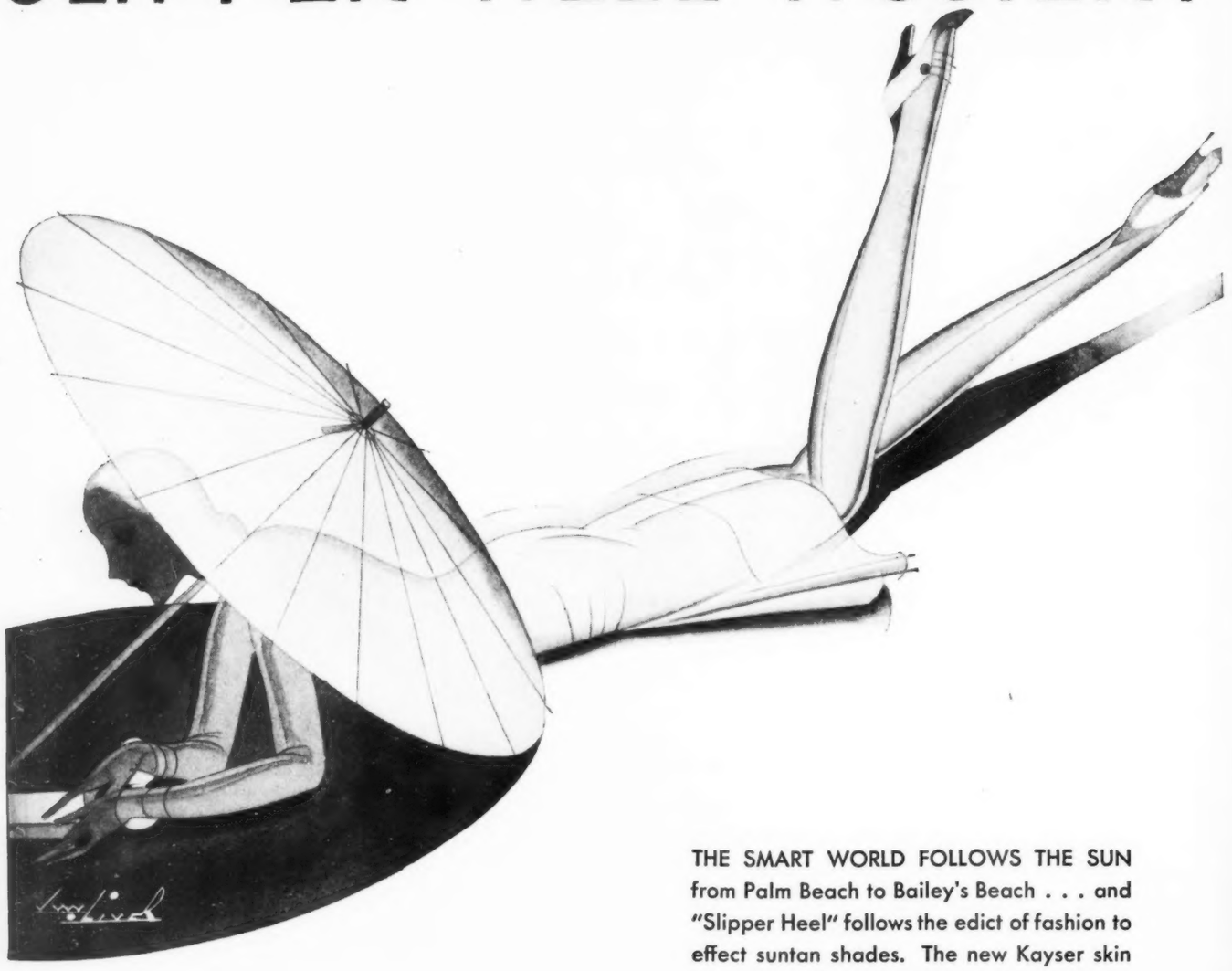
SLIPPER HEEL* HOSIERY



THE SMART WORLD FOLLOWS THE SUN from Palm Beach to Bailey's Beach . . . and "Slipper Heel" follows the edict of fashion to effect suntan shades. The new Kayser skin shades match or harmonize with your own skin to achieve the smart background for the costume. The smartness of the hose itself goes without saying, for it creates a slimmer, trimmer, ankle line . . . and its texture is so fine and clear that it creates the illusion of fine, satiny skin.

For service sheer weight 88X is the choice, $1.50. For all-occasion wear, No. 157X all silk chiffon is only $1.65. For formal wear 141X a 45 gauge, picot edge, at $1.95.

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Sunskin *Clearskin*
Bareskin *Roseskin*
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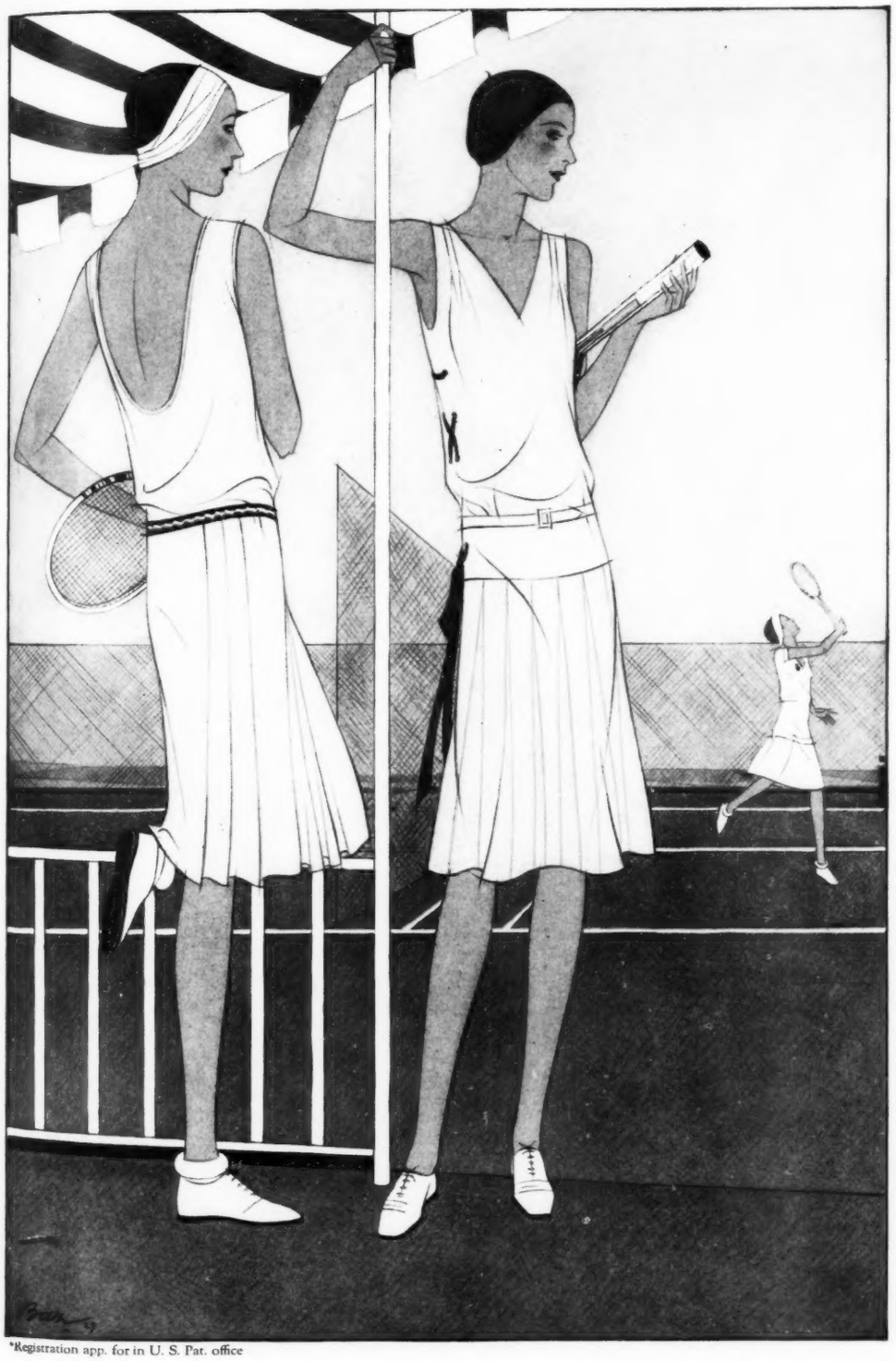
Vol. LXIII
No. 6

OUR "EVENING BACK" TENNIS FROCKS OF 1926 BECAME THE TAN-MODE* OF 1929



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We stress the fact of our "firstness" because we know that it takes both art and experience to make the kind of tan-mode* frocks that are recognized as right from Antibes to Southampton.

Illustrated are two silk crêpe tan-mode frocks from the largest collection in New York. In white or pastel colors.*
Price 29.50

The Sports Shop for
Madame and Mademoiselle
Fifth Floor

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A Store of Individual Shops
FIFTH AVENUE, 37th and 38th STREETS
NEW YORK

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A Bronze, "Descending Night," by Adolph Alexander Weinmann

The bracelet watch in which a beautiful diamond serves as the crystal. The brooch watch—a movable centre concealing the watch. The cover watch and platinum-mesh bracelet with jeweled ends.

The fine distinction of Caldwell watches is indicated by the high esteem in which they are held by those who appreciate the smart, the unusual.

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TENNIS AND ITS FASHIONS

AND, EVEN IF ONE DOES NOT INDULGE IN TENNIS, ONE CAN WEAR THESE FASHIONS FOR OTHER SUMMER OCCASIONS. LEFT, IS THE NEWEST BACKLESS TENNIS MODEL; CENTER IS THE FROCK WITH ATTACHED, MATCHING SHORTS; AND, RIGHT IS THE FROCK THAT CLEVERLY HIDES THE FACT THAT ITS FULL PLEATED SKIRT SIMULATES PANTIES.

FOR EVERY WOMAN UNDER THE SUN

. . . THESE SKIN-TONE STOCKINGS

The sun has contributed much to fashion these several seasons past . . . but the outstanding contribution is the vogue of wearing stockings that complement one's complexion. It originated, of course, with those who were sun-tanned, but women quickly realized that it was equally flattering for natural, un-tanned skins. So, today, Gordon Skin-Tone Stockings — in shades that harmonize with one's face and hands — are the important third of the ensemble.

FOR THE FAIR-SKINNED WOMAN: "Champagne" to match her natural coloring; "Noon" to lend it warmth of tone; "Fair Tan" to match her suntan; and "Circe" for evening.

FOR THE WOMAN OF MEDIUM COMPLEXION: In the same order of use—"Rachelle," "Soudan," "Blush Tan," and "Cymbeline."

FOR THE BRUNETTE: In the same order of use—"Ormond," "Coronado," "Pandora," and "Casino."

FOUR VERY NEW deep suntan tones are "Alamo Tan" and "Sonora," with a golden cast; "Pocahontas," a coppery tone; and "Ramona" for the suntan of brilliant complexions.

Gordon
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The little Nada hat in stitched pique may be worn with any frock, and is so practical because it can be washed. White, pink, light blue, yellow, or green. Headsizes 21 to 23. **3.75**

The ghillie oxford in white pique is smart for sports or general country wear with cotton frocks. Low covered heel. Sizes 3½ to 7. **12.50.** *Cotton tennis socks.* **1.50**

MODEL 826

MODEL 827

MODEL 825

MODEL 828

From head to foot we're dressed in PIQUE *this Summer*

Model 825—Square neck pique frock with box pleats in skirt. White, pink, or yellow. Misses' sizes. **10.75**

Model 826—Pique frock with two Chanel bows in front and one in back. Pleats all round. White, pink, or yellow. Misses' sizes. **15.00**

Model 827—The Nada frock in pique with bows on shoulders. Slightly circular skirt with pleats. Misses' sizes. **10.75**

Model 828—Copy of a French model in pique with pleated circular skirt. White, pink or yellow. Misses' sizes. **10.75**

Model 829—Cotton pique coat quilted in a scroll design. Pink, yellow, green or white. Misses' sizes. **19.50**

Model 830—Polka dot pique jacket to wear over Summer frocks. Orange, green, or black with large white dot. Misses' sizes. **7.50**

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PARIS LONDON

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Palm Beach

MODEL 829

MODEL 830

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DO YOU KNOW WHAT CAUSES SUNBURN?

MOST people do not understand the cause of the painful sunburn from which they suffer every summer in order to acquire a becoming tan.

Scientists agree that the burning and blistering part of sunburn is caused by a certain narrow band in the sun's ultra-violet ray. Your problem is to get the health-giving effect of this ultra-violet ray without the painful burning it entails.

The obvious answer to this problem is a preparation to absorb that part of the ultra-violet ray which causes sunburn. *The new Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream is that answer!* It is a creamy, fragrant liquid which, upon being smoothed over the skin, absorbs that part of the sun's rays which are responsible for burning. *It does not prevent tanning,* but instead encourages a rich, golden skin-tone. If you will just smooth Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream plentifully over your skin before exposure to the sun you will take on a beautiful, healthy tan, with no discomfort whatsoever. This Sunburn Cream is particularly delightful to use because it sinks quickly into the skin, leaving it soft and lightly fragrant, without a trace of greasiness.

A bottle of Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream costs only two dollars and will ordinarily last you an entire season. You will find it on sale at leading shops everywhere and also at the Dorothy Gray salons.

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SEA TOGS
for the
Modern Mermaid

Printed silk bathing suit, jersey combination . . . $26.50

Jersey beach pajamas with gayly printed silk blouse $39.50

Two piece French jersey suit with sailor pants . $14.50

One piece low back suit of French jersey $14.75

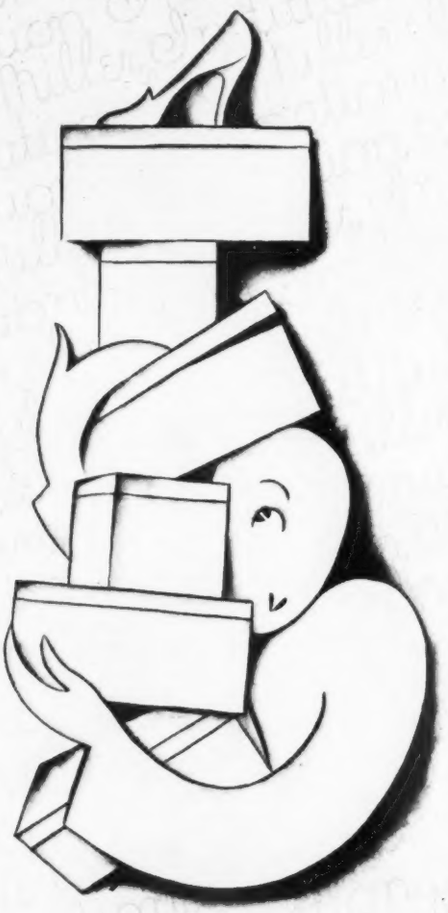
Wool jersey suit with jumper in tweed design $10.50

Wool jersey tweed coat to match $12.50

Selected from a delightfully varied collection of

Bathing Suits and Accessories — on the Third Floor

Institution I. MILLER Internationale



Quite HOPELESS

to bring them all to you . . . .

Quite too many new Summer footwear fashions to compress their descriptions into a single advertisement! The colors alone would take a page. The new fabrics would take another. It's too bad, but we're afraid you'll have to supplement the limitations of our space and pen with a visit to an I. Miller shoeshop. If you do, we are sure the following, alone, will make the jaunt worth while.

I. MILLER De Luxe Shoes

Shantilla
Crepe de Fleur
Flower-toned kidskin

Pettipolka
Marron kidskin
Eggshell kidskin

Broiderie
Chinese Red
Summer Reptiles

I. MILLER Beautiful Shoes

SHOPS AND AGENCIES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

summer night fashions

. . . a charming collection which features only the *distinguished* new models . . . only the "*important*" printed chiffons . . . and pays special attention to that informal evening fashion . . . "roof-garden frocks."

women's dresses — fifth floor
misses' dresses — third floor

saks-fifth avenue

new york

EXTRA QUALITY
TRADE MARK
DUNLAP
NEW YORK

LE POMPIER

The flashing casques of Parisian pompiers inspired this captivating felt by Dunlap. Adjust its intriguing little strap and—voila!—it fits one's coiffure snugly, be it long or short or in that awkward state of being neither. $20. Other Dunlap hats from $12.50 up.

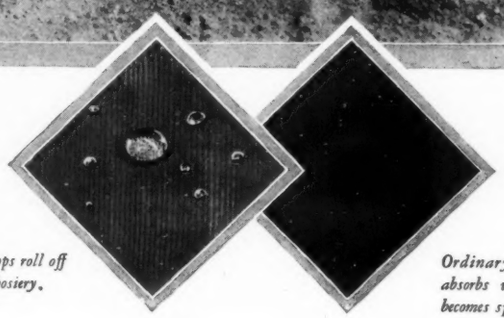
DUNLAP HATS are made to meet every social demand of America's most discriminating women. Be it Southampton, Newport or Forest Hills, on lawns, tennis courts or golf courses, Dunlap Hats are proper for every occasion.

DUNLAP HATS

ARE FEATURED IN THE SMART SHOPS OF

KASKEL & KASKEL ~ *567 Fifth Avenue, New York*
304 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

AND OTHER DISCRIMINATING SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY



Water drops roll off Dexdale hosiery.

Ordinary hosiery absorbs water and becomes spotted.

HERE is visible evidence of "Silk-Sealing"

Water or rain drops will roll off Dexdale Hosiery. Yet Dexdales wash as readily as ordinary hose. "Silk-Sealing" repels perspiration acids, giving extra wear.

"SILK-SEALING" an amazing new Hosiery *discovery!*

Now, even the filmiest chiffon hosiery will give you longer wear

HERE is welcome news, indeed, to the thoughtful women of America. At last a way has been found to retain all the delicate, fragile beauty—all the smartness—of the finest hosiery—yet give to it extra wearing qualities.

This new discovery is called "Silk-Sealing"—and is found exclusively in Dexdale Hosiery. Each individual pure silk thread has been carefully sealed—made smooth and exceedingly strong. This means that "runs" will find it much harder to start. Water, rain drops and most liquids roll off without absorbing or staining. Perspiration acids are resisted. In short, you don't have to treat your filmiest Dexdale Hosiery as daintily as orchids. Yet never, have you had such luxurious wear in hosiery.

This new Dexdale Hosiery has an exceptionally clear color—a sheen, a lustre and an evenness of fabric found only in the most expensive hosiery.

Wear your Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" Hose confidently. Sure of their beauty—their extra strength and wear—you forget your stockings. Try one of the new sunburn shades—so delicate in color—so crystal clear and even in tone. Yours will suggest sophisticated, graceful, stockingless legs just back from idle basking in the Antibes sun—nonchalant legs that know how to wear their clothing.

▼ ▼ ▼

Beyond its new beauty and long wear, Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" Hosiery costs no more than ordinary hose. It ranges in price all the way from $1.95 to $2.75. If you cannot find the Dexdale retailer in your city, write us. We will send you his name. Also a copy of the descriptive booklet "Wear comes to lovely hosiery". Address:—Dexdale Hosiery Mills, Lansdale, Pa.

DEXDALE HOSIERY

SHEER LOVELINESS—SEALED IN

BERKSHIRE—Especially for the spectator at sports events. Smartly developed in white buckskin and black calf.

ROMANY—Sunburned beige individualized with decorative strap underlay of brown perlustre kid.

JANZIA—An afternoon model in Lido sand kid, accented with perlustre kid strap in stone color and brown piping.

CADET—Swagger sports shoe showing a new combination of white buckskin and mocha bisque lizard calf.

ROSALYN—A chic version of the indispensable all-white shoe for summer, in kid and lizard.

Vacation in these smart new Shoes

and you will leave your foot aches at home!

STYLED by the Selby Fashion Studios in Paris and New York, they augment the beauty of your gala warm weather wardrobe. Having all the exclusive Arch Preserver foot comfort features, they give your feet the care-free zest that speeds you joyously from one recreation to another.

Although the heels are raised most gracefully, your feet suffer no strain — the Arch Preserver hidden arch-bridge keeps the foot from sagging and preserves the beautiful curve of the instep. There is none of the pinching, swelling, or distortion that you might expect in such extremely smart shoes — the flat inner sole allows the feet perfect freedom of movement. And though you walk or stand for hours, these trim, glove-like shoes never let your feet become a drag on your spirits — the metatarsal support gives tireless buoyancy to every step.

Fitted to each foot by the Arch Preserver individual method of heel-to-ball measuring as if custom made. Always shapely because the inbuilt construction preserves their trim, graceful lines until the shoes are worn out.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Look for trade-mark. Sold by 2000 dealers. Made for women, juniors, misses, and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

© 1929 The Selby Shoe Co.

$10 to $15 will give you a pair of fashionably-styled Arch Preserver Shoes and real summer foot comfort. Ask your local dealer to show you the latest designs for every occasion. If you do not know him, write us for his name, our interesting booklet and pictures of other modish Arch Preserver models.

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed—bends where the foot bends

The Selby Shoe Company,
172 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio.
Please send me, postpaid, your new booklet, No. B-72, and advance pictures of the Summer Shoe Styles from your Paris and New York Studios.

Name .....

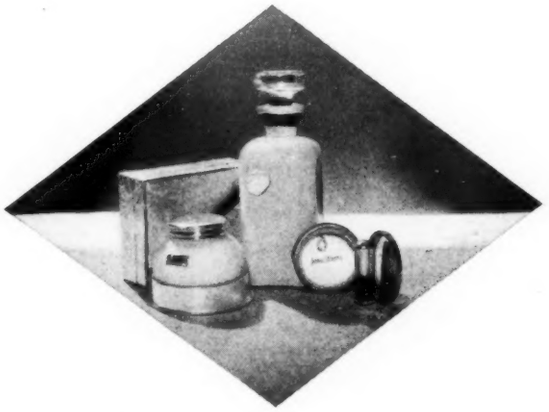
Address .....

City ..... State .....

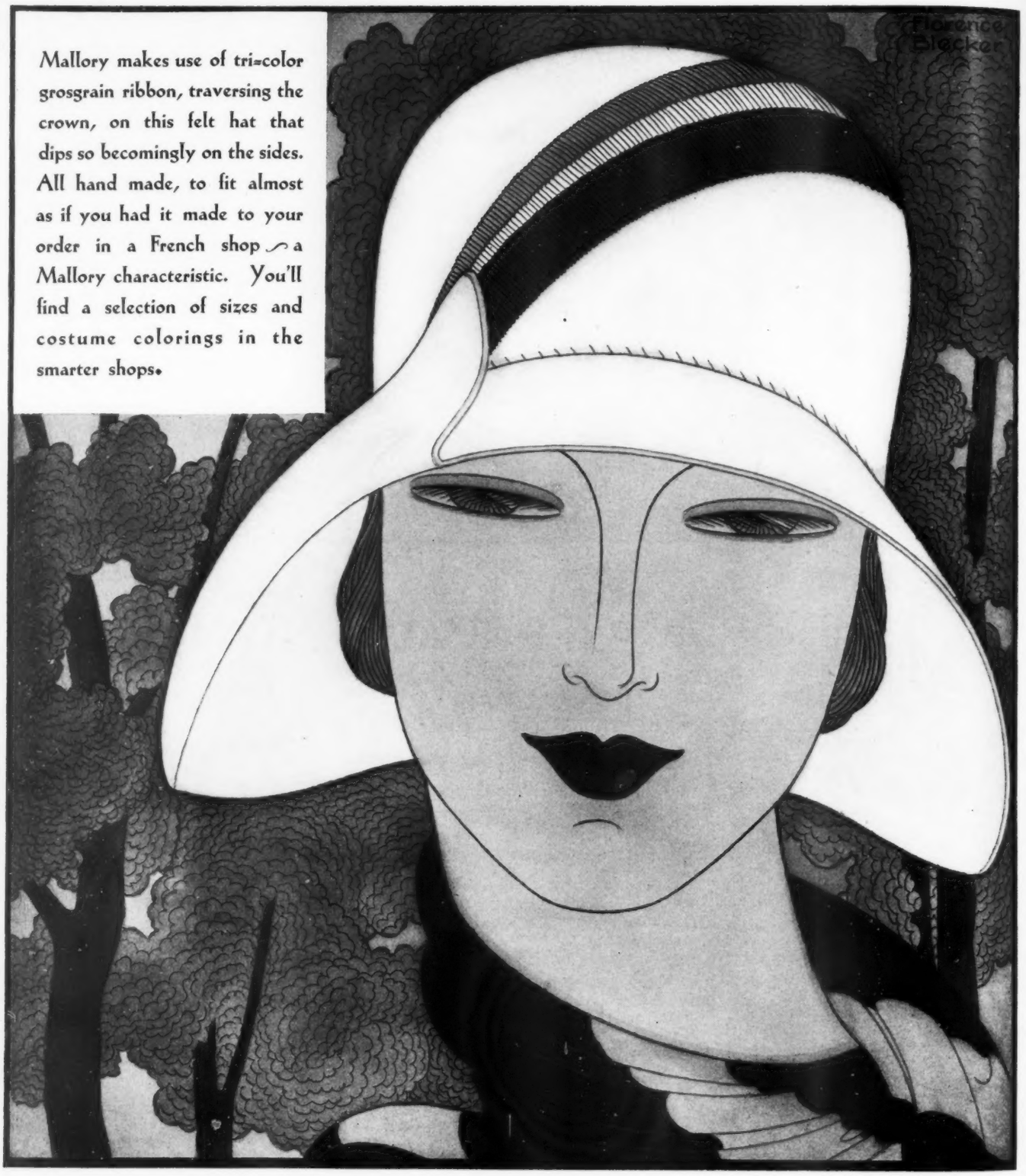
JEAN STUART'S ROMANY TAN

The sun-caressed complexion effect, first the vogue on the Riviera, now is an established mode on both continents....Jean Stuart is proud to announce the perfection of this new cosmetic technique in her Romany Tan make-up ensemble. The JEAN STUART ROMANY TAN SUN SET comprises lotion, rouge, powder, lip-stick, and cream.... Art flatters nature in terms of real beauty, a complexion softly glowing with the true blush of tinted bronze. Romany tan will not discolor nor fade. It is more natural than nature—and lovelier.

535 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK....PARIS



JEAN STUART COSMETICS ARE SOLD IN ALL SMART RETAIL AND SPECIALTY SHOPS



Mallory makes use of tri-color grosgrain ribbon, traversing the crown, on this felt hat that dips so becomingly on the sides. All hand made, to fit almost as if you had it made to your order in a French shop — a Mallory characteristic. You'll find a selection of sizes and costume colorings in the smarter shops.

MALLORY

Hats of Quality since 1823

392 FIFTH AVENUE ~ NEW YORK

THE PRONOUNCED FAVORITES IN THE SMARTEST AND MOST EXCLUSIVE CIRCLES

La Salle is priced from $2295 to $2875; Cadillac from $3295 to $3995; Fleetwoods up to $7000—all prices f. o. b. Detroit.

That there are no other cars in all the world like Cadillac and La Salle is eloquently confirmed by the character of the Cadillac-La Salle clientele... Wherever the celebrated and the sophisticated are gathered, the preponderance of Cadillacs and La Salles is impressive evidence of their popularity with particular people... The simple truth about this is that those who know motor-cars know just as certainly that there is no substitute for the immaculate individuality and the joyous satisfaction of a Cadillac-built car... De luxe Fisher and Fleetwood coachwork render Cadillac and La Salle the finest and smartest cars on the streets of the world.

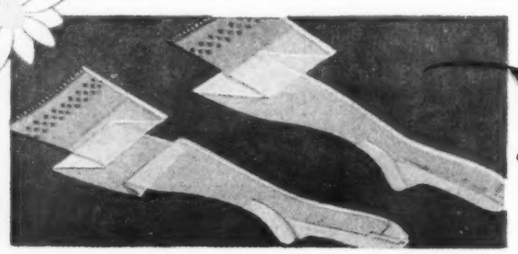
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Division of General Motors*, Detroit, Michigan; Oshawa, Canada

CADILLAC · LA SALLE · FLEETWOOD

There still may be a few women who like their lingerie in quantity, but if you seek slenderness and simplicity, you'll wear a Singlette. Such delight to have only one set of straps over one's shoulders, and no bands to break the lovely curve of the waist! Your Stockings, too, should bear Van Raalte's proud cachet—for then they'll be of finest silk, lustrously lovely, uniformly clear and sheer—fashioned to flatter ankle lines.

At good stores—or write: Van Raalte, 295 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

Giving your body a firm beauty that penetrates sports silks or evening tulles—Singlette No. 9665 of glove silk (above) $8. Of V-R Tex—$4. Silk Stockings No. 678—with lacey circlets over exquisitely colored hem linings, typically Van Raalte—are of sheerest chiffon silk, ingrain dyed, $4. Picot tops from—$1.95



VAN RAALTE

"—BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"

Twenty eventful years

. . . summed up in this black and silver booklet about

FROMM PEDIGREED SILVER FOXES

THE snows of twenty winters have padded the foot paths of the forests of Wisconsin since the Fromm Brothers settled there with the avowed intention of producing the finest strain of silver fox that man's intelligence, coupled with nature, could create. ¶Twenty generations of swift and graceful silver foxes have flashed beneath the towering pines of these primeval wilds—to evolve the regal pelt now known to the world as Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox. These foxes have a depth of ebony blackness with the silver glinting through like the sparkle of crystal northern snow among the leafy shadows of the gale swept trees. ¶The quest of twenty years is over—its purpose realized in these full and silky masterpieces of fur, now made up into aristocratic scarfs. Like all real treasures, these scarfs are rare. To assure yourself the opportunity of owning one—return the coupon. You will be directed to a store which carries Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox scarfs—and will receive a fascinating black and silver booklet—telling you the interesting story of this miracle of twenty eventful years in the far north woods. Fromm Bros., Nieman & Co., Thiensville, Wisconsin.

***ABOVE** are shown the black and silver booklet—and the Medallion which identifies the genuine Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox scarf. Return this Medallion to Fromm—and receive a Pedigree—describing the scarf you have purchased. Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes are limited in quantity.*

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

H.B.-6-29

FROMM BROS., NIEMAN & CO.
Thiensville, Wisconsin

GENTLEMEN:
Send me booklet on Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes. This entails no obligation on my part.

My *Furrier is* _____

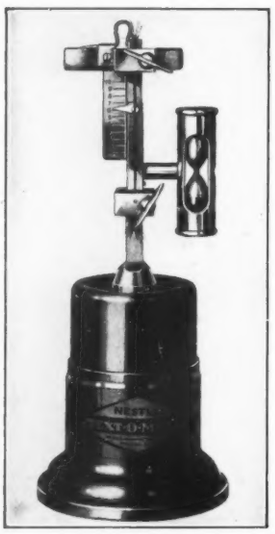
Address _____

My Name _____

Address _____

WHAT IS YOUR "NUMBER"?

On it depends Your Perfect Permanent Wave



Every industry has its pioneer and leader — electricity its Thomas Edison; the aeroplane, the Wright Brothers; the automobile, Henry Ford; in hair science, Charles Nessler (C. Nestle). He is the originator of permanent waving, author of "The Story of Hair" and one of the world's foremost authorities on hair. Mr. Nessler's revolutionary invention, the Nestle Text-o-Meter—the instrument that reads your hair and finds your "number"—is the result of his thirty years of research, during which time he tested over 30,000 samples of hair.

IF you go to a dressmaker to have a frock made, she first takes your measurements. For *you* know and *she* knows that people vary in size—she cannot *guess* at your measurements if the frock is to fit you perfectly.

Hair varies, too! And your hairdresser must know the kind of hair you have before you can be sure of a truly perfect permanent wave—without "frizzes" or hair-breakage. The kind of hair you have is classified by a "number"—discovered by a 60-seconds test of a tiny strand of your hair on the Nestle Text-o-Meter—*the only instrument of its kind in the world.*

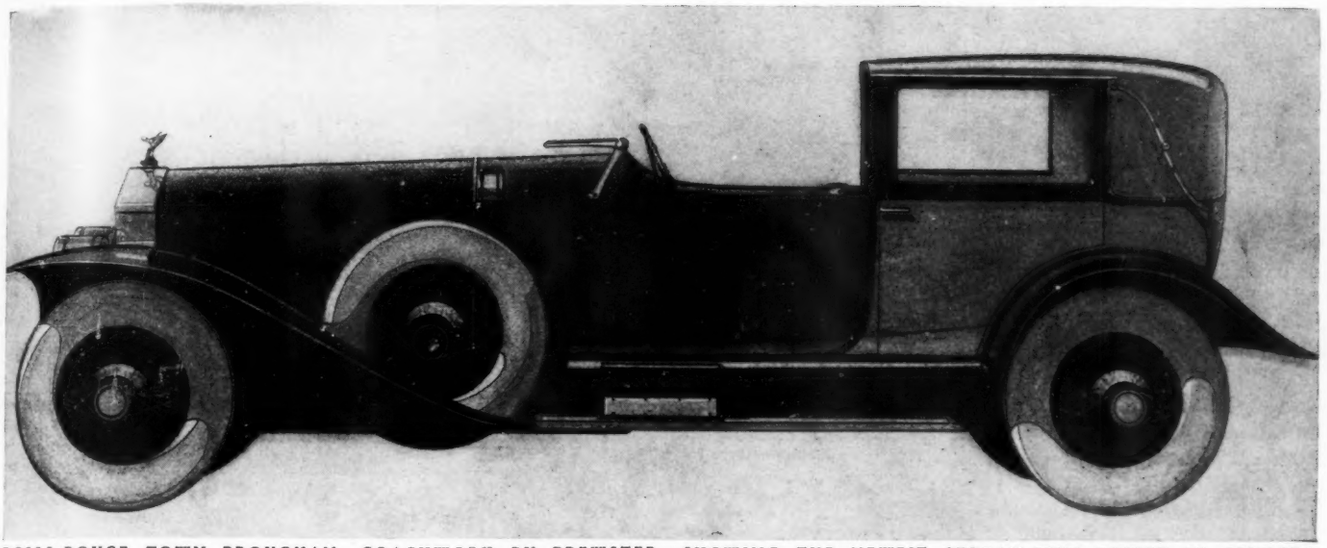
No longer need a hairdresser *guess* about your hair. Now, she uses the Nestle Text-o-Meter to "read" your hair in advance. Then she permanently waves it according to its *individual* requirements—and in the size wave you prefer: wide, medium or tight.

This *tested* wave is revolutionizing permanent waving. It is sweeping the country because it at last replaces *guesswork* with *Science!* Today, thousands of progressive beauty shops are equipped with the Nestle Text-o-Meter. Your own hairdresser is probably among them. Let her discover your "number." Phone for an appointment tomorrow morning!

The different strength waving-agents used in this scientific method of permanent waving are contained in little flannel strips called "Nestle Circulines." Make sure that your hairdresser uses GENUINE Nestle Circulines, as only the genuine are keyed to the findings of the Nestle Text-o-Meter. You are then also sure that no harmful chemicals—such as lye, borax, ammonia—are being used on your hair.

A fascinating booklet on the Nestle Tested Wave has just been published. Ask your hairdresser for a copy—or write to The Nestle-LeMur Co., 10F East 49th Street, New York City.

INSIST ON A *NESTLE* ORIGINATORS of PERMANENT WAVING *TESTED* PERMANENT WAVE



ROLLS-ROYCE TOWN BROUGHAM, COACHWORK BY BREWSTER, SHOWING THE NEWEST STREAM-LINE EFFECT IN FENDERS.

How is Paris wearing its fenders?

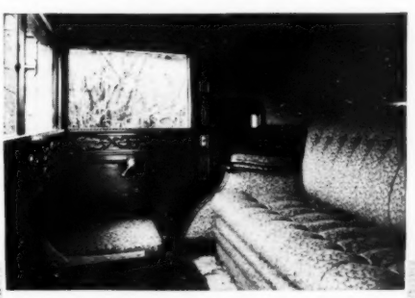
AND not only fenders. What does Paris say about the cut of doors, about the slant of the windshield? What upholstery does Paris favor? What colors does it prefer?

Important questions, these, to the woman about to purchase a motor car. For she knows that the most unique, the most daring styles in automobiles, like the smartest fashions in gowns, originate on the Continent. There, custom coachwork is the rule, not the exception.

But the woman who seeks originality in her motor, need not go to Paris to find it. She need only come to Rolls-Royce. For Rolls-Royce, through the exclusive Bureau International du Dessin which it maintains in Paris, brings to you in America the newest and best ideas of all the Old World designers.

This Bureau has entree into all the leading coachworks of Europe—it is in close and constant touch with the foremost designers. Indeed, these artists find in the Rolls-Royce clientele the inspiration for their finest efforts, their most brilliant creations. For in this clientele, they have men and women who can both appreciate and afford the most splendid designs. At the Bureau, the sketches of these masters are correlated with Rolls-Royce manufacturing practice, and become available to you.

From among them, you may choose one which is a perfect interpretation of your own ideas. Or you may choose the best features of several designs—the flare of the fenders of one, the sweep of the molding of another, the interior finish of a third—and to these you may add original touches until the finished design is truly your own creation.



Photograph of interior, executed by Brewster craftsmen. Period carvings and inlay work form a brilliant feature of the newest designs.

In either case, the craftsmen of Brewster & Company, the coachwork division of Rolls-Royce, and the most famous coach-builders in the world, will translate your design into a motor car that is not only a Rolls-Royce in every detail—but a Rolls-Royce as intimately and individually yours as the reflection in your mirror!

ROLLS-ROYCE Direct Works Branches in all principal cities . . . . Executive Sales Offices: Long Island City, New York. . . . . Chassis Works: Springfield, Massachusetts.

ROLLS-ROYCE

TO THE

MEDITERRANEAN

BY THE SCYTHIA

From New York, Jan. 28, 1930, exclusively chartered for Frank's Eighth Annual Mediterranean Cruise De Luxe . . . eighth because its predecessors have met the exacting demands of experienced travelers . . . those who expect the utmost in everything . . . in shore arrangements, in food and in service. It is a cruise conducted by a staff skilfully schooled in the deeper matters of travel . . . and guided by the Frank Tourist Company's 54 years of experience.

Her 67 day itinerary is the most comprehensive cycle of the world's glittering playgrounds . . . reached at the height of their seasons . . . when Cairo is officiating as Oriental rendezvous of smart nomads . . . when Nice, Naples and Algiers glow with that sophisticated sheen lent by Continentals on a holiday.

Cunard First Class Service and cuisine . . . membership limited to 390 guests. Rates including shore excursions from $950. Free stopover in Europe and return by any Cunard steamer.

Fascinating Literature on Request.

FRANK TOURIST COMPANY

Established 1875

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at FORTY-FIFTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

PHILADELPHIA . . . . 1529 Locust Street
CHICAGO . . . 175 No. Michigan Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO . . . . 29 Geary Street

It Speaks for Itself . . . !

Look at the delectable procession of *capannas* up the beach . . . at the Scheveningen chairs . . . at the *dolce far niente* both in the water and out . . . And round the corner there is water-tobogganing . . . aquaplaning . . . bubble-boat bathing . . . every known variety of water exuberance . . .

When sports go Swiss they go all the way . . . Just as St. Moritz is a winter magnet, so is Lausanne-Ouchy—Plage top-hole for aquatic diversion . . . And Lac Leman is as sapphire as its Aunt Mediterranean . . . the trees are as green as the poplars of Lombardy . . . the hotels have the famous Swiss-French hospitality . . .

At the Harper's Bazar Travel Bureau, you will find information of all the European Rivieras . . . The Bureau does not rest on its reputation for being the smartest place in New York in which to plan travel . . . It is constantly adding affirmation to information. This makes it unique. And its service . . . a household word with travelling America . . . is free

Harper's Bazar Travel Bureau
572 Madison Avenue, at 56th Street, New York City

SOUTH AMERICA ho!

Heralded by the Four Princes comes a travel era keyed to the golden future of South America. Already embarking on their maiden trips the "NORTHERN PRINCE," "EASTERN PRINCE," "SOUTHERN PRINCE" and "WESTERN PRINCE" will soon establish regular fortnightly sailings from New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. More than 500 feet long, over 17,500 tons displacement, with twin Diesel motors, these new motorships represent the last thought in travel safety and luxury.
Reservations and literature at authorized tourist agents or address Furness Prince Line, 34 Whitehall St. (Where Broadway Begins), or 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

FURNESS *Prince* LINE

Prince Line Service has been Continuous between New York and South America for 35 years.

Where motoring is an ever-thrilling delight!

South Africa

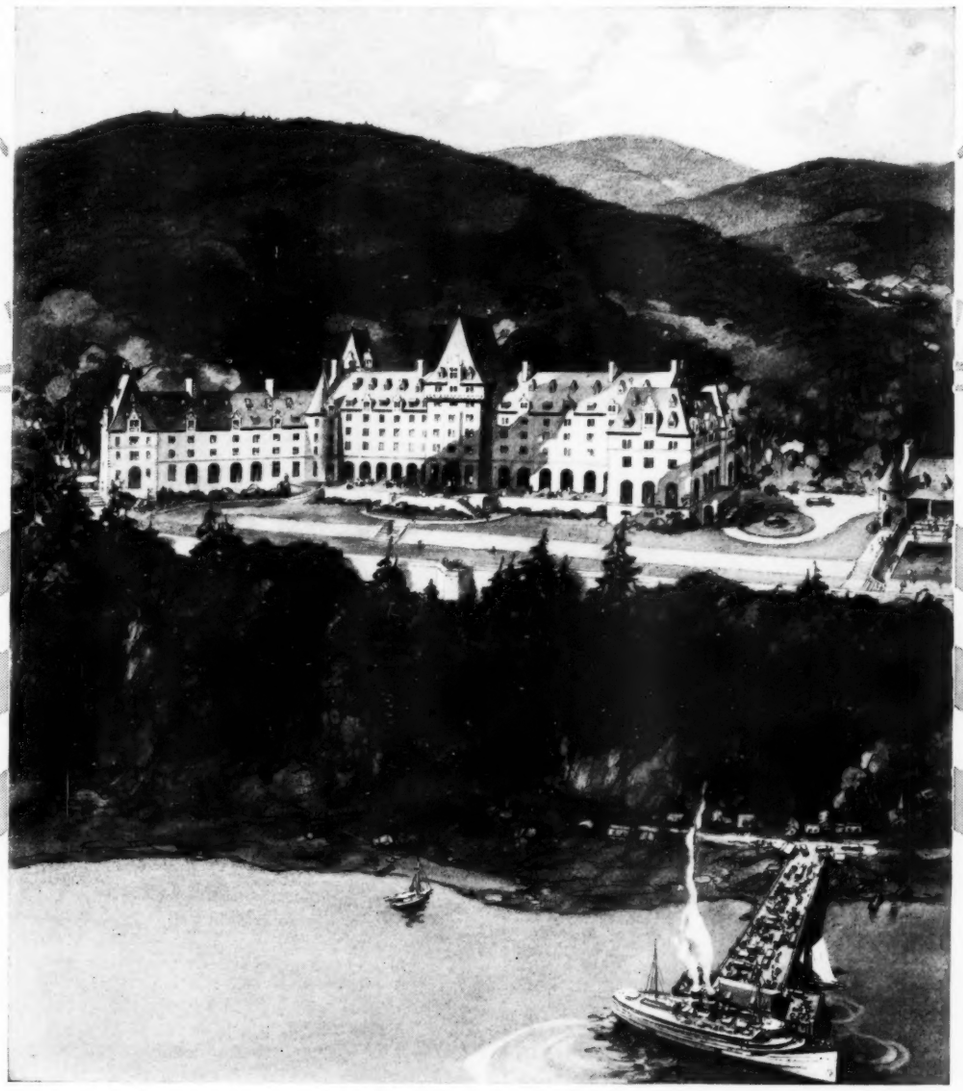
offers the visitor mile after mile of fine iron-stone motor roads. The famous drives around the Cape, in Northern Transvaal, or through Natal, are indicative of many fascinating trips enjoyed on uncrowded thoroughfares in this year-round travel land. As you glide along, beautiful flowers, towering mountains and far flung verdant veld charm you. The invigorating climate and mellow sunshine fill you with youthful, happy, carefree healthfulness. You see modern cities and quaint kraal life, and at each day's end you rest in comfortable modern hotels.

Where else in the world can you see

Acres of Diamonds
The Majestic Victoria Falls
Forty Miles of Deep, Stupendous Gold Mines
Barbaric Bantu War Dances
Speedy, Preening Ostriches
The Mysterious Zimbabwe Ruins

Write for fully illustrated travel literature, and booklet SO-3.

Travel Bureau of South Africa
11 Broadway South Africa New York City



The New MANOIR RICHELIEU

A Picture in a Gorgeous Frame

At Murray Bay, Province of Quebec, Canada

SET in the lap of the oldest mountains in the world, the Laurentian ranges, the MANOIR RICHELIEU overlooks the fourteen mile width of the St. Lawrence river. Blue as indigo, this stupendous flood moves with scarcely a ripple towards the sea.

If you could fly up and over the sweep of mountain shown above to discover one of the most picturesque eighteen hole courses on the continent—the Manoir Links; or circle the hotel to visit the gay swimming pool where an orchestra is playing; or carry some lumps of sugar in your pocket to the sleek coated thoroughbred saddle horses in their stables: then you would realize that here is a great manor house of the finest French architecture, luxurious in every appointment and offering its six hundred guests the care-free pleasures of a fashionable house party.

Remember too, that Murray Bay is situated in old French Canada, a land of romantic charm, where the habitant still lives in the manner of his ancestors, where the French tongue is spoken, where the air is crystal clear and the weather as bracing as a stirrup cup.

300 DOUBLE ROOMS 300 PRIVATE BATHS

For handsomely illustrated booklet, full particulars, rates, etc., apply to
J. O. EVANS, *Manager of Hotels*, 715 VICTORIA SQ., MONTREAL, P.Q., CANADA

CANADA • STEAMSHIP • LINES

Agents in the Principal Cities of the United States and Canada, or your own Tourist Agent

MR6

France

Don't read history . . . Go and see it!

To get your history in a book is like falling in love by correspondence . . . you have the facts, but where's the thrill?...Go to France this summer and find the splendid past framed in the vivid life of today!...See the thirteenth century come alive in the Cathedral at Amiens . . . and don't forget the antique shops....Study the old and new in tapestries at Beauvais....Get the feel of Norman houses in Lisieux....Stand at the top of Mont St. Michel and understand Europe from the Druids down to the little abbé who leads his flock among the chattering tourists of 1929 . . . and eat an omelette for the good of your soul before you leave....Visit Rheims . . . and thank heaven for its restoration....To Strasbourg and beautiful Alsace-Lorraine....Go south to the Loire and take an autocar trip from Blois, Tours, Saumur or Angers and give yourself to beauty and to dreams. ...Then south again to Avignon . . . the Palace of the Popes . . . to Carcassonne the incomparable . . . to Lourdes, the home of faith and miracles today.

Information and literature on request

RAILWAYS OF FRANCE

General Representatives

INTERNATIONAL WAGONS-LITS, 701 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, *OR ANY TOURIST AGENCY*

Alameda County — the Center of Scenic California

Where GOLDEN POPPIES Grow

LOOKING westward over San Francisco Bay; the city of Oakland in the middle distance. A Golden Land—where blossom-crested hills reflect the splendor of sunset thru the Golden Gate—where the glow of health and joy of living go hand in hand with a wealth of opportunity.

BALMY spring days . . . rolling hills blazing in the golden glory of the California wild poppies (*copa de oro*, or *cup of gold*, as the early Spaniards named what is now California's state flower) . . . brown sand dunes rich with the blues and purples of the wild lupine . . . mountain meadows carpeted in mosaic-like colorings of dainty blooms hiding among the grasses . . . wooded dells with almost impenetrable masses of shoulder-high ferns . . . the tinkle of little streams meandering through cool, moss-covered banks . . . peace and quiet, and the joy of living.

Far away, where the broad Pacific meets the brighter blue of the sky, a lumbering freighter, bound for far distant ports under the Southern Cross, dips below the horizon, while, closer in, dainty yachts mince their way between protecting headlands. Above is the drone of a mail plane, as it slides earthward after having crossed the high Sierras where the pilot saw below him the fairest land in all these United States . . . Scenic California.

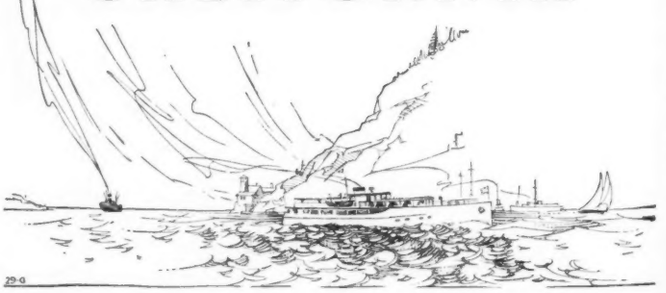
On the eastern shore of the great harbor of San Francisco Bay is Alameda County, which offers to you the recreational, educational, and business opportunities of its three principal cities—Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda. Here, in the center of the wonderland of Scenic California, is a city dwelling, a suburban home, or a country estate where you can enjoy life as you can scarcely enjoy it anywhere else—where you and your family will find happiness and contentment. Plan now to visit where California reaches its highest degree of perfection and select the community for your future home.

For further information write the

OAKLAND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Particularly requesting Booklet 17.

OAKLAND CALIFORNIA



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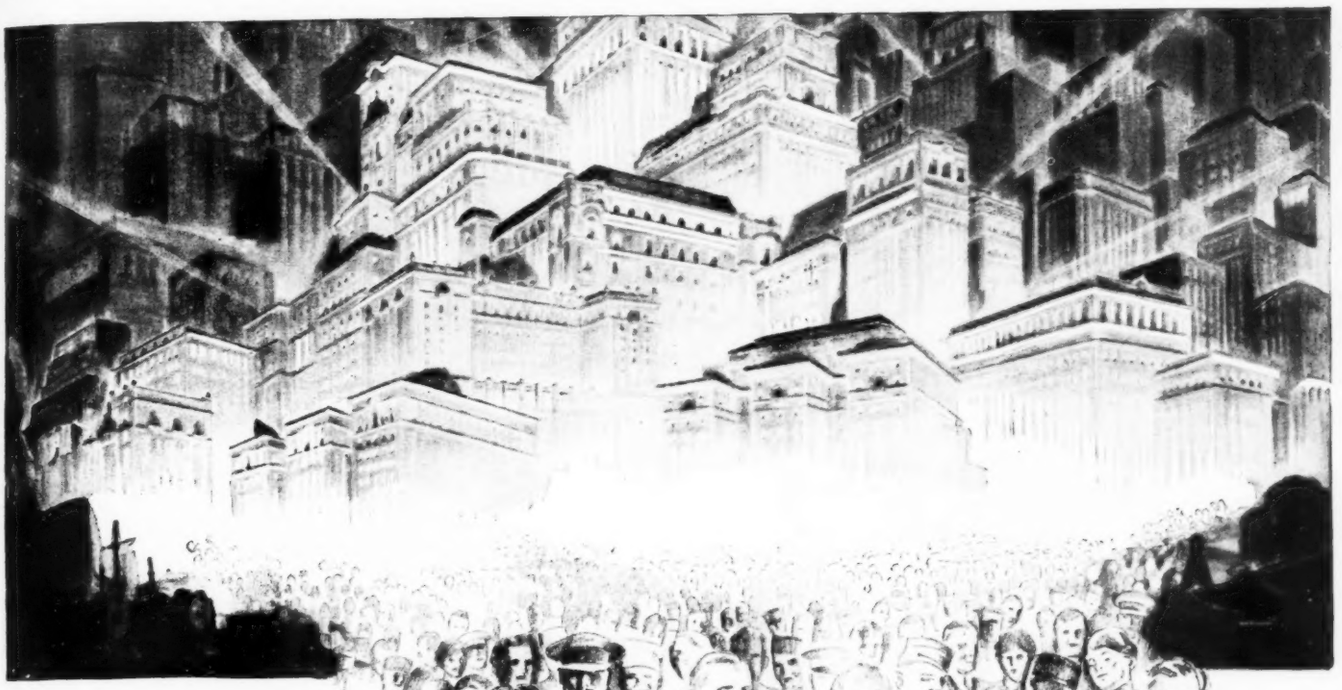

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THE heart of it, cheerfulness; its purpose, good service.

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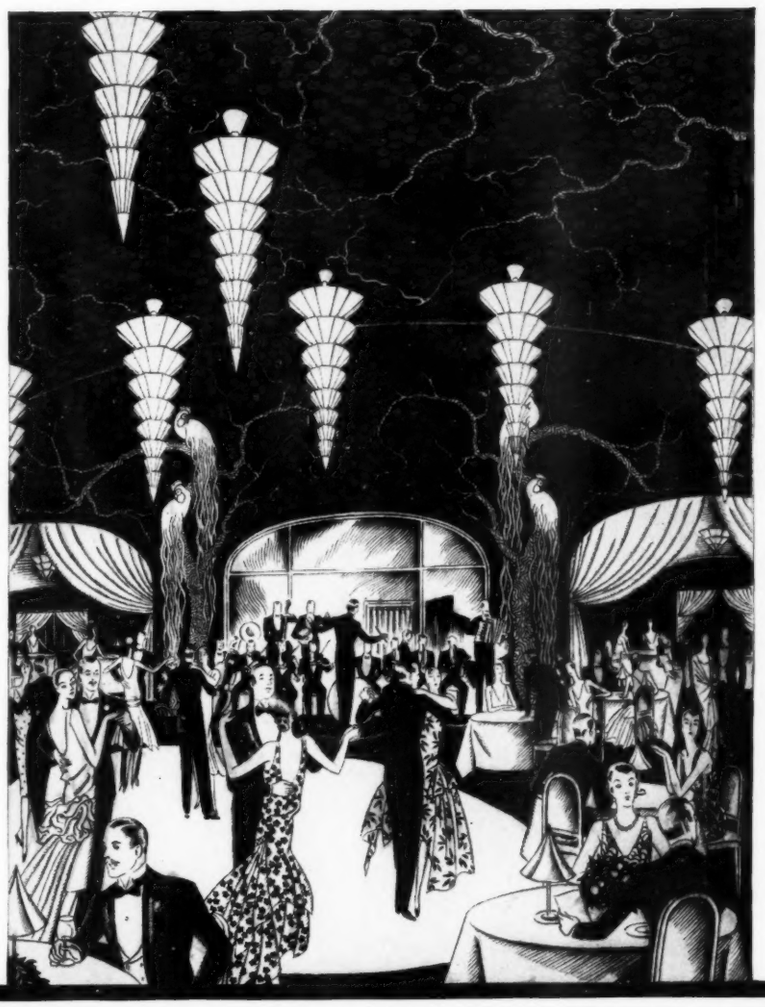

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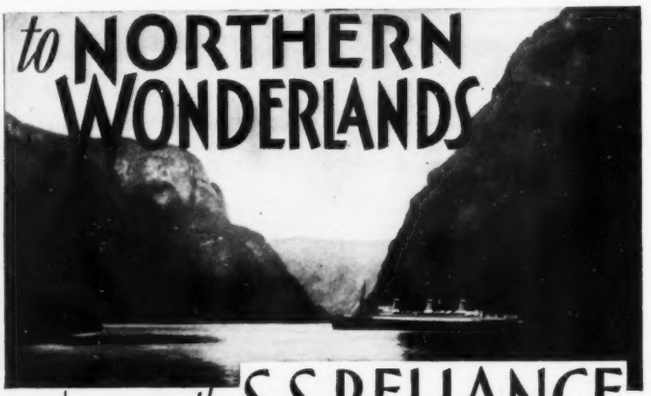

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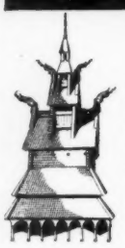

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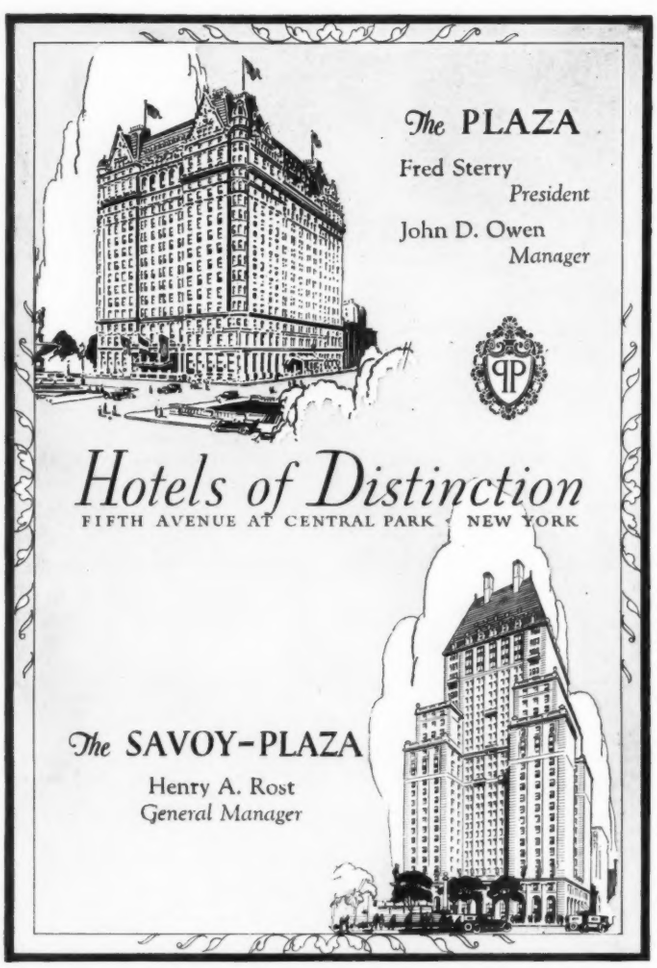

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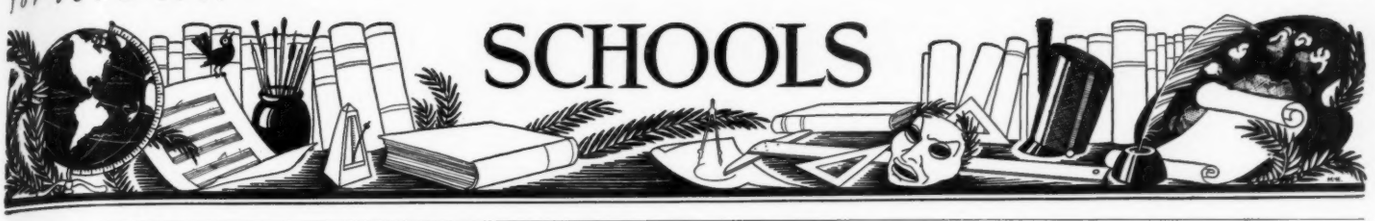

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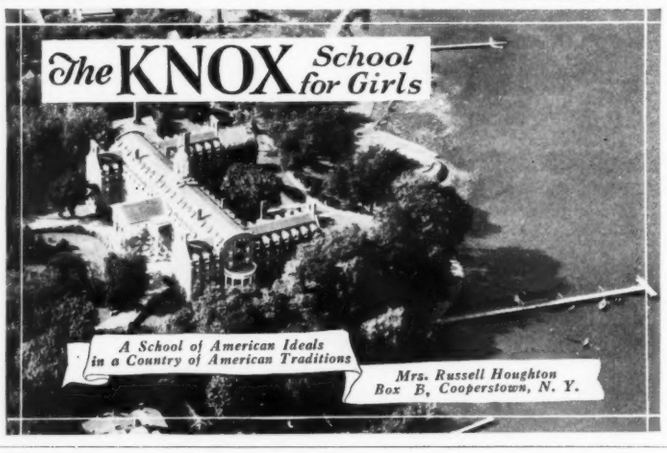
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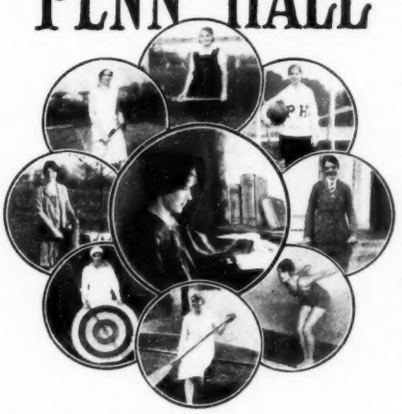

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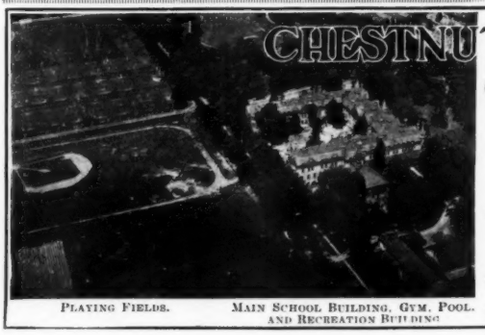

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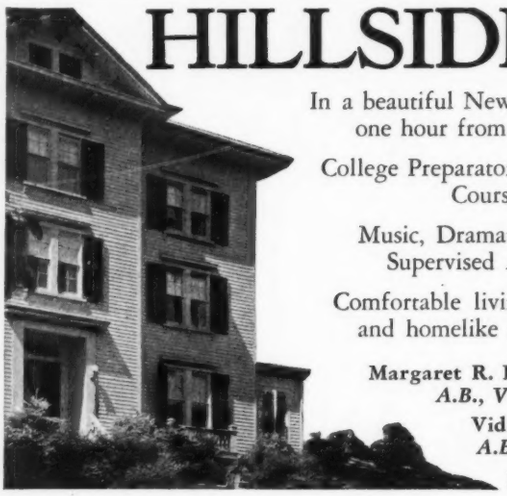

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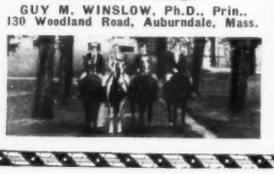

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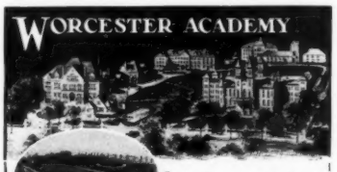

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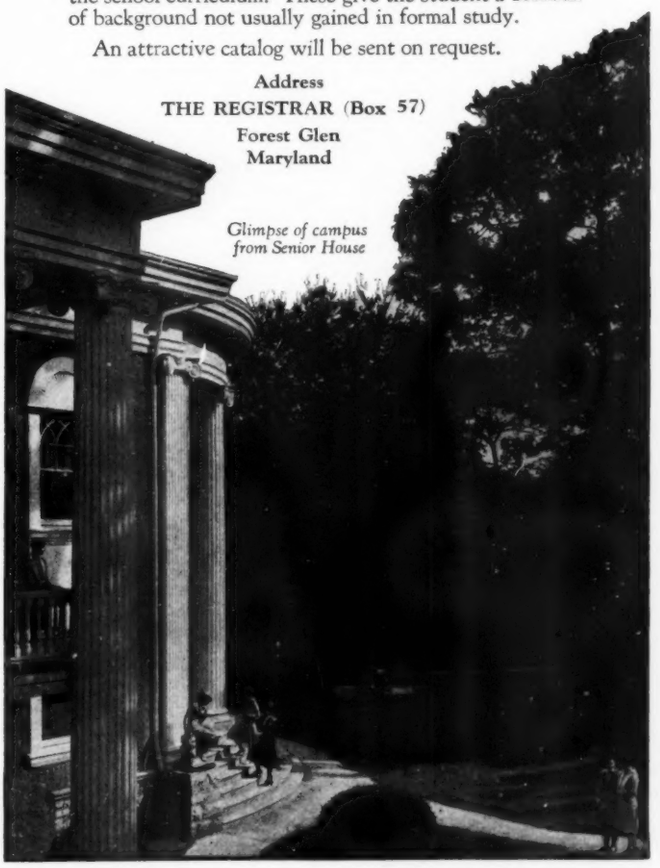

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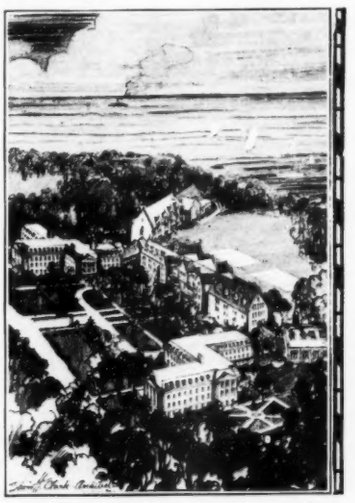

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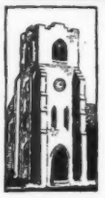

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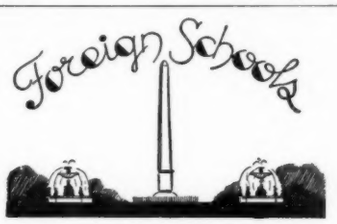

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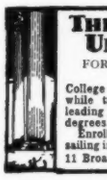

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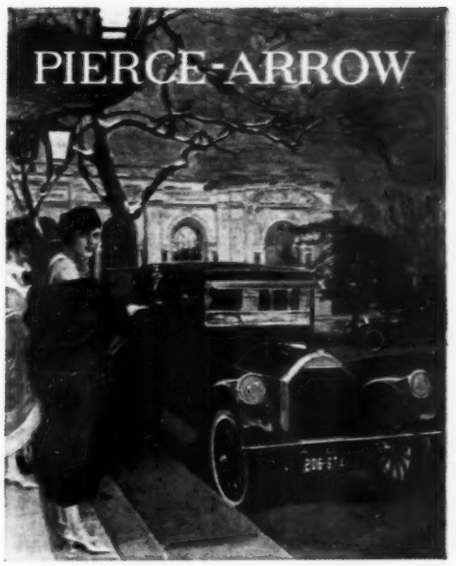

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Black Organdie—*used by Maggy Rouff for her thrilling gown, Les Ailes . . . makes the model above. Here this sophisticated fabric joins organdie in off-white . . . almost a flesh tint. Mauve and green grapes embroidered flat and the straight hem-line are distinctive notes.*

Organdies, Cotton Net and Cotton Crepe — courtesy of J. Wise Co., Inc.

Printed Cotton Net *is a smart new fabric used above in yielding, wispy lines. Plain net footing in a new shade of blue outlines the ruffled skirt and square decolleté. The dusty blue and green print is heightened by a prim nosegay in red, blue and yellow.*

A Hand-made Voile *from Grande Maison de Blanc always makes a charming entrance at tea time. Bluet binds the skirt three times around and outlines the collar. Tucks as thin as a pin and embroidered cornflowers are the only other adornment.*

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Where to Shop in New York

SOCIAL CALENDAR

for JUNE 1929

SATURDAY, JUNE 1—Wedding of Miss Edith Claire May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Oliver May of No. 53 East Ninety-first street, to Burton Wakeman Taylor in Trinity Church, Southport, Conn. Reception to follow at the summer home of the bride's parents.

Wedding of Miss Jean Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Small Moore of No. 4 East Sixty-sixth street, and Roslyn, L. I., to the Hon. Oliver Malcolm Wallop, in the Cathedral of the Incarnation. Reception to follow at the country home of the bride's parents.

Wedding of Miss Helen Talmadge Runkle, daughter of Mrs. Frederick Palmer of No. 969 Park Avenue, to Bertrand Faugeres Bell, in the chapel of St. Bartholomew's. Reception to follow at Sherry's.

Wedding of Miss Helen Anita Treadwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Treadwell of Jamaica, L. I., to Carleton Jay Anderson, at the Hotel Plaza.

Wedding of Miss Martha Tuck Caldwell, daughter of Mrs. Theodore Grand Caldwell of Brooklyn, to Ernest St. Clair Bijou in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn. Reception at the Ambassador.

Wedding of Miss Dorothy Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Campbell of Brooklyn, to F. Anson Sheill in Grace Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn.

Wedding of Miss Marguerite C. Budd, daughter of Mrs. William Hardenbergh Budd of Yonkers, to Dr. Burton L. Sterner in St. John's Episcopal Church, Yonkers.

TUESDAY, JUNE 4—Wedding of Miss Katherine Steele, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Nelson Steele, Jr., of No. 103 East Eightieth street, to Antonio Ponvert, Jr., in the Church of the Resurrection. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5—Wedding of Miss Barbara Meserve, to Frederic H. Wood in the First Parish Church, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Wedding of Miss Geraldine Theodora Swimm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Frazier Swimm of Brooklyn, to John James Van Nostrand King, at the Park Lane.

(*Concluded on page 186*)

ONE OF THE LATEST TRANSFORMATIONS VIEWED AT MANUEL'S EXHIBITION IN HIS PARIS SALON

BOOKLET UPON REQUEST

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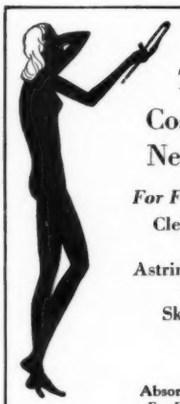

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WHERE TO SHOP IN Paris

Lorsqu'un Parisien de Paris veut prendre l'air et se reposer de ses soucis journaliers, où songe-t-il tout d'abord à se rendre? sans doute au Boix aux Champs Elysées, ou dans les calmes allées du Luxembourg? Non pas, il va flâner durant une heure sur les grands boulevards, car cette atmosphère de vié intense, cette griserie légère, cette animation incessante, lui sont plus nécessaires que l'oxygéne.

Les boulevards! c'est là que depuis plusieurs siécles, bat le coeur de Paris. Mas les anciennes artères sont devenues insuffisantes, et dans sa poussée vers l'Ouest, la ville a ouvert une nouvelle voie. Le boulevard Haussmann n'a pas de passé, mais il a tout l'avenir et le contraste est curieux entre ses bâtiments neufs et les maisons déjà vieillies du Boulevard des Italiens ou Montmartre.

Juste à l'angle formé par l'ancien et le nouveau boulevard, se dresse une imposante construction, le ROYAL HAUSSMANN, dans laquelle l'on a ingénieusement réuni toutes les commodités et les áttraits de la vie parisienne. C'est tout d'abord un magasin de luxe et de qualité dédié à l'homme et la femme élégants, où, en une présentation très neuve, se trouve tout ce qui compose la toilette masculine et féminine dans leur plus précieux raffinement. Puis l'hôtel le plus moderne et le plus confortable de Paris et enfin cette galer'e souterraine si séduisante, avec ses marbres de couleur, ses lumières adoucies, ses vitrines, son bar et son restaurant au service impeccable et à la *cuisine* savoureuse. Chaque soir après le diner, un orchestre hongrois magistralement dirigé, initie les parisiens aux fougues passionnées et aux langueurs veloutées de la musique tzigane. Et il semble que désormais les Champs Elysées, séjour des bienheureux, aient été transportés sous les boulevards.

Alice Baudouin

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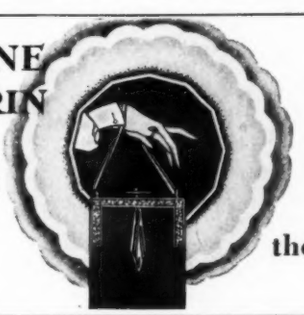

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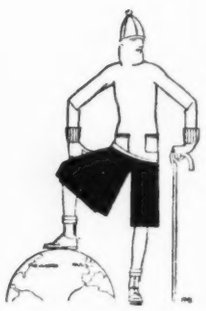

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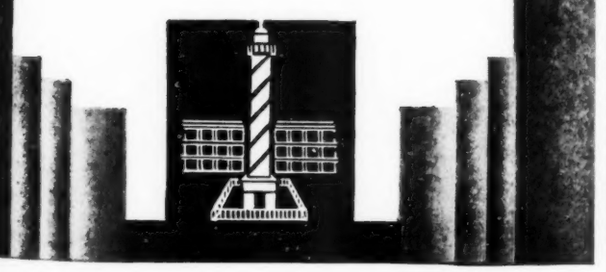

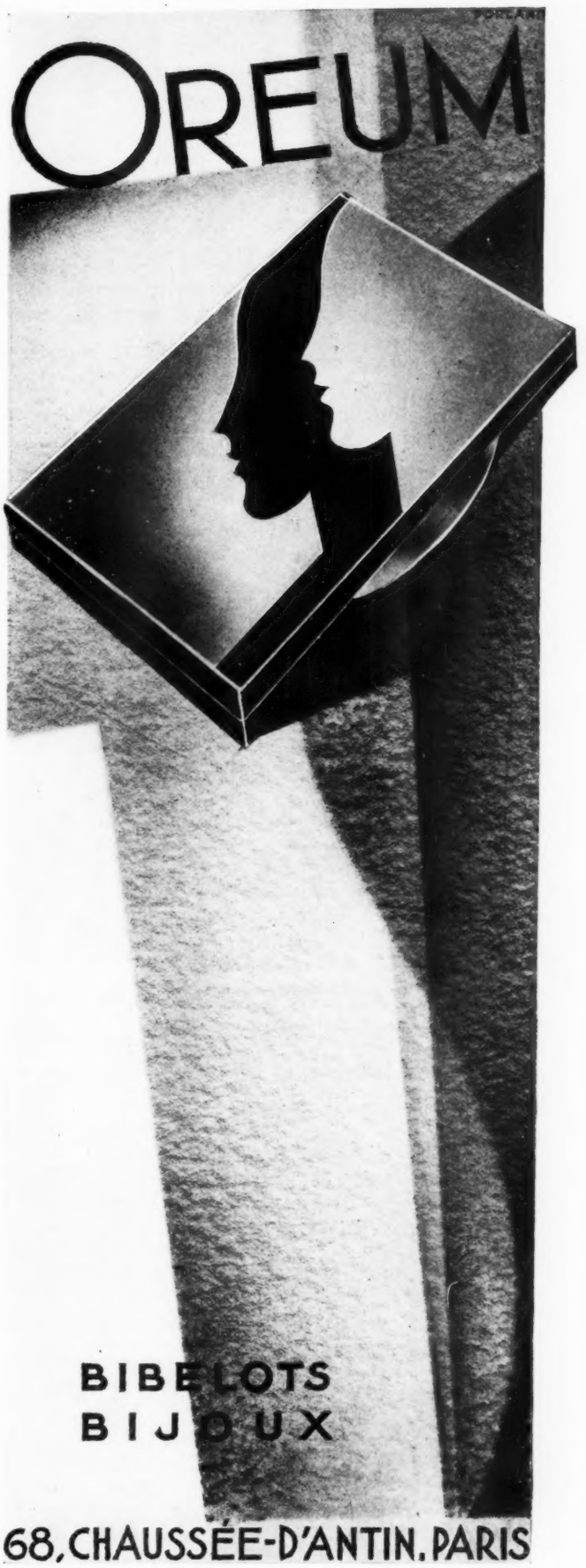

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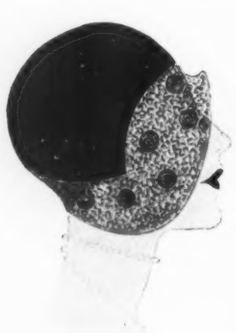

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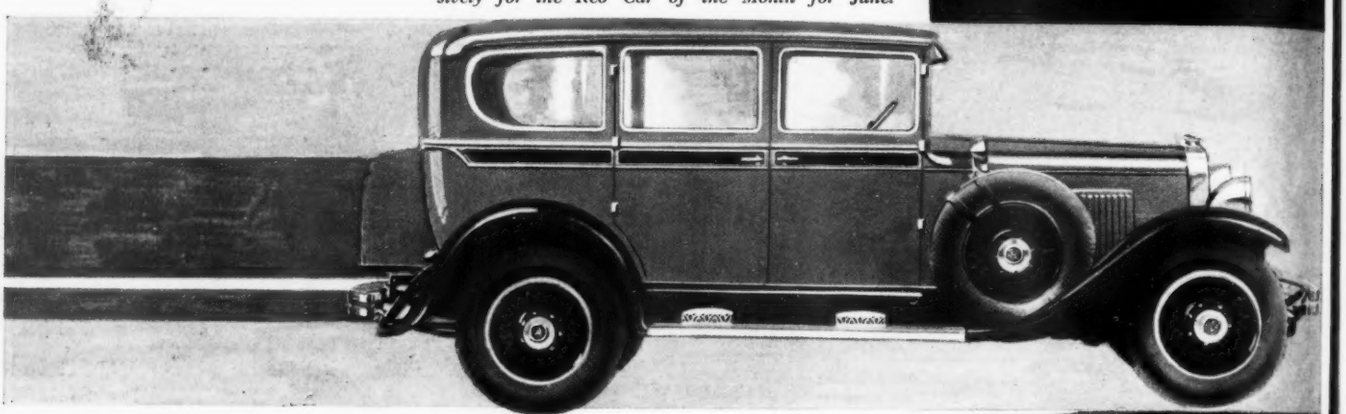
REO

FLYING CLOUD OF THE MONTH

This illustration shows the actual upholstery fabric made by Cheney Brothers on Jacquard looms, exclusively for the Reo Car of the Month for June.



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SENIOR

Chosen for its charm

INSTINCTIVELY, women of taste are attracted to the Dodge Brothers Senior. For here is a motor car of such distinction that it instantly becomes as much a part of their personal background as their homes, their wardrobes and their hobbies. Dodge Brothers and Chrysler Motors have given their combined best to its creation. Graceful style has been smartly adapted to big-car spaciousness. The same studied care has been devoted to every small nicety of appointment as to the larger luxuries of equipment. Hence, every mood and manner of the Dodge Brothers Senior enhances natural feminine charm, contributing poise and peace-of-mind. And, not to be overlooked as a most welcome attraction are its new lower prices.

NEW LOWER PRICES: $1495 TO $1595 F.O.B. DETROIT
Convenient Terms

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

THE SENIOR SEDAN *(wire wheels extra)*

There in the shabby room . . . strangely, surprisingly, the costliest piano in the world

His room was drab . . . the furniture plain and worn . . . but there were books and some fine prints . . . and in the corner, gleaming, a Mason & Hamlin piano.

For this young musician and composer felt that he could scarcely bear to have any piano less than the finest that the world of music knew. He earned only sixty dollars a week by teaching, but his wants were simple . . . his other wants. In music his wants were soaring. And that, to him, meant a Mason & Hamlin.

So it is that you find this magnificent piano in two types of home. In the mansions of the world, where famous canvases hang on the walls, where furniture and hangings are of breath-taking splendor, where the floors are covered with fabulous Orientals . . . there you find the Mason & Hamlin, costliest of pianos.

And in those more modest homes where the only fabulous beauty is in the music loved and played . . . there too you find the Mason & Hamlin.

For both in the richness of its music and in its unequalled social reputation, the Mason & Hamlin stands proudly alone. Catalogue of models may be had by writing to Mason & Hamlin Co., 18 Station Street, Boston, Mass. $1650 and up.

MASON & HAMLIN

THE FINEST (AND INCIDENTALLY THE COSTLIEST) PIANO IN THE WORLD

Mason & Hamlin may be had with the Ampico. The Ampico – the one instrument that reproduces exactly the playing of great artists on your own piano – will allow your truant fancies to roam from popular to classical music and back again. Rachmaninoff will play his favorite compositions . Lhevinne, Samaroff, Lopez, Youmans . . . will entertain you at call. Victor Arden and Adam Carroll with jingling fox trot duets, will make your feet misbehave. Only the Ampico reproduces every shading and fancy which the artists' nimble fingers have transmitted through the flashing keys. The Mason & Hamlin, with the Ampico, is priced from $3150 up. Convenient terms may be arranged.

A ROOM WITH A VIEW OF FASHION SUPREMACY

Cool . . . aristocratic . . . with an air of quiet efficiency . . . the Third Floor is the fashion mecca for smart women who select their ready-to-wear in leisurely manner . . . On June days, you may see the monde elegante en route to Southampton or Newport . . . to Europe . . . considering the height of fashion in the salon that is dedicated to it. It is possible to choose a complete wardrobe . . . from the most mannered of dinner gowns, to a simple sports suit . . . with the assurance that you are anticipating the best of Paris because of the quick, adaptive brains of our own designers. The same conducive surroundings and perfect service . . . the aplomb which is the natural result of excelling in any field . . . are apparent in every other department, too. On the Fourth Floor, Made to Order . . . On the Second, coats, also gowns in larger size . . . On the Street Floor, hats . . . the new glove department . . . hosiery . . . bags . . . perfumery . . . jewelry and accessories.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

FIFTH AVENUE at 58th
NEW YORK

KNAPP-FELT HATS FOR WOMEN

Soft, cool mornings . . . bright, sparkling days — in town or away The Knapp-Felt AVANT *exquisitely hand-tailored of softest Knapp-Felt . . . revealing lovely natural contours. A wealth of colorings in all sizes!*

THE CROFUT AND KNAPP COMPANY • 620 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Presented by Carter & Johnston, 22 East 49th Street, New York, and at the Smartest Shops in the Principal Cities

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON — POSED BY MARJORIE MULHALL

PACKARD

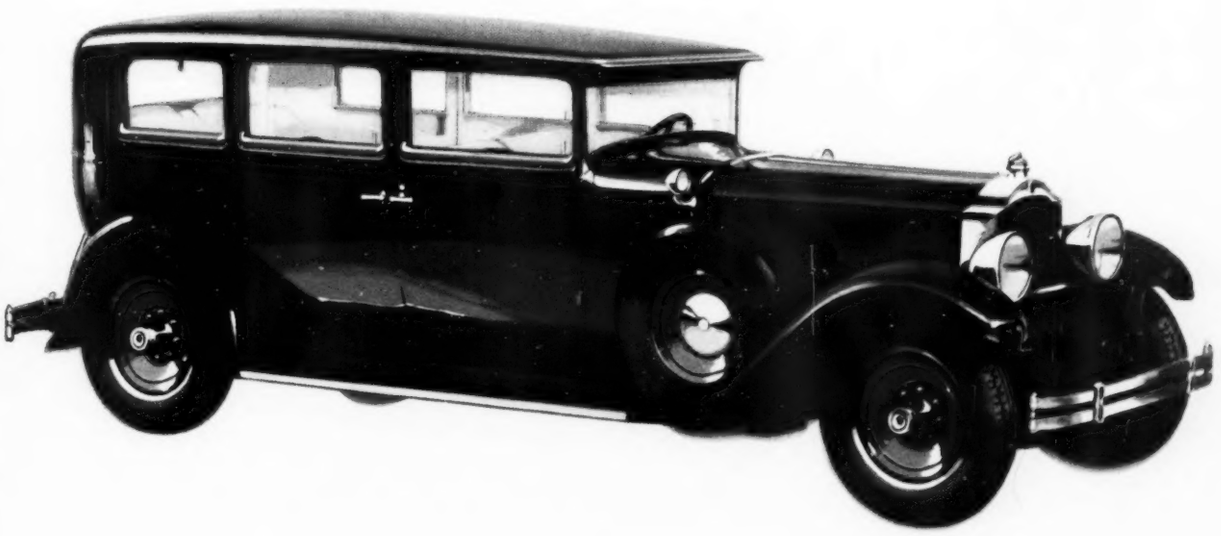
To the golden voice of Jenny Lind a cultured American public paid immediate and merited homage

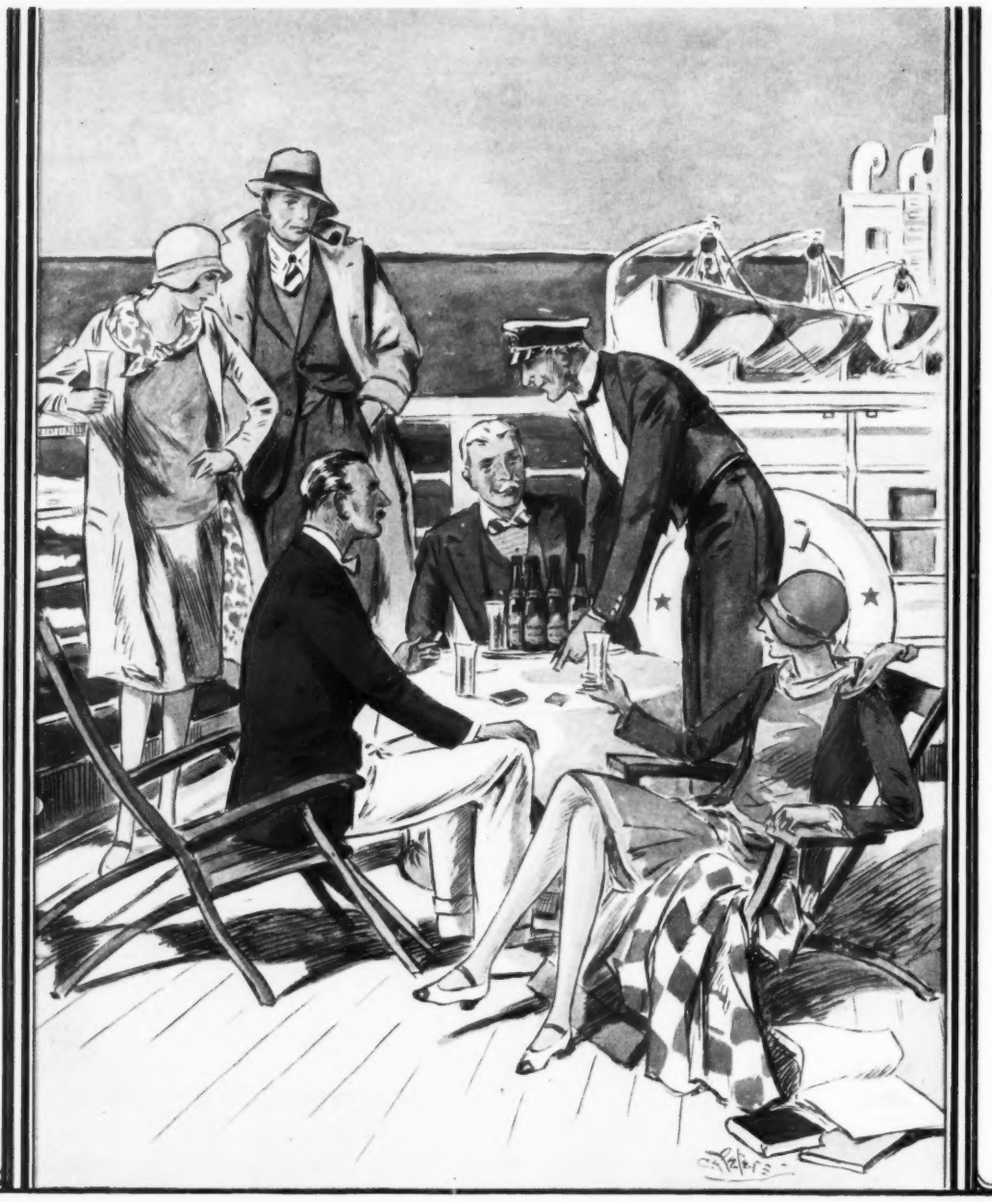
The discriminating public is quick to acclaim supreme merit, in song, in architecture or in the building of a motor car —eager to take true genius unto itself, prompt to reward unique achievement.

Thirty years ago Packard cars won an immediate acceptance among those of taste and discernment. Throughout the years this appreciation has steadily grown. For Packard, proud of its quality reputation, has sought through the continual refinement and improvement of Packard cars to maintain and advance its world-acknowledged position.

Packard cars today are finer than any of the famous Packards of the past. Ownership is more desirable than at any time in Packard's long and successful history. So it is that Packard is now enjoying its greatest and its most gratifying patronage.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE





The Leading
Mineral Water

AFTERNOON on the boat deck . . . a game of deck tennis completed . . . or shuffle board . . . or simply relaxation under the restful warmth of an unclouded sun. Then White Rock—the skillful expression of hospitality in which a famous liner takes glory . . . the finesse of a Majestic, or a Belgenland. Inspiring thoughts of new lands to see . . . joy in the freedom of untroubled minds. And White Rock to be ever present . . . protection from changing water supplies . . . recovery from fatigue of too busy days . . . exhilarating . . . the perfect traveling companion.

Or, . . . the after deck of a thirty-footer . . . dashing foam astern . . . easily rolling in rhythmic swells. White Rock again . . . sparkling, effervescent . . . healthful. Harmless to pretty frocks if spilled . . . placating to digestions that may be sensitive to restless seas. . . . No voyage so complete, no cruise so happy as where White Rock rules the waves.

Bottled at the Springs, Waukesha, Wis.

White Rock

Pale Dry
Ginger Ale

It's a *new* face powder—*vitally* different from any you have ever used

RICHARD HUDNUT
NEW YORK • • PARIS

Consider: a face powder keyed so exactly to present day fashion and conditions of outdoor living that its formula demands several newly discovered ingredients never before used in a face powder . . . A powder with new, unusual protective properties . . . A powder with a texture and range of tone that make it blend so perfectly with the tone and texture of your skin that it becomes a very part of your face . . .

POUDRE
Le Début

There's a decided reason for the creation of *Poudre le Début.* Modern outdoor living—in the sun and wind—has brought new warmth and color to the skin. Tan is fashionable . . . Then, too, more than ever a powder must be *safe*—it must *protect* as well as beautify. *Poudre le Début* is distinctly a product of modern fashion and modern science—the result of two years of intensive research and experiment in scientific laboratories as well as constant consultation with authorities on Fashion and modern style.

A smooth, velvety texture

You'll like *Poudre le Début*—decidedly. You'll like the *feel* of it between your fingers—the velvety texture of it . . . smooth . . . fine . . . spreading with a delicate translucence and adhering indefinitely. You'll like the protective properties of it that make it not only safe, but actually beneficial. : : : And above all, you'll like its range of tone . . . and the way its subtle tone and texture harmonize with your natural skin tones and blend with the texture of your skin. No mask that merely "covers up," but a powder that becomes a very part of your face. : : : *Poudre le Début* comes in an unusual range of colors . . . to match the most subtle gradations of skin tones.

FOR LIGHT COMPLEXIONS:
- *"Pearl"*—for the fair skin with color.
- *"Pearl with glow"*—a warm tone for the fair skin with little color.
- *"Naturelle"*—to match the medium-toned skin.
- *"Sun-tint"*—a tan for the fair skin.

FOR BRUNETTES:
- *"Rachel"*—for the brunette with color.
- *"Rachel with glow"*—a warm tone for the brunette with little color.
- *"Ocre-rose"*—a warm tone for the olive skin.
- *"Sun-tan"*—a tan for the brunette skin.

—and with so delicate a fragrance!

A fragrance, typically *le Début*—smart—feminine—a blossomy elusive *odeur* that could come only from Paris. . . And you'll *adore* the box. It's colorful and modern as you please—and quite as lovely as the powder itself. . .

Poudre le Début is keyed to the smart active world we are living in today—as near a custom-made powder as you'll find anywhere. It will come to you as a revelation of beauty and protection . . . At any of the better shops.

STILL STEPPING . . . STILL SMOKING . . . STILL COOL

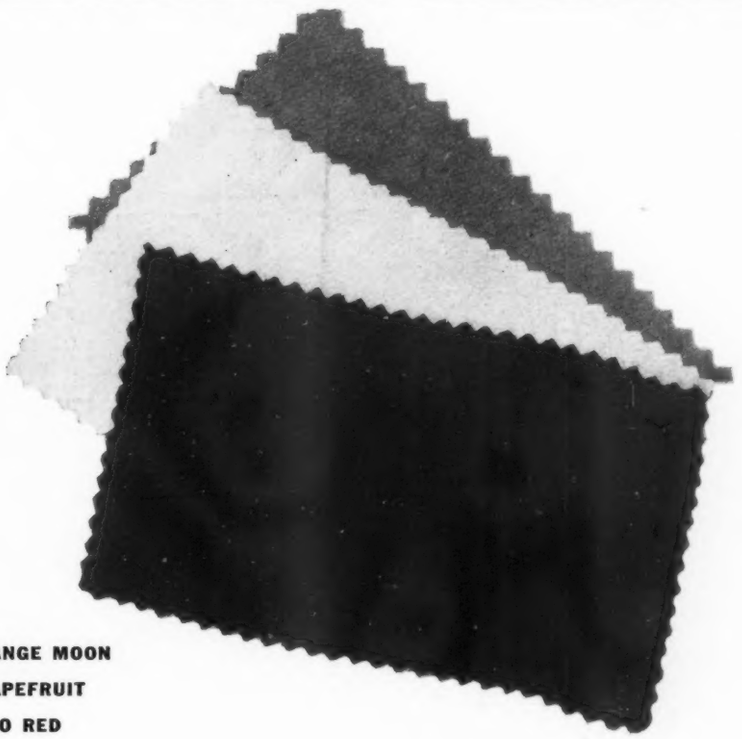
Three o'clock in the morning . . . hours of dances and cigarettes . . . cigarettes and dances. Bless the hostess for providing Spuds! Because Spud is the perfect inter-dance cigarette . . . a crisp, cool-mouthed smoke for those moments of cherished confidence, those snatches of necessary on-the-wing banter. Smoke Spuds through the season's festive evenings. Keep a comfortably nimble tongue with which to pay your parting respects . . . not a woolen something-or-other which mumbles. Smoke Spud, the new freedom in unlimited old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

NUANCIA...SHADOW SHEER...THE NEW CHENEY CHIFFON THAT IS FLAT AND

WITHOUT CREPINESS STOP OF MOUSSELINE TYPE STOP CREATED TO INTERPRET

THE SHEER FASHION TREND FROM PARIS STOP ITS SHEERNESS AND GRACE ARE



ORANGE MOON
GRAPEFRUIT
POLO RED

The French croquis (fashion sketch) was especially designed in Paris for NUANCIA *and represents the very type of frock for which* NUANCIA *was created. It illustrates the point that chiffon frocks are slender, svelte affairs and not the fluttery, billowy garments of former seasons. The color is "Matins."*

ESPECIALLY WOVEN FOR BREATHLESS SUMMER NIGHTS STOP COMES IN ALL

FASHION IMPORTANT COLORS INCLUDING THE CAPUCINE TONES SHOWN IN THE

SWATCHES. CHENEY SILKS NY

The New Ford Station Wagon

THE new Ford Station Wagon has been designed to meet the needs of large estates, country clubs and families having summer homes in the country or by the seashore. It is particularly well suited to such use because it combines the sturdiness of a light truck with the flexibility and comfort of a passenger car.

Seating accommodations are provided for eight people, including the driver. Baggage is carried on the large tail-gate.

The seats in the rear compartment, though securely anchored when in use, can be removed quickly and easily when the car is used for hauling.

In appearance, the new Ford Station Wagon reflects its sturdy construction. The body has uprights of hard maple, with ply-wood sides finished in natural grain. The sill is unusually rugged. Fenders are full-crown, heavy and capable. Seats are wide, deeply-cushioned and finished in blue-gray artificial Spanish leather. Doors are wide, carefully fitted and substantial, with full-nickeled handles in conservative scroll design. The side curtains, which can be put up easily and quickly in bad weather, are made in tan-gray to harmonize with the body finish.

The new Ford Station Wagon brings you the same alert performance, ease of control, safety, speed, power, reliability and economy that are characteristic of all the new Ford cars. Its easy-riding comfort is particularly appreciated on rough roads.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Super Quality Refrigeration

The super-quality of refrigerators by BOHN, is so pronounced that they instantly appeal to those who desire distinction in all their home furnishings.

Their very simplicity of line in lustrous, pearl white porcelain, both within and without, gives a mode of cleanliness which they alone make possible.

Beautiful, mechanically perfect, scientifically correct refrigerators, by BOHN, evidence their superiority.

Demand BOHN
Porcelain Exteriors

BOHN REFRIGERATOR COMPANY — Saint Paul

NEW YORK, 5 East 46th Street CHICAGO, 227 North Michigan Blvd. BOSTON, 707 Boylston Street

BOHN SYPHON REFRIGERATOR

"Lucky Strike cigarettes give satisfaction not found in any brand."

D'Alvarez

D'Alvarez, Noted Mezzo and Popular Concert Star

For a slender figure—
"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet"

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

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